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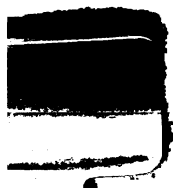
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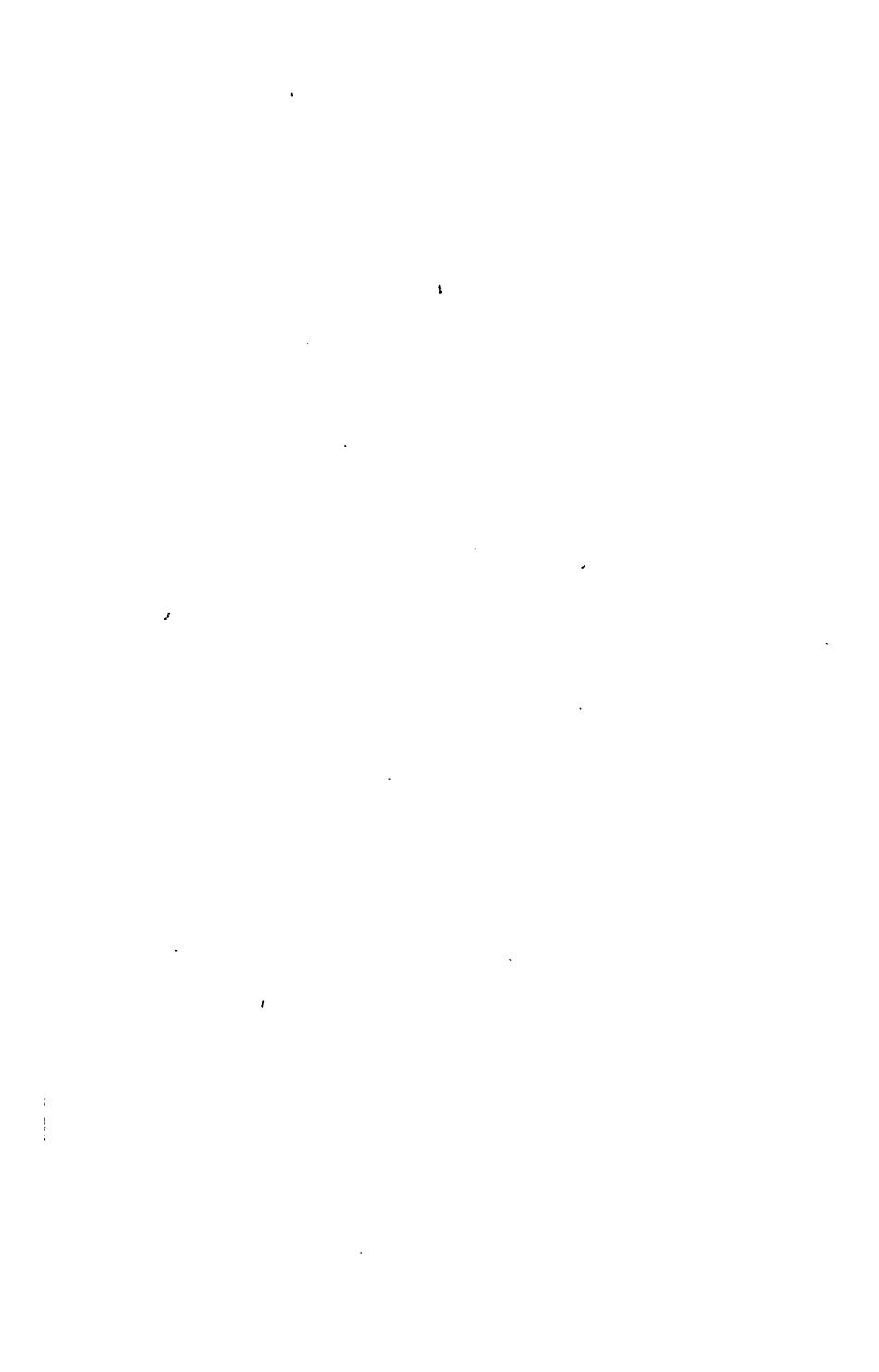
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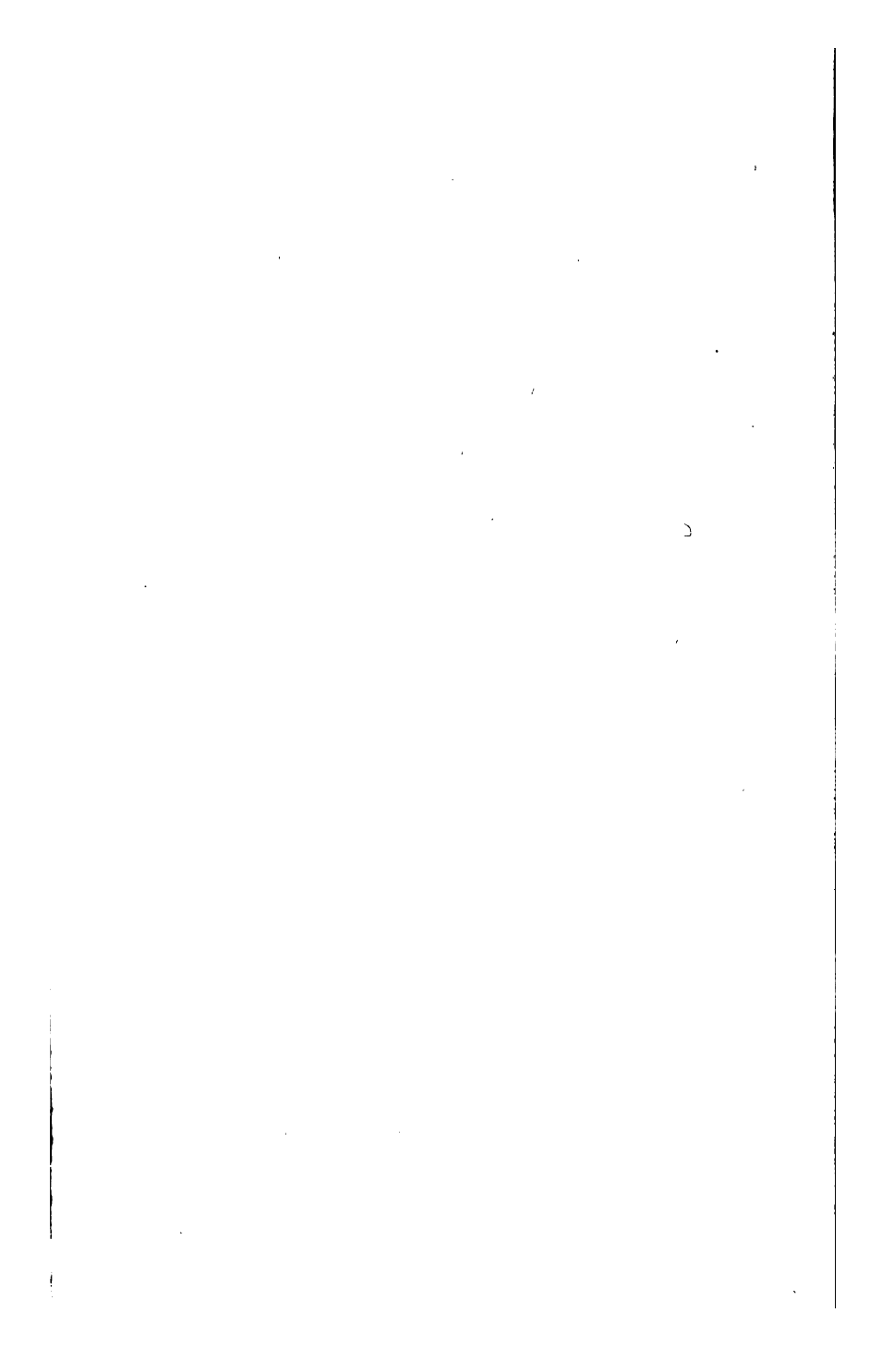
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THE RHINE:

BY

VICTOR HUGO,

AUTHOR OF THE "HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME,"

"THE LEAVES OF AUTUMN," ETC.

NEW YORK:
JOHN WILEY, 161 BROADWAY,
AND 12 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

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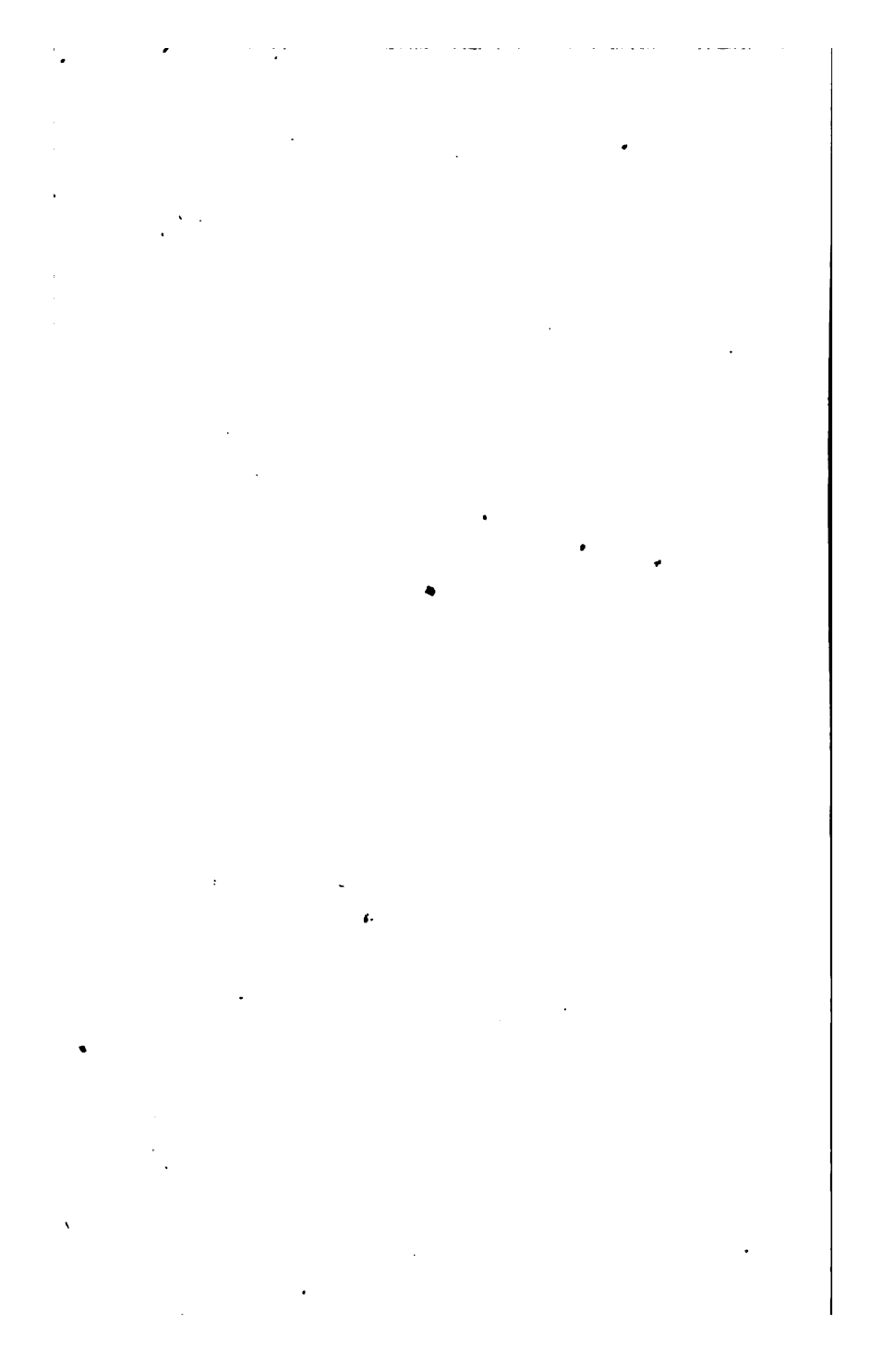
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PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE publication of VICTOR HUGO's "Rhine" in Paris created a great sensation, which was immediately shared in England, where two translations of the work appeared in the same year. The best and most complete of these has been followed in the present, the first American edition of the work. The quaintness, point and brilliancy of the author it will be seen have not been lost sight of. In the original the "Tour" was accompanied by a long historical dissertation, an elaborate argument on the Affairs of Europe, which may find a more appropriate place hereafter in a volume of the Author's Miscellanies.

Oct., 1845.



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THE RHINE.

LETTER I.

La Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

July, 1839.

THE day before yesterday, at about eleven o'clock, I quitted Paris, and took the road to Meaux, leaving to my left St. Denis, Montmorency, and the chain of hills at the extremity of which lies St. Pierre; where, my dear friend, in contemplating that distant speck, I recalled you to my affectionate remembrance, till a sudden turn of the road concealed from my view the spot so dear to us both.

You know my taste for long journeys in easy stages, unencumbered with baggage, but accompanied by my friends Virgil and Tacitus; and will, therefore, readily understand my projects on the present occasion.

I took the Châlons road (being well acquainted with that of Soissons, which I travelled some years ago) and found that, thanks to the progress and activity of modern demolition, my new route retains little to interest the tourist. Nanteuil le Haudoin no longer boasts its castle, built under Francis I. Villers-Cotterets has converted the magnificent manor-house of the Dukes of Valois into a House of Industry; from whence, as from other interesting spots, the sculptures and paintings characteristic of the middle ages, as well as the curious ornaments of the sixteenth century, have disappeared under the innovations of bricklayers and plasterers. The grand tower of Dammartin, from the top of which Montmartre, though nine leagues off, was distinctly visible, has been pulled down. A fissure in the side of this turret gave

rise to the well-known proverb (which I never exactly comprehended), "Such-a-one resembles the tower of Dammartin, which split its sides with laughing!"

Deprived of its ancient bastille, in which the Bishops of Meaux, when at variance with the Counts of Champagne, had a right to take refuge with seven of their dependants, Dammartin has ceased to be the origin of proverbs; but it gives rise to literary notices, such as the following, which I copy, word for word, from a little book I found on the table at the inn:—

"DAMMARTIN (Seine et Oise), a small town situated on a hill, contains a manufacture of lace. *Principal hotel*, the Ste. Anne. *Curiosities*, the parish church, market-place, and a population of 1600 souls."

The quarter of an hour conceded for dinner by that despot of the road, the conductor of the diligence, did not enable me to ascertain how far the sixteen hundred inhabitants were entitled to be called "curiosities;" and in journeying on to Meaux, before I reached Claye, my vehicle broke down.

You are aware that I am fond of pushing forwards on my road; and, as the cabriolet chose to be stationary, I hastened to ensconce myself in a diligence which luckily came up at the moment with a place vacant. I resumed my journey, perched upon the roof, betwixt a little hunchback and a gendarme.

Here I am, therefore, at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre; a charming little town, which I hailed with pleasure, with its three bridges, its pleasant islands, and an old mill placed midway in the river, and connected with the bank by an arched way. The beautiful pavilion of La Ferté, of the time of Louis XIII., said to have formerly belonged to the Duke of St. Simon, though defaced by the bad taste of a grocer, its present proprietor, is deserving attention.

If the Duke of St. Simon ever did possess this ancient structure, I doubt whether his paternal manor-house of La Ferté-Vidame exhibited a more severely feudal aspect, or offered a fitter frame for the setting off of his aristocratically dual face, than the charming and secluded little Château of La Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

This is the very moment for travelling! The fields are alive with the business of the harvest-home. Here and there are rising immense stacks, resembling in construction the half-ruined pyra-

mids so often found in Syria ; while the ridges of cut corn lying on the sides of the hills resemble the back of a zebra.

I need not remind you, my dear friend, that renovation of ideas and sensation is the object of my journey, rather than mere adventure : for which purpose a succession of new objects suffices me. I am easily contented. Provided I have vegetation around me, and air above,—a road in view, and a road in my rear,—I have nothing to complain of. If the country be flat, the broad horizon delights me ; if mountainous, I rejoice in the unexpected openings of landscape ; and at the summit of every hill I am sure to find an extent of prospect truly delightful. A moment ago we traversed a beautiful valley, having to the right and left a thousand pleasing features : high hills, intersected by patches of cultivated ground, affording a pleasing prospect : while groups of cottages were interspersed here and there, their roofs almost level with the ground. Farther in the valley was a watercourse, defined by a long line of verdure, and crossed by a little stone moss-grown bridge, at a point meeting the high road. At the moment we arrived a waggon was crossing the bridge, so swollen with merchandize, and so tightly girded, that it resembled the bulky and cinctured body of Gargantua, dragged on four wheels by eight horses. Before us, following the undulation of the opposite hill, the high road was perceptible, under the rays of a brilliant sunshine ; but varied by the dark shadows of its avenues of trees, falling at intervals athwart the road.

This little landscape, composed of trees, waggon, the white road, the old bridge, the humble cottages, sufficed to delight my heart. Laugh, if you will ; but such a valley, with the blue sky above, is an object of real enjoyment. Yet I was the only person present who enjoyed the beautiful sight. The other travellers were yawning with weariness the whole time it was in view.

In changing horses, I am sure to be amused by the operations at the door of the inn. The horses clutter up to the door like a charge of cavalry. Poultry of every color is pecking about the yard and among the bushes ; with an old broken wheel in a corner ; and a tribe of dirty children playing merrily on a heap of sand above my head. Swinging from an iron gallows over our head, hangs Charles V., Joseph II., or Napoleon, mighty emperors

in their day, now reduced to the ignoble duty of serving as signs to obscure inns. The house is distracted by voices giving contradictory orders ; while the stable-boys and kitchen-maids are acting idylliums and pastorals at the door. The loves of the washtubs and the pitchfork are the only food for eclogues now extant. Meanwhile I profit by my elevated position upon the roof, to listen to the conversation between the hunchback and the gendarme, as well as to admire the little oasis of dwarf-poppies in full bloom upon the roof of the house.

The gendarme and hunchback, by the way, are philosophers in their way, who give themselves no airs, but converse humanely with each other.

The hunchback, it seems, contributes six hundred francs of taxes at Jouarre (the *Jovis ara* of the ancients, as he was kind enough to inform his companion) ; while his father, a resident in Paris, pays nine hundred ; which does not prevent him from blaspheming against government every time he pays a half-penny toll in crossing the bridge over the Marne, betwixt Meaux and La Ferté.

The gendarme, on the other hand, has no taxes to boast of ; but he gives us, instead, his autobiography. In the action of Montmirail, in 1814, he fought like a lion, though a mere recruit. In the Revolution of 1830, he ran away, merely because he was a gendarme. To him this appears more unaccountable than it does to me. As a recruit of twenty, unencumbered and without domestic cares, he fought without a drawback ; as a gendarme, he possessed a wife, a child, and (as he himself added) a horse : and, with these cares on his mind, he became a coward. It was the same man under circumstances totally different.

Life is a dish that owes its charm to its sauce. There does not exist a braver man than a galley-slave. We do not estimate ourselves by our skin, but by our garments. The man stripped to the skin may be said to care for nothing. The two periods in question were, moreover, of wholly opposite interest. The soldier, like all other men, is affected by external influences ; and energies are diminished or increased by circumstances. In 1830 the storm of a Revolution was blowing ; and he found himself bowed down and overwhelmed by that force of ideas which constitutes the soul of events. And then, what could be more discouraging

than his duty ? To fight in defence of inexplicable Orders in Council—mere shadows issuing from a disordered brain—for a dream, a fantasy ;—brother against brother—soldiers against mechanics—Frenchman against Frenchman !

In 1814, on the contrary, the recruit stood up to repel the invader, from evident and simple motives : for himself, his hearth, his family ; for the plough he quitted—for the thatched cottage smoking in the distance—for the ground under his feet—the dear bleeding country of his affections. In 1830 the soldier scarcely knew for whom he fought. In 1814 there was more than knowledge—there was feeling ; there was the best of lessons—experience.

At Meaux my attention was taken by three objects : first, a delicious little porch against a dismantled church, to the right in entering the town ; secondly, the cathedral ; and thirdly, in its rear, an old half-fortified mansion, flanked by turrets, and a quadrangular court-yard, into which I boldly entered, undismayed by a woman who sat knitting at the entrance, but who did not interrupt me. I was much struck with an external staircase, having stone steps, and some curious wood-work, resting upon arches, and covered in with an arcaded roof. I had not time to sketch it ; which I regret, it being the only one of the kind I ever saw. I suppose it to be of the fifteenth century.

The Cathedral, begun in the fourteenth century and continued in the fifteenth, is a noble structure, but deteriorated by injudicious restoration, and still incomplete. Of the two towers projected by the architect, one only is built ; the other, which was newly commenced, remains covered in with a roof of slating. The centre door, as well as that to the right, are that of the fourteenth century : and that to the left, of the fifteenth. All three are beautiful, though composed of a stone honey-combed by the influence of the weather.

I tried to decipher the bas-reliefs. The key-stone of the porch on the left represents the history of St. John the Baptist ; but the sun falling with dazzling force upon the front, prevented my examining it further. The interior of the church is superb. In the choir are some tri-lobed groinings of exquisite beauty. They are restoring, at the entrance of the choir, two altars of the most

admirable wood-work of the fifteenth century, but they are injuring them by smearing them with a vile coat of painting in imitation of oak. Such is the taste of the natives of Meaux. To the left of the choir, close by the beautiful door, I came upon a kneeling statue of marble, a warrior of the sixteenth century ; but without either escutcheon or inscription. Of the name and origin of the figure I am ignorant ; though you, who know everything, would perhaps have made it out. On the opposite side is another, which fortunately bears an inscription ; for you would otherwise never guess that the worn, severe face, was that of the immortal Bénigne Bossuet ; to whom I fear I must attribute the destruction of the painted windows. I saw his episcopal throne, superbly carved in the style of Louis XIV. ; but had not time to visit his well-known study at the palace.

It is a curious fact that Meaux possessed a theatre before Paris could boast of one ; a neat theatre, built about 1547. A manuscript contained in the town library asserts that it was a circus in the style of the ancients, covered with a velarium ; and so far resembling the modern theatre, that there were private boxes, of which certain of the inhabitants of Meaux possessed the keys. Mysteries were there performed, and a man named Pascalus acted the part of the devil, and retained the nickname.

In 1562 he made over the town to the Huguenots ; the year following the Catholics hung him—partly for having surrendered the town, partly because of his appellation. Now-a-days, Paris has twenty theatres ; Meaux boasts of having but one : which is much as if she were to exult in being a country-town instead of a metropolis.

This country abounds in remains of the age of Louis XIV. At La Ferté we find the Duke de St. Simon ; at Meaux, Bossuet ; at La Ferté-Milon, Racine ; at Château Thierry, La Fontaine : the whole in a radius of twelve leagues. The haughty aristocrat elbows the puissant bishop : while Tragedy takes her place by the side of Fable.

On leaving the Cathedral, the sun being less powerful, I was able to contemplate the façade, of which the relief upon the central portal is the most curious. The lower compartment represents Joan, the wife of Philippe-le-Bel, to whose will this church

owes its erection. The Queen of France, holding her cathedral in her hand, is represented standing at the gates of Paradise, which St. Peter throws open. Behind the queen stands the handsome monarch Philippe, in the most abject attitude. The queen, who is gracefully represented, points over her shoulder towards the poor devil of a king—as much as to say to St. Peter, “Give *him* admission into the bargain: I have paid the entrance for two.”

LETTER II.

Montmirail—Montmort—Epernay.

AT La Ferté-sous-Jouarre I hired the first vehicle I could procure, making only two inquiries—"Does it ride steady?"—and "Are the wheels good?"—which being satisfactorily answered, away I went to Montmirail. There is nothing remarkable about this little town, but a fresh landscape at the entrance, and two fine avenues. With the exception of the Castle, it consists of a collection of hovels.

At five in the afternoon I quitted Montmirail, taking the road from Sézanne to Epernay. In an hour I reached Vaux-Champs, traversing the field of battle. A moment before, I came up with a cart drawn by a horse and an ass, and laden with saucepans, coppers, old boxes, straw chairs, and other dilapidated furniture; on the fore part of the vehicle was a basket containing three half-naked children, and in the rear another basket full of poultry. The carter, dressed in a smock-frock, carried an infant on his back; while a woman, trudging by his side, seemed likely to furnish another. They were proceeding towards Montmirail. "Just such objects must this spot have presented five and twenty years ago," was my reflection. On inquiry I found it was not an ordinary move, but an expatriation, the family being on their way to America; not flying from a field of battle, but from the pursuit of want: or, in plain words, a poor family of Alsatian peasants, to whom a grant of land has been accorded in Ohio; and who quit their native country, little thinking that Virgil wrote beautiful verses about them two thousand years ago.

These poor people seemed little concerned as to their fate. The man was quietly attaching a thong to his whip, the woman humming a tune, while the children were amusing themselves with play. The furniture was painful to look at. The fowls alone appeared depressed by their journey.

This indifference astonished me, for I believed the love of country to be more deeply rooted in the heart of man. After all, these people abandon with indifference the trees under which they grew to maturity. I followed them some time with my eyes, wondering which road the wretched group would take; but, by the winding of the road, they suddenly disappeared. For some time afterwards I heard the smack of the man's whip and the hum of the woman's song, and all was over.

Soon afterwards I found myself upon the plains rendered glorious by Napoleon. The sun was sinking, the trees shot forth their shadows, so that the furrows were slightly defined here and there. A grey mist was rising from the ravines, and the fields were deserted, so that nothing was to be seen but an occasional plough. To my left was a stone-quarry, where the newly rounded mill-stones were strewn upon the ground, like the men upon an immense draught-board, of which giants had been playing the game.

As I much wished to see the Château of Montmort, about four leagues from Montmirail, at Armentières, I turned abruptly to the left, and took the road to Epernay, at the point where sixteen huge elms, bending over the road, exhibit their wild profiles and dishevelled wigs. I delight in the elm. All other trees are monotonous and unmeaning. The elm seems imbued with a malicious spirit, and disposed to make game of its neighbors, and assume fantastic shapes to puzzle the evening traveller. The foliage of young elms expands in all directions, like the explosion of a firework. From La Ferté to the spot where stand the sixteen elms the road is lined only with poplars, interspersed with a few aspens and walnut-trees, which had disturbed my peace of mind.

The country is flat, and apparently boundless. But on suddenly emerging from a clump of trees, the traveller detects to the right, as if starting from the earth, a confused multitude of turrets, weathercocks, chimneys, and skylights, belonging to the Castle of Montmort.

I quitted the carriage at the entrance of the castle, which is a beautiful specimen of the castellated style of the sixteenth century, built of brick, and having a slated roof with ornamental weathercocks. It is moated and flanked with a double wall,

besides three arched bridges communicating with the drawbridge. All this is situated in a beautiful landscape, commanding seven leagues of horizon ; and, on the whole, the edifice is in good preservation. The principal tower contains a winding staircase, as well as a slope for horses. There is a curious old iron door from the staircase, and in the embrasures are four little iron implements of the fifteenth century.

The garrison of the castle consisted of an old housekeeper, named Mademoiselle Jeanette, who received me graciously. Of the old apartments, there remains only the kitchen, which is spacious and vaulted ; the old drawing-room, turned into a billiard-room ; and a charming little boudoir, with gilt mouldings, and a beautifully designed rosette on the centre-piece of the ceiling. The old drawing-room is unique ; the cross-beams of the ceiling painted, gilt, and carved, still existing in a perfect state. The spacious chimney-piece, adorned with two noble statues, is in the grand style of Henri III. The walls were formerly hung with tapestry, representing family portraits ; but during the Revolution the people of the village tore them down and burnt them—a worthy war to wage against feudality. The present proprietor has pasted up in their stead some old engravings of views in Rome and the wars of Condé, in honor of which magnificence I bestowed a sum of thirty sous on Mademoiselle Jeanette.

After a glance at the ducks swimming in the fosse, I went my way.

Having quitted Montmort by an execrable road, I met the mail which was to convey you my former letter, and I forwarded by it a thousand good wishes to my dearest friend.

The road now lay through a wood. Night was coming on, and nothing was to be seen but the huts of the charcoal-burners, smoking through the trees. The flames from an occasional furnace were at times visible through the dusk ; the wind agitated the trees ; and in the heavens the splendid chariot proceeded majestically above, escorted by myriads of stars, while my humble vehicle was jolting along solitarily below.

Epernay is the City of sparkling *Champagne*, and neither more nor less. It has three churches : the first, of Roman architecture, built in 1037, by Thibaut, first Count of Champagne, son of Eudes

II; the second, a church of the middle ages, was built in 1540, by Pierre Strozzi, Field-Marshal of France, and Lord of Epernay, who was killed at the siege of Thionville, in 1558; the third, the church for divine service, appears to me to have been constructed upon the designs of the estimable grocer whose shop seems to form part of the building. The three names annexed to their history may suffice to describe them, *viz.*: Thibaut, Count of Champagne; Pierre Strozzi, Marshal of France; Poterlet Galichet, grocer;—and I need scarcely inform you that this last is a disgraceful heap of lath and plaster. Of the first little remains; and of the second, a beautiful porch, and some stained glass, part of which represents the history of Noah, depicted in the most diverting manner. Both the porch and windows are half buried in this disgusting plaster, which reminded me of Odry, the actor, with his blue stockings and high shirt-collar, attired in the helmet and cuirass of Francis I.

I was advised to visit a cellar containing fifteen hundred thousand bottles of wine; but on my road I chanced upon a field so beautifully bespangled with wild flowers, and so bright with sunshine, that I could not tear myself away to proceed to a cellar.

The pomatum for regenerating the hair, which at La Ferté is called *Pilogène*, is called at Epernay *Phyothrix*, being a Greek importation. At the hotel of Montmirail, I had to pay forty sous for four fresh eggs; which, for the country, struck me as somewhat high.

I forgot to mention that Thibaut lies buried in his own church, and Strozzi in his; and I am inclined to exact a sepulture in the other for my friend the grocer. Strozzi was a fine fellow. Brigueuet, the court jester of Henri II., affected one day to amuse the court by smearing his new velvet mantle with grease. The Countess laughed, but Strozzi exacted bitter tears by his vengeance on the unfortunate fool. For my part I should neither have laughed nor revenged myself; and I have always been inclined to hold cheap this sorry jest of the *Renaissance*.

LETTER III.

Châlons—Sainte Ménéhould—Varennnes.

July 25.

YESTERDAY, towards the evening, I was journeying on beyond Ste. Ménéhould, having just read those admirable lines—

“Mugitusque boum mollesque sub arbore somni.

* * * * *

Speluncæ vivique lacus”—

and was leaning upon the eternal pages of the old poet, rumpling them with my elbow—my soul full of the vague ideas, at once sad and welcome, which sunset often awakens in the mind—when I was roused by a jolt upon the pavement. We were entering a town.

“What is the name of this town?” I inquired. To which the coachman replied, “Varennnes.” The carriage proceeded down a street of gloomy aspect, in which the grass is growing, and the shutters of the houses are closed. After passing a gateway of the time of Louis XIII., of blackened stones, beside which was an antiquated well, we reached a triangular space hemmed in with white stuccoed dwelling-houses, in an angle of which was a door guarded by two stunted trees. On one side of this triangle stands an old belfry; close to which Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were arrested in their flight, the 21st of June, 1791, by Drouet, the postmaster of Ste. Ménéhould (there being no posting-house at Varennnes in those days).

The king's carriage followed the *hypothénuse* of the triangle forming the Place; which I now took in my turn. Leaving my vehicle, I stood and gazed upon this insignificant space, which in so short a space of time was fated to become the fountain-head of the Revolution.

The version of the arrest related by the inhabitants is, that the king stoutly denied his identity (which, by the way, Charles I. would never have done), and they were on the point of liberating him, when suddenly there came up a M. d'Ethé, who had some feeling of malice against the court. This M. d'Ethé—I know not whether I write his name correctly (but I am not particular about the orthography of the names of traitors)—this man, I say, advanced towards the king, with Judas-like cunning, accosting him with “Good day, SIRE.” This was enough! The king was denounced and arrested. There were five royal personages in the carriage, all lost by this single word. And “*Good day, SIRE,*” was the death-warrant of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and Madame Elizabeth, besides a dungeon and early death to the Dauphin, and to Madame Royale long exile and the extinction of her race. To the observant man, Varennes has a mysterious aspect; to the reflective man, a sinister one!

I have already noticed to you, I think, that material nature often exhibits singular portraits. Louis was darting, at the moment of his arrest, down a rapid and dangerous descent, where my own horse was nearly falling. The quarry-ground strewn with huge millstones, which the other day appeared to me like a draught-board, was the site of the action of Montmirail!—while the triangular Place of Varennes exactly represents the shape of the knife of the guillotine!

The man who aided Drouet in the capture of the king was named *Billaud*: why not *Billot*?

Varennes is only fifteen leagues from Rheims, the coronation city of the ancient kings of France. But then, the Place de la Révolution, on which was acted the fatal tragedy of the 21st of January, is close to the palace of the Tuileries. How these approximations must have tortured the poor fallen king! Between Rheims and Varennes, between the coronation and the forfeiture of the throne, my coachman finds only fifteen leagues distance; but for the mind, there is the vast abyss produced by the Revolution.

I put up at an old established inn, the *Grand Monarque*, having for its sign the head of Louis-Philippe, which has probably succeeded to those of Louis XV., Bonaparte, and Charles X. It is

exactly forty-eight years ago since the progress of the royal carriage was intercepted in this town, at which period the head suspended from that old twisted branch of iron was doubtless that of Louis XVI., who may have possibly put up at the *Grand Monarque*, and seen his own effigies suspended over the door. So goes the world !

This morning I strolled about the town of Varennes, which is charmingly situated on the banks of the river, the antiquated houses of the high town forming a picturesque amphitheatre on the right bank. The church, in the low town, is insignificant. The steeple bears the date 1776 ; it was consequently two years older than Madame Royale.

The royal disaster has left ineffable traces here—a rare instance in France. The innkeeper informed me that a gentleman of the town had written a comedy upon the subject ; which reminds me that when they were disguising the Dauphin as a girl, in order to aid his escape, he inquired of Madame Royale if it “ were to act a play ? ”

I have just visited the church, to which I owe an apology ; for the portal to the right was pretty enough. If my architectural descriptions do not weary you, allow me to confess that I was disappointed with the Cathedral of Châlons. Neither is the road so interesting as I expected. One obtains an occasional glimpse of the Marne, on the banks of which there are two or three pointed steeples, in the style of Fécamp ; but the country consists of a succession of plains alive with flocks and shepherds ; excellent features in a landscape—but one may have too much of a good thing.

The cathedral is an imposing structure, and possesses some beautiful stained glass. In a beautiful little chapel I detected the F and salamander of Francis I. Externally there is a Roman tower in the severest style, and an exquisite portal of the fourteenth century. But all is dreadfully dilapidated. The church is dirty ; and the statue of Francis I. and the groinings of the roof are daubed with paint. The portal is a vile imitation of St. Gervais in Paris ; and as to the open worked steeples I was promised, there is nothing of the kind. Those I saw had heavy

pointed caps of stone, with volutes intermingled with the spires. I was greatly disappointed.

In compensation for not seeing all I expected, I met with what I did not expect at Châlons, *viz.*, a splendid Lady-chapel. What have the antiquarians been about? They talk of St. Stephen's, but do not mention the Lady-chapel, which, with its lofty steeple, constructed of wood and covered with lead, is of the fourteenth century. This lofty shaft, the lead of which has a scale-like surface, resembling a serpent's skin, has an ornamental skylight, with diminutive gables half-way up, into which I ascended. The view of the city and the river, seen from thence, delighted me.

The traveller has also to admire the rich windows and front entrance, built in the thirteenth century. In 1793 the people of the country demolished the statues and broke down the various ornamental sculptures throughout the edifice. Previous to this there were also four minarets, of which three were destroyed. Nowhere has the idiotic frenzy of the Revolution left more disagreeable traces than here. The revolution of Paris was terrible; that of Champagne simply ridiculous.

On the lead of the little lantern, to which I ascended, I found an inscription in the hand-writing of the sixteenth century, to the following effect: "The 28th of August, 1580, Peace was proclaimed at Châlons."

This inscription, half effaced, is all that remains to record that important political event, the peace concluded between Henri III. and the Huguenots, through the influence of the Duke of Anjou, formerly Duke of Alençon; which duke, brother of the king, had views upon the Low Countries, and even aspired to the hand of Elizabeth of England. The religious feuds of France interfered with his projects; and hence the origin of that great event, the peace proclaimed at Châlons in 1580, and all but forgotten in 1839.

The man who helped me to scale the lantern is called the watchman of the tower; and from this eminence, exposed to all the winds of heaven, he surveys his universe, and constitutes the eye of the town, bedless and ever wide awake. To make sure of not being overtaken by sleep, he is compelled to repeat the hour every time it is struck by the clock, and make a pause be-

tween the last and preceding stroke. To be always awake would be impossible ; and the assistance of his wife is accordingly permitted. At midnight she takes her post, and her husband goes to bed, returning at mid-day, when she retires again. These two human beings are devoted to this strange diurnal rotation, meeting only for a minute, once at mid-day, and once at midnight ; and an imp, which they are pleased to consider a child, is the result of their strangely disunited union.

Châlons possesses three churches—St. Alpin, St. John, and St. Loup. The first has some beautiful stained windows. As to the town-hall, it possesses nothing remarkable, but four enormous dogs in granite, squatted before the façade.

About two leagues from Châlons upon the road to Ste. Ménéhould, where the eye encounters little besides boundless stubble-fields and lines of dusty trees, a magnificent object suddenly strikes you—the abbey of “Our Lady of the Thorn.” It has a steeple of the fifteenth century, as light and open as lace ; though coupled with a telegraph, which, like a fine lady, it seems to look down upon with supreme contempt. It is startling to come upon such a magnificent structure in such a wilderness. I passed two hours in this church, and wandered around it, in spite of a hurricane which shook the bells to vibration. From time to time a stone fell from the steeple, close at my feet. The water-spouts are most fantastically contrived : chiefly of a monster bearing another upon its shoulders. Those of the apsis seem to represent the Seven Deadly Sins. A voluptuous figure of Wantonness must have rather scandalized the monks.

So few are the dwellings in the neighborhood, that it seems difficult to account for the origin of a cathedral without town or even village. In the chapel, however, carefully padlocked, there is a miraculous well, plain and simple, as all miraculous objects ought to be. It is doubtless from this supernatural origin that the church sprang up, like a tulip from its bulb.

I journeyed on, till I reached a village which was celebrating its annual festival with most discordant music ; on leaving which, I discovered a mean-looking building upon an eminence, crowned by an object resembling some monstrous insect. It turned out to

be a telegraph, conversing in signs with its corresponding neighbor at Nôtre Dame de l'Épine.

Evening approached, and the sunset was magnificent. I contemplated the distant hills from a plain or heath, purple with bloom as a bishop's robing. On a sudden I saw a road-mender raise his barrow, as if to shelter himself under the side, and inferred that rain was about to fall.

A heavy black cloud had overspread us ; the wind was impetuous, and the hemlock, in full bloom, drooped its head. The trees seemed trembling with horror, while thistledown flew along the road swifter than the carriage. Threatening clouds rolled over our heads, till suddenly the storm burst forth with singular beauty ; for a vast arch of light still occupied the western sky, so that the dark shadows of the storm were intermingled with the golden hues of sunset. Neither man nor brute was visible. The thunder roared, and vivid flames of lightning served to reveal the features of the surrounding plains. The branches of the trees writhed under the tyranny of the whirlwind. All this lasted a quarter of an hour, when an awful gust of wind dispersing the concentrated clouds, the summits of the eastern hills peeped out, and the heavens became restored to peace and serenity.

Meanwhile twilight had come on ; and the sun was dissolving in the west into streaks of red, which the approaching night gradually extinguished in the horizon.

It was starlight when I reached Ste. Ménéhould, which is rather a picturesque town, lying upon the declivity of a green hill, crested by a line of lofty trees. The kitchen of the Hôtel de Metz is a kitchen worth speaking of ; being an immense hall, one side of which is decorated with rows of saucepans, the other with crockery. In the centre, opposite the windows, is the fireplace, a vast cavern, containing a splendid fire. The ceiling is traversed by blackened beams, from which are suspended the different household implements ; while in the centre is an ample rack, stored with hams and huge fitches of bacon. Under the chimney is a bright profusion of fire-irons and other household utensils ; and the flaming hearth seemed to shoot its rays into every corner, and defining broad shadows on the

ceiling, cast a roseate hue upon the crockery, and metamorphosed the display of copper into a brazen wall. Were I a Homer or a Rabelais, I should say that such a kitchen was a world, of which the fire was the sun ; but if not a world, it is decidedly a republic of men, women, and animals. Stable-boys, chamber-maids, scullions, stoves, spits, the bubbling of saucepans, the hissing of frying-pans, pipes, cards, dogs and cats ; all inspected by the vigilant eye of the host : "*Mens agitat molem.*"

A grave-looking clock, placed in a remote corner, authoritatively warns the busy hive of the passing hour.

Among the endless articles hanging from the ceiling, a bird-cage especially attracted my attention. This diminutive creature appeared to me the very type of domestic confidence. This den, this laboratory of indigestions, is full of discordant sounds both day and night, and yet the little creature sleeps quietly as in its nest. Vainly do the men swear, the women brawl, the children cry, the dogs bark, the cats mew, the clocks strike, the choppers clatter, the frying-pans sputter. The fountain may run, the jack may squeak, the wind howl, the diligences thunder under the archway ;—yet still this little ball of feathers sleeps with its head under its wing. God is great ; inspiring even a bird with faith.

I must here remark that the world in general is unjust with regard to inns. I, for one, have often spoken harshly of them. An inn is an indispensable thing, which we should consider ourselves only too lucky to find when wanted ; and which, generally speaking, contains a most meritorious woman in the shape of the hostess ! Of the landlord let travellers say their worst. Mine host is generally as great a brute as the hostess is good-humored. Poor woman ! often old and infirm, or young and a mother, or thereanent, she goes, comes, sees to everything, completes everything, scolds where scolding is wanted, wipes the children's noses, whips the dogs, curries favor with the travellers, cajoles the head cook, smiles at one person, frowns at another, keeps an eye upon the stores, welcomes the newly-arrived guests, and bids farewell to the departing ones : her whole soul and senses ever on the alert ! The hostess is the soul of that huge body called an inn ; the host a mere cypher—a pot-companion for carters. Thanks to

the hostess, we overlook the penalty of inn-hospitality. Her well-timed assiduities serve as a veil to the impositions of her bill and the venality of her welcome.

The hostess of the "City of Metz," at Ste. Ménéhould, is a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, who manages the establishment to perfection, though a performer on the piano. Her father, the host, appears to be a worthy man, and the inn is excellent.

Yesterday I quitted Ste. Ménéhould for Clermont ; the road to which is beautiful, being a continuous orchard. The villages have an aspect partly Swiss, partly German ; the houses being built in the style of chalets. Already you foresee your approach to the mountains. The Ardennes are in fact at hand.

Before arriving at Clermont you pass through a beautiful valley, uniting the boundaries of the Marne and Meuse. The descent into this valley is enchanting. The road precipitates itself between two high hills ; while above is a dense mass of foliage, overhanging the winding road, till, on a sudden turn, the valley presents itself.

A vast circle of hills, in the midst of which is an Italian-looking flat-roofed village, and to the right and left hamlets perched upon the wooded heights, distant steeples rising here and there, immense pastures with numerous herds, and finally a lively stream, form the features of the spot. I was a full hour passing through this valley. A telegraph placed at the extremity was actively employed during my transit ; while the trees rustled, the stream murmured, and the cattle lowed in the sunshine ; and I occupied myself in comparing the goodness of the Creator with that of the created.

Clermont is a beautiful village, overlooking a sea of verdure, just as Tréport appears to control the waves. Through a pleasing country of hills, plains, and streams, to the left, in two hours you reach Varennes. The unfortunate Louis XVI. followed this beautiful road to his ruin !

I must not close this letter without mention of the illustrious names belonging to Champagne : Amyot ; La Fontaine ; Thibaut IV., the poet prince, all but a king, who desired no better than to have been the father of St. Louis ; Robert de Sorbon, the founder of the Sorbonne ; Charlier de Gerson, who was Chancellor of the

University of Paris ; the Commander of Villegagnon, who nearly assigned Algiers to France in the sixteenth century ; Amadis Jamin ; Colbert ; Diderot ; two painters, Dantara and le Valentin ; two sculptors, Girardon and Bouchardon ; two historians, Flodoard and Mabillon ; two illustrious cardinals, Henri de Lorraine and Paul de Gondi ; two eminent popes, Martin IV. and Urban IV. ; to crown all, a king no less important than Philip-Augustus.

Those who hold to fitness of things, and translate Sézanne by *sexdecim asini*—as they used formerly to translate Fontanes by *faciunt asinos*—will rejoice to find that in the province of sparkling Champagne was born the author of the “Dictionary of Rhymes,” Richelet, and Poincinet, the most mystified of an age in which Voltaire mystified the whole world. You believe in sympathies, and that the mind and works of individuals assimilate with the nature of their parent soil ; regarding as inevitable that Bonaparte should have been a Corsican, Mazarin an Italian, and Henri IV. a Gascon ; you will be surprised to hear that Mirabeau is almost a native of Champagne ; Danton really so. What have you to say in defence of your theory ? After all, why should not Danton be a Champagnese ? Is not Vaugelas a native of Savoy ?

The great Fabert was also of Champagnese origin ; that famous marshal was the son of a bookseller, and chose never to rise too high or fall too low ; a pure and meditative spirit, which kept studiously within the extreme limits of his singular fortune. Tried by the successive ordeals of prosperity and adversity, he was unchanged by the humiliations as well as by the vanities of life ; neither rejecting the one from pride, nor the other from abjectness, but both from the same unflinching self-possession. He refused to be the spy of Mazarin, and to accept the blue riband from Louis XIV. : replying to the latter, “I am a soldier, not a gentleman ;” to Mazarin, “I am the arm of the state, but not its eye.”

In the olden time Champagne was a powerful and important province. The Count of Champagne was Lord of Brie (which Brie itself is a little Champagne, just as Belgium is a minor France). The Count of Champagne was an hereditary prince, and bore the banner of the Lilies of Bourbon, at the coronation

of the kings of Rome. He convened his own states, composed of seven peers, called the *Peers of Champagne* ; viz. the Counts of Joigny, Rêthel, Braine, Roucy, Brienne, Grand Pré, and Bar-sur-Seine.

Scarcely a town in this province but has an interesting origin, or a district but is the scene of some adventure. In the cathedral of Rheims Clovis received the rites of baptism. Troyes was saved from Attila by St. Loup in 878, and was the scene of the same ceremony solemnized in Paris in 1804—a pope crowning an emperor in France, in the coronation of Louis-le-Bégué by John VIII. It was at Attigny that Pepin, Mayor of the Palace, held his high court of justice, from whence he held at bay Gaiffer, Duke of Aquitaine. At Andelot the interview took place betwixt Gontran, king of Burgundy, and Childebert, king of Austrasia. Hincmar found refuge at Epernay ; Abeilard, at Provins ; Heloise, at Paraclete ; and a Council was held at Fismes.

During the Lower Empire, Langres witnessed the triumphs of the two Gordians ; and in the middle ages its inhabitants overthrew the seven formidable Castles of Changey, St. Broing, Neuilly-Coton, Cobons, Bourg, Humes, and Pailly. At Joinville, in 1584, was concluded the War of the League. Châlons afforded a refuge to Henri IV. in 1591 ; and at St. Dizier the Prince of Orange met with his fate. In Doulevant the Count of Moret sought refuge. Bourmont is the ancient stronghold of the Lingons ; Sézanne, the military head-quarters of the Dukes of Burgundy. The Abbey of Ligny was founded by St. Bernard, in the patrimony of the Lords of Châtillon, to whom the saint promised, by an authentic deed, as many acres of land in Paradise as they granted him on earth ! Manzon is the fief of the Abbey St. Hubert, bound to send an annual tribute to the Kings of France of six hounds and six hawks. Chaumont is the place where they pray to the devil on the festival of St. John, that they may be enabled to pay their debts ; Château-Porcien is the town given by the Connétable de Châtillon to the Duke of Orleans. Bar-sur-Aube is the town which the king could neither sell nor alienate. Clairvaux, like Heidelberg, is famous for its tun. Anconville still possesses the cairn of the Huguenots, which every peasant passing by increases by adding a stone. The signals of Mont-aigu

corresponded with those of Mont-aimé, twenty leagues off. Vassy was twice burnt—once by the Romans in 211, and in 1544 by the Imperialists; and in like manner, Langres, by the Huns in 351, and by the Vandals in 407. Vitry, too, was burnt by Louis VII. in the twelfth, and by Charles V. in the sixteenth century.

Ste. Ménéhould is that noble capital of Argonne which, sold by a traitor to Charles II., Duke of Lorraine, refused to surrender. Carignan is the Ivoi of the olden time; and Attila erected an altar at Pont-le-Roi. At Romilly a cenotaph was erected to Voltaire.

The local history of these places constitutes a portion of the history of France—small, it is true, but highly important.

Champagne teems with reminiscences of the sovereigns of our ancient kingdom. Their coronations took place at Rheims. It was at Attigny that Charles the Simple founded the royal fief of Bourbon. St. Louis and Louis XIV., the great saint and great monarch of the race, first trod the field of glory in Champagne; the first in 1228, at Troyes, of which he raised the siege; the second at Ste. Ménéhould, into which he entered by the breach, in 1652. By a singular coincidence, both of these sovereigns were fourteen years of age at the time of the exploit.

Champagne has also some traces of Napoleon; for, alas! many towns of this province figure in the last fatal pages of his prodigious epic. Arcis-sur-Aube, Châlons, Rheims, Champaubert, Sézanne, Vêrtus, Méry, La Fère, Montmirail: as many triumphs as fields of action. Fismes, Vitry, and Doulevant had each the honor of being his head-quarters; Piney Luxembourg twice, and Troyes three times. Nogent-sur-Seine beheld five victories gained by the emperor in five days, manœuvring on the banks of the Marne with a handful of heroes. St. Dizier saw two victories in eight and forty hours. At Brienne, where he had been educated by a Benedictine, he was nearly slain by a Cossack!

The ancient annals of this portion of Belgic Gaul, which became Champagne, are not less poetical than those of more modern times. Her plains teem with memories of the past: of Meroveus and the Franks: Aetius and the Romans; Theodoric and the Visigoths. Mount Julius, the tomb of Jovinus; the Camp of

Atila, near La Cheppe; the military roads of Châlons, Gruyères, and Warcq; Voromarus, Caracalla, Eponinus, and Sabinus; the Arch of the two Gordians at Langres; the gate of Mars at Rheims; all these are so many attestations of history. Antiquity still lives and breathes, and from the dust of ages cries aloud, "*Sta, viator!*" Even Celtic antiquity sends forth her confused murmurs from the darkest night. Osiris was worshipped at Troyes; the idol Borvo Tomona has left its name at Bourbonnelles Bains; and near Vassy, under the deep shades of the forest of Der, where the *Haute Borne* grimly rises like the spectre of a Druid; and in the strange ruins of Noviomagus Vadicassium, Champagne exhibits its surviving link to the mysteries of the youth of time.

From the period of the Romans till the present, besieged in turns by the Alains, the Suevi, the Vandals, the Burgundians, and the Germans, the cities of Champagne have submitted to all extremities rather than surrender. The device of their rock-built cities is "*Donec moveantur!*" The blood of the ancient *Gallia Comata*, of the Catti, the Lingons, the Tricassii, the Catalaunians (who defeated the Vandals), and the Nervians (who conquered Siagrius), still flows in the veins of the Champagne peasantry. It was a soldier of Champagne, named Bertèche, who, single-handed, killed seven Austrian dragoons at the battle of Jemappes. In 451 the plains of Champagne were saturated with the blood of the Huns; and had it pleased God, might have equally imbibed that of the Russians in 1814.

Let us speak, therefore, with due respect of this devoted province, which, in the last invasion of France, sacrificed half its children to the defence of our native country. The population of the department of the Marne alone, in 1813, was 311,000 souls; in 1830, it had not yet re-accomplished 309,000! Fifteen years of peace had not sufficed to repair the sacrifices of the people.

LETTER IV.

From Villers-Cotterets to the Frontiers.

GIVET, July 28.

I HAVE been travelling more rapidly, my dear friend, and write to you from the little town in which Louis XVIII. gave his last order of the day, in his flight from France, and made his last pun: "St. Denis, *Givet*" (*J'y vais*). I arrived here at four o'clock, pummelled to death by the ingenious machine which the people persist in calling a diligence. Having slept in my clothes for a couple of hours, and the day having broken, I rise to write to you.

On opening my window to enjoy the view, I discerned the angle of a whitewashed wall, a moss-choked gutter, and an old cart-wheel reclining against the wall. As to my room, it is a vast ward, furnished with four huge beds. The yawning chimney is surmounted with a wretched glass; while on the hearth lies a fagot, equally diminutive, a hearth broom, and a ferocious-looking bootjack, the aperture of which rivals the sinuosities of the Meuse, and wo betide the wretch who puts his foot into it—for once inserted, let him extricate it if he can. . . Others, like myself, have probably limped about the house with the bootjack affixed to their heel, crying aloud for help. To do justice to the view I just now malignd, let me admit that on leaning from my window I discovered a beautiful mallow in full bloom, standing on a plank, supported by two pipkins, and giving itself all the airs of a choice rose-tree.

Since my last letter a trifling incident, not worth relating, forced me to retrace my steps from Varennes to Villers-Cotterets; and the day before yesterday, dismissing my vehicle, I took the diligence to Soissons, which being empty, I was able to unfold my Cassini maps on the opposite seat.

Evening was closing as I approached Soissons ; and the smoke-dispensing hand of night nearly concealed the beautiful valley in which is sunk the village of La Folie. The tower of the cathedral and the double spire of St. John of the Vineyards were also nearly effaced.

Through the vapors pervading the country, however, the mass of walls, roofs, and edifices, called Soissons, half surrounded by the steel crescent of the Aisne, like a sheaf to which the sickle is applied, was partly visible. I paused on the summit of the hill, to enjoy this beautiful scene. Crickets were chirping in the adjoining field ; the trees murmured softly, and were trembling with the parting sighs of the evening breeze, as I gazed attentively, with the eyes of my mind, upon the profound calm of the mighty plain, which had witnessed a victory of Cæsar, the rule of Clovis, and the wavering of Napoleon. Mankind—even Cæsar, Clovis, and Napoleon—are but passing shadows. Even war is a shade that passes in their train ; while the Almighty and the works of his hand, and the peace of nature by which they are overspread, abide in unchanged sublimity for ever and ever.

Intending to take the mail to Sédan, which arrives at Soissons at midnight, I allowed the diligence to proceed without me to the town—the distance being a pleasant walk. When near my journey's close, I rested myself beside a neat-looking house, upon which was reflected the glare of a blacksmith's shop from the opposite side of the way : and there religiously contemplated the serenity of the heavens. The only three planets visible were in the south-east, in a confined space, as if in the same quarter of the heavens. The ever-resplendent Jupiter, whose movements of late have formed a somewhat complicated knot, appeared on a right line with two radiant stars. More to the east, the red and fiery Mars scintillated with a ferocious kind of light ; while a little above, calmly shone, like a pale and peaceful influence, that monster planet, the mysterious and awful world which we call Saturn. On the other side, in the far part of the landscape, what appeared to be a magnificent revolving beacon of scarlet, white, and blue, seemed to shed its brilliant hues upon the gloomy hills that separate Noyon from the Soissonais. Just as I was considering what could be the origin of this beacon presiding over solitary

plains, it appeared to desert the hills, and ascend slowly from the violet haze of the horizon towards the zenith ; for this supposed beacon was neither more nor less than Aldebaran, that tri-colored sun, that enormous star of purple, silver, and turquoise, rising majestically through the vague and sinister mysteries of twilight.

Explain to me, my dear friend, what unaccountable influence is attached to these orbs of night, which every poet since the first creation of poets, every profound thinker, and every vague dreamer of dreams, has by turns contemplated, studied, worshipped ; some, like Zoroaster, with confiding wonder ; others, like Pythagoras, with trembling awe. Seth assigned names to the stars as Adam did to the animals of the earth. The Chaldeans, and the Genethliacans, Esdras and Zorobabel, Orpheus, Homer and Hesiod, Cadmus, Pherecydes, Xenophon, Hecataeus, Herodotus and Thucydides—those venerated eyes of the ancient world, long closed in extinction—have gazed from age to age upon the more immortal eyes of the heavens, still bright and sparkling as ever. The very planets and stars which we gaze upon were watched by all the sages of antiquity. Job speaks of Orion and the Pleiades. Plato affects to have heard distinctly the vague music of the spheres. Pliny conceived the sun to be God himself ; and attributed the spots of the moon to the vapors of the earth. The Tartar poets call the North Pole *Senesticol*, which means an iron nail. Men have been found presumptuous enough to be pleasant at the expense of the constellations. "The lion," said Rocoles, "might just as well have been called a monkey." Pacuvius, though with flattering self-possession, pretended to arraign the authority of astrologers ; protesting that, if real, it would rival that of Jupiter :

" Nam si qui, quæ eventura sunt prævideant,
Æquiparent Jovi."

Favorinus proposes this startling question : " Are not all human events the work of the stars ?—*Si vilæ mortisque hominum rerumque, humanarum omnium et ratio et causa in cælo et apud stellas foret ?*" He supposes the flies and worms, "*muscis aut vermiculis*," to be submitted to sidereal influence,—even to the very hedgehogs, "*aut echinis*."

Aulus Gellius, on setting sail from Egina to the Piræus, upon a calm sea, sat during the night on the poop of the vessel, contemplating the stars. "*Nox fuit, et clemens mare, et anni æstas, cælumque liquide serenum; sedebamus ergo in puppi simul universi, et lucentia sidera considerabamus.*" Horace, that practical philosopher, the Voltaire of the Augustan age, though a far greater poet, it is true, than the Voltaire of Louis XV.—Horace himself trembled while gazing at the stars. A strange anxiety overcame his heart, as he indited the following all-but terrible verses:—

"Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nulla,
Imbuti spectant."

For myself, I do not *fear* the stars, because I *love* them. Still, I never reflect without a certain depression of spirits, that the normal state of the heavens is night. What we call day, is the mere result of our vicinity to a star! It is painful to dwell too long upon infinite space. The immensity of the universe is overwhelming! Ecstasy is as much a portion of religion as prayer; but the one solaces, while the other fatigues the soul.

From the firmament, my eyes now descended to the cottage wall, against which I rested. Here again was food for reflection. In this wall, the peasant had inserted an ancient stone, upon which were carved two indistinct letters, which the vibration of the forge did not permit me precisely to distinguish. I could make out only J. C.; the rest seemed defaced by the lapse of centuries. Now, was this inscription of ancient or modern Rome?—of Rome certainly; but was it the sacred or profane—the city of arts and arms, or the city of faith?

I know not whether it was the contemplation of the stars which had begotten my mood of philosophy, but these mysterious letters appeared to stand out in supernatural splendor. "J. C.:" initials, which in one instance depressed mankind to the earth; in the other, raised him to the skies. "Julius Cæsar:" "Jesus Christ." What greater names have been bequeathed us? Under an inspiration similar to the idea which now engrossed me, did Dante unite together in the lowest abyss of hell, to be devoured by the

fearful gorge of Satan, the greatest traitor of mankind, and the greatest assassin—Judas and Brutus.

Three cities preceded Soissons on the same site : the Noviodunum of the Gauls ; the *Augusta Suessorum* of the Romans ; the old Soissons of Clovis, Charles the Simple, and the Duke of Mayenne. There remains nothing of the *Noviodunum* which checked the progress of Cæsar. "Suessones," says the Commentaries, "*celeritate Romanorum permoti legatos ad Cæsarem de deditione mittunt.*" A few fragments only are left of Suessonium ; among which is the ancient temple, converted during the middle ages into the chapel of St. Peter. Old Soissons is far better worthy of notice, possessing the church of St. John of the Vines, besides its ancient castle, and the cathedral in which Pepin was crowned, in 752. I could trace no vestige of the fortifications of the Duke de Mayenne, nor ascertain whether those which remained produced the remark of the emperor in 1814 (upon certain fossil remains in the wall), that those of St. Jean d'Acre were built of exactly the same materials : a curious observation, considering how it was made, by whom, and at what a moment.

The night was too dark when I entered Soissons to admit of searching after Noviodunum or Suessonium ; so I supped, while waiting for the mail, after passing some time before the vast front of St. John of the Vines, whose outlines were sharply defined against the sky, like a scene on the stage. While wandering up and down, I turned to see the stars flitting to and fro through the crevices of the gloomy edifice, as if it contained spirits, running, rising, and descending in all directions, with tapers in their hands.

As I was returning to the inn, midnight struck ; and the whole town was dark as a cavern. Suddenly, a furious rushing from the farther extremity of a narrow street, little likely to be a scene of nocturnal disorder, proved to be the arrival of the mail, which drew up close to my inn : luckily there was a place vacant. Our new mail-coaches are certainly excellent vehicles ; well cushioned, with the windows aptly placed both for air and sight.

Just as I was about to install myself upon the voluptuous cushion, a strange confusion of shrieks, wheels, and neighing of horses was audible, and from another point of the dismal little street, in defiance of the conductor, who only gave me five min-

utes' respite, I rushed to the scene of disorder ; where, at the foot of a massive wall, which possessed the repulsive, odious character peculiar to prisons, a low barred door with enormous bolts stood open. Close to this door was stationed an odd-looking vehicle, escorted by two gendarmes, and between this carriage and the entrance were four or five ill-looking fellows struggling with a woman, and dragging her towards the carriage waiting at hand. A dark-lantern shed its uncertain light upon this heart-rending scene. The woman, a hale peasant of about thirty years of age, vainly shrieked, fought, and attempted to bite her ruffianly guardians. The glimpse I caught of her face and disordered hair exhibited the very picture of despair.

As I approached, the men were unclasping her hand from an iron bar of the prison-door ; and by a sudden jerk they forced her into the carriage. By the vivid light of the lantern, I perceived that it was made with two lateral windows, strongly barred, and the door at the back as strongly secured with powerful bolts. The man with the lantern having opened this door, the interior proved to be a kind of box without light or air, divided into two compartments by a thick transverse panel. The door was so contrived, that, when shut, it transformed the interior of the carriage into distinct chambers. No communication was possible between the two cells, only one of which was now occupied, by a being cowering like a wild beast ; a kind of square-faced spectre, flat-headed, with large temples, and bristles for hair ; his clothing composed of filthy rags. The legs of this wretch were firmly secured ; one foot being inserted in a wooden shoe, while the other was partly enveloped with bloody linen, his toes apparently about to drop off from disease. He appeared insensible to all that was passing around him, even to the wretched woman who was being dragged towards him. She still, however, resisted the strength of her inexorable keepers, shrieking aloud, "Never, never : I would rather die on the spot." She had not yet seen her companion in crime.

Suddenly, in one of her convulsions, she cast her eye upon the hideous-looking prisoner, and her shrieks instantly ceased. Her knees gave way under her ; her strength failed ; and in a faint voice she murmured, with accents of anguish and despair that I can never forget, "Oh ! that man."

At that moment the man glanced towards her with a fierce and sullen air, like a tiger, and clod of the earth, as he was. I could no longer contain myself. It was clear the woman was a thief, perhaps worse, whom the gendarmes were removing from one place to another, in one of those odious vehicles styled by the populace of Paris salad-baskets, from its having but one opening. Resolved to interfere, I ventured to address the turnkeys, who paid no regard to my apostrophe. A worthy gendarme, however, who would certainly have accosted Don Quixote to ask him for his passport, instantly begged me to exhibit mine, which I had made over to the conductor of the mail. During my explanation with the gendarme, the gaolers, with a violent effort, had thrust the wretched woman into the vehicle, slammed and bolted up the door; and, when I turned round, there was nothing more to be heard but the echoes of revolving wheels and the departing trot of the escort.

Immediately afterwards I was on the road to Rheims, in a comfortable carriage, drawn by four vigorous horses; and I thought of that miserable woman till my heart was sick in comparing her position with mine.

In the midst of these reflections I fell asleep; and, on waking again at day-dawn, witnessed the gradual reanimation of the trees, meadows, and hills; and all the sleeping things, to the repose of which the progress of night-mails is so sternly inimical.

We were traversing the beautiful valley of Braine-sur-Vêslé. A fragrant breeze swept athwart the hills, and towards the east, at the northern extremity of the twilight, near the horizon, in the midst of a limpid pearly haze, and with a kind of sapphire-like hue, shone the planet Venus. Her rays, falling upon the fields and woods, as yet imperfectly defined, seemed to diffuse inexpressible grace and melancholy over the spot. It was like an eye of heaven benignly watching over the sleeping landscape.

The mail traverses Rheims, full gallop, regardless of the cathedral: one is scarcely able to perceive, above the gable-ends of a narrow street, a few of the minarets, the escutcheon of Charles VII., and the slender spire shooting upward from the apsis.

From Rheims to Réthel there is nothing worth notice. Champagne Pouilleuse, the golden locks of whose yellow corn-fields

have just been cropped by the harvest of July, now exhibits a succession of earthy undulations, the summits of which are crested with spare-looking briars. Here and there stands a sluggish windmill ; while by the roadside a potter is drying his ware upon a plank, having at his door a few dozen flower-pots lately turned from the mould.

Réthel lies upon a hill declining towards the Aisne, whose windings intersect the town in several places. Little remains to attest that this was once the princely residence of the Counts of Champagne ; the streets being mean, and the church below mediocrity.

From Réthel to Mézières, the road gradually ascends to the plain of Argonne, which thus becomes connected with the higher plain of Rocroy. The high slated roofs, whitewashed fronts, and abutting planks which preserve the houses from rain towards the north, gave a peculiar character to the villages. The first summits of the Faucilles are now occasionally apparent along the horizon. There is scarcely any woodland, but a few scattered clumps of trees on the distant hills. The clearings hereabouts, a first symptom of civilisation, have left little shelter for the wild boars of the Ardennes.

On arriving at Mézières, I looked vainly for the ruined towers of the Saxon castle of Hallebarde ; and found, instead, only the hard zigzags of the celebrated Vauban : but in the passes are some remains of the walls attacked by Charles V. and defended by Bayard. The church of Mézières was once renowned for its stained glass, and I profited by the half-hour accorded for breakfast, to visit it. The window must have been fine, to judge by the fragments that remain inserted in the vast windows of common glass. The church itself is interesting, of the fifteenth century, having a charming porch at the southern side. Two bas-reliefs of the time of Charles VIII. have been affixed to pillars, right and left of the choir ; but they are unfortunately mutilated, and most injudiciously whitewashed. The whole church has been washed with yellow, while the groinings and keystones of the roof are picked out in colors, frightful to behold.

In strolling down the aisle, I was reminded, by an inscription, that Mézières was bombarded by the Prussians in 1815 ; to which

is added in Latin, "*Lector, leva oculos ad fornicem et vide quasi quoddam divinæ manus indicium.*" I raised my eyes accordingly, and saw a large rent in the roof, in which is fixed a well-sized bomb, thrown by the Prussians: penetrated through the roof and timbers, it has remained ever since in its original position. The bomb and the perforation produce a strange effect on the beholders, more particularly upon remembering that it was at Mézières that, in 1521, the first shells ever used in war were tried. On another side is inscribed the event of the marriage of Charles IX. with Elizabeth of Austria, happily solemnized, "*feliciter celebrata fuere,*" in the church of Mézières, the 17th of November, 1570, *i. e.*, two years before the slaughter of the St. Bartholomew.

The principal entrance of the church is of that very period, and consequently in good taste. But the front was unfortunately not finished till the seventeenth century. The steeple, terminated in 1626, is heavy and awkward; exceeded only by those now constructing at Paris to several of the new churches.

The ramparts of Mézières are adorned with fine rows of trees. The streets are clean, but gloomy. Even on Sundays they must be cheerless; and nothing recalls to mind Hallebarde or Garinus, the founders of the city; or Count Balthazar, who sacked it; or Count Hugo, who ennobled it; or the two bishops, Fulk and Adalberon, who besieged it. The god Macer, with whom originated the name of the town, became St. Masert in the Christian chapels of the church.

I found neither monuments nor public edifices at Sédan, where I arrived at noon. Pretty women, showy dragoons, trees and meadows along the Meuse, cannon, drawbridges, and bastions, constitute the delights of the town. It is one of the places where the austere look of the fortified town is fantastically combined with the joyous life of a garrison. I had wished to find traces of Turenne; but, alas! I was disappointed. The house of his fathers is demolished, and there remains in its place a black marble tablet, inscribed in gilt letters—

"Ici naquit Turenne,
Le 11 September, 1611."

This date, shining upon the black surface, attracted my attention, and called up around me the events with which it is connected.

In 1611 Sully retired from public life ; Henri IV. having been assassinated the previous year. Louis XIII., fated, like his father, to die on the 14th of May, was then ten years old ; Anne of Austria, his wife, was nearly of the same age, being five days younger ; Richelieu, in his twenty-sixth year. A certain burgher of Rouen, called Petit Pierre, destined to become the great Corneille : Shakspeare and Cervantes were then alive, as also Brantôme and Pierre Mathieu. The virgin queen of England had been dead about eight years ; and seven years had elapsed since the death of Clement VIII., that peaceful pope and excellent Frenchman. In 1611 died Papirien Masson and Jean Busée ; the Emperor Rodolph was declining ; Gustavus Adolphus had succeeded to Charles IX. of Sweden, the dreamer ; Philip III. was expelling the Moors from Spain, in spite of the advice of the Duke d'Ossuna ; and the Dutch astronomer, John Fabricius, was discovering spots in the sun. All this occurred about the time Turenne was born.

Sédan has not been the faithful guardian of his memory. Not a trace of his house is now visible.

I had not the courage to go to Bazeilles and ascertain whether the avenue of trees he planted still exists. There is, however, a mean bronze statue of Turenne in the square. The statue is a mere tribute to his glory. The room in which he was born, the castle where he lived, the trees he planted, would have been tributes to his memory.

For still better reasons there exist no traces of Guillaume de la Marck, the undaunted predecessor of Turenne in the annals of Sédan. It may be remarked as an evidence of the natural progress of things and ideas, that when the boar of the Ardennes disappeared, Sédan produced a Turenne.

Having enjoyed an excellent breakfast at the Hotel of the Croix d'Or, I decided to return to Mézières, to make sure of a conveyance to Givet, lying at five leagues' distance, and strikingly picturesque. I proceeded on foot, followed by a young and swarthy fellow, who trudged on merrily with my carpet-bag. The road

lies nearly parallel with the Meuse, and about a league from Sédan stands Doncherry, with its old bridge and stately trees.

Lively villages, pleasant country-houses peeping out of thick masses of verdure, meadows grouped with thriving herds, the Meuse vanishing and then reappearing the next second, and the weather as beautiful as the scenery. Half way on my road, I became hot and thirsty, and looked out for some habitation ; and lo ! the first I met with had inscribed over the door, "Bernier Hannas, pork-butcher and corn-chandler." Upon a bench closely adjoining sat two persons afflicted with the gottre, a disease prevalent in the country. I nevertheless boldly entered the house, and drank the cup of water I had asked for.

At six o'clock I reached Mézières, and at seven I started for Givet, squeezed into the coupé betwixt a fat gentleman and fatter lady, who kept saying tender things to each other across me. In going through Charleville, which is about a gun-shot distance from Mézières, I observed the central square, built in 1605, in noble style, by Charles de Gonzagues, Duke of Nevers and Mantua, the counterpart of our Place Royale at Paris, the same arcades, brick fronts, and high roofs.

Night came on, and I soon slept profoundly, though often interrupted by the yawnings and snorings of my fat companions. At last, aroused partly by the ejaculations of the postboys, partly by the unceasing endearments of my fellow-travellers, I opened my eyes : when soldiers suddenly flocked round the diligence, a gendarme imperiously demanding our passports. The rattling of chains in lowering a drawbridge, and the light of the street lamp, which exhibited mounds of shot, and pieces of ordnance yawning at us, announced that we had reached Rocroy. The sight of two such memorable spots as Sédan and Rocroy is an interesting event ; for if Sédan be the birthplace of Turenne, Rocroy may be said to be the birthplace of Condé.

While trying to turn a deaf ear to the vulgar commonplace of the fat lady and gentleman, whose incessant loquacity almost drove me out of my senses, the merry, fantastic, silvery sound of chimes suddenly assured me that we were in Belgium, the genuine land of chimes. Their light and cheering harmony offered

some compensation after the fatiguing gossip of my fellow-travelers.

The chimes which enlivened me sent them to sleep. I presume we were at Fumay, but the night was too dark to distinguish anything; so that I passed the fine ruins of the castle of Hierches, and the two well-known rocks called the Ladies of the Meuse, without being aware of it. Every now and then, I perceived in the hollows a whitish vapor, like smoke rising from a furnace; and this was the Meuse.

At length, the dawn of day became apparent. A drawbridge was lowered, a gate opened, and the diligence trotted through a defile, formed on the left by a black, perpendicular rock, and to the right by a long, strange-looking edifice, having a multitude of doors and windows, which all seemed open, and in a dilapidated state; so that I saw through it, and witnessed the twilight gilding the horizon on the other side of the Meuse.

At the extremity of this mysterious edifice there was a high, closed window, feebly lighted; the diligence passed rapidly at that moment past an imposing-looking tower; we turned into a yard, where a host of chambermaids and other auxiliaries made their appearance, and I found that we were arrived at Givet.

LETTER V.

GIVET, August 1.

GIVET is a clean, hospitable, pretty little town, situated on the banks of the Meuse, which divides it into Great and Little Givet, and at the foot of a lofty precipice of rock, of which the geometrical lines of the fortress of Charlemont somewhat disfigure the brow.

The inn, called the Mont d'Or, is pretty good ; though, being the only one, it can compel its customers to swallow whatever it pleases. The steeple of Little Givet is covered with slate ; but that of the Great Givet is of a more complicated order of architecture. The architect must certainly be indebted to the square-crowned cap of some priest or lawyer, with a reversed salad-bowl placed upon it ; to which is added a sugar-basin ; and, over all, a bottle, in the neck of which is stuck the image of a sun, overtopped by the figure of chanticleer, pertly perched on one leg, upon the highest vertical ray. Supposing him to have devoted one day a-piece to each of these bright inventions, he may fairly have rested on the seventh, satisfied with his work. It must have been a Fleming. For two centuries the architects of that nation were infatuated by outlines of crockery and kitchen utensils, piled up in Titanic proportions. Even in the construction of the steeples they have taken ample care to adorn their cities with these colossal conglomerations of pipkins.

The view of Givet is delightful, when standing, as I did, about evening, upon the bridge looking towards the south. Night, which is the best veil for the follies of mankind, began to conceal the absurd composition of the steeple, and smoke in spiral clouds floated from every roof. To my left, I heard the gentle tremor of some fine elms, above which, in the clear evening light, rose a huge tower dominating over the lesser Givet. On my right stood another with a conical roof, half brick, half stone ; the whole

reflected in the metallic mirror of the Meuse, which was seen traversing this darkened landscape.

Farther on I distinguished, at the foot of the fearful rock of Charlemont, the strange-looking, lengthy edifice I had remarked on arriving. Above the town, the towers, and the steeples, the eye discovered a range of lofty rocks, prolonged till they disappeared in the horizon, enclosing the view as in a circle. Towards the extreme boundary of a sky of delicate green, the crescent moon was gradually sinking towards the earth, so clear, defined, and pure, that it seemed as if the Almighty were displaying the moiety of his ring of gold.

In the course of the day I had decided to visit the old tower which once dominated the lesser Givet. The path ascending to it is rugged enough, providing work for the hands as well as for the feet. It is necessary to scale the rock, which is hard and sharp. Having with difficulty reached the tower, I found it barricaded and padlocked. I called, knocked, but nobody answered. My efforts, however, were not unrewarded, for on walking round the decaying wall I remarked, amongst fragments which daily fall into the ravine, a stone of some size, upon which there was still a vestige of an inscription. On a closer inspection, I found it to run as follows:—

LOQVE....SA. OMBRE
PARAS....MODI. S. L.
ACAV. P....SOTROS.

The letters, deeply cut, seemed executed with a nail, and above them was likewise a signature, still perfect—*Jose Gutierrez, 1643*. I have always had a passion for inscriptions. I confess that the one in question puzzled me. What did it mean? In what tongue was it written? Making allowances for orthography, you might have thought it French, and purporting something absurd. *Loque sale—Ombre parasol—Modis (maudis) la cave—Sot Rosse.*

But taking into account the effaced characters, these words were out of the question; besides, the signature of Jose Gutierrez protested against it. Comparing the signature, therefore, with the words *para* and *otros*, which are Spanish, I conclude that the

inscription must be in the Castilian, and I have accordingly adjusted it as follows:—

LO QUE EMPESA EL HOMBRE
PARA SIMISMO, DIOS LE
ACAVA PARA LOS OTROS.

i. e., "That which man begins for himself, God completes for others;" which strikes me as being a very fine sentence, both Catholic and Castilian.

But who was Gutierrez? The stone was evidently taken from the interior of the tower. The battle of Rocroy took place in 1643; was Jose Gutierrez one of the prisoners made on the field? Was it in his dungeon he found leisure to inscribe this melancholy summary of his existence? A probable surmise, for it is evident that the letters are the work of a nail; and so long a phrase, inscribed in hard granite, could scarcely result but from the patience peculiar to prisoners. And who mutilated it thus?—time and chance? or some idler of the human race? I am inclined to favor the last hypothesis. Some barber, become a soldier through the compulsion of the conscription, had suffered the penalty of a breach of discipline, and indulged his wit by turning the grave lamentation of the Hidalgo into idle ridicule; a face into a grimace. Now, alas! both barber and noble, the groan and the laugh, the tragedy and the parody, are alike dust and ashes, trodden by the passer-by into the same ravine, and the same oblivion.

The following day, at five in the morning, I found myself comfortably seated on the imperial of Van Gend's diligence; and having quitted France by the road leading to Namur, ascended the first eminence of the only chain of hills that exists in Belgium. For the Meuse, flowing in an inverse sense to the decline of the plain of the Ardennes, has succeeded in forming a valley in that immense plain called Flanders; where man has constructed fortresses, in place of the mountains devised by nature as a more permanent defence. After an ascent of half an hour, the horses being out of breath, and the Belgian conductor athirst, they agreed with one accord to pause and refresh themselves; and halted before a small inn, at a village clothing the two sides of a

wide ravine, which has made its rugged way through the mountain. This ravine, which is at once the bed of a torrent and the main street of the village, is naturally paved with indigenous granite.

At the moment we were passing, a waggon dragged by six horses was clambering along this steep and dangerous ravine. It was luckily empty ; for had it been otherwise, it would have required at least twenty horses or mules. Such a waggon seems quite unfit for such a purpose, and only serves to furnish improbable sketches to the young Dutch artists one meets on the road, with a staff in hand and a knapsack on their back.

How is one to occupy oneself on the roof of a diligence, unless by looking out at everything that comes in one's way ? I was admirably placed for the purpose ; having beneath me a great extent of the valley of the Meuse, and to the south the two Givets, prettily connected by a bridge ; to the west, the old ruined tower of Agimont, apparently forming part of the hill on which it stands, and casting a huge pyramidal shadow : to the north, the dark defile into which rushes the Meuse, throwing up a luminous blue vapor. In the attic of the inn, about two strides from my seat, and on the same level, sits a pretty peasant girl, dressing herself, with the window wide open, which allows the rays of the morning sun, as well as the indiscreet eyes of the travellers, to penetrate into the chamber. Above this cottage, in the distance, as if to crown the frontiers of France, is extended the immense line of the formidable batteries of Charlemont.

While I was absorbed in these contemplations, the peasant girl suddenly raised her eyes, smiled and made me a gracious bow. But instead of closing her window as I expected, she was obliging enough to resume her toilet.

LETTER VI.

The Banks of the Meuse.—Dinant.—Namur.

Luxemb., August 3.

I AM just arrived at Liege by a most charming road, having followed the course of the Meuse from Givet hither.

The banks of the Meuse are indeed beautiful: I wonder they are so little cited. A few words may serve to describe their leading features.

After the village in which myself and the morning sun had the satisfaction of presiding at the toilet of the pretty peasant girl, you ascend a hill which reminded me of the Val-Suzon, near Dijon, and where the road winds upon itself snakewise during three-quarters of an hour, in the midst of a forest, through deep ravines, the channels of torrents. Then follows an extensive landscape of plains resembling those of Beance; when suddenly the ground breaks to the left; and the road commands an awful precipice, accessible only to vegetation. It is at least three hundred feet high, and at the bottom, as if sailing among trees, one perceives the boats peacefully gliding along the Meuse; while on the bank stands a pretty villa, somewhat resembling the ornaments of a clock-case of the time of Louis XV., with a Lilliputian basin, and a whimsical miniature Pompadour garden, in which at a glance you may discern every detail of the place. Nothing is more disgusting than this Chinese burlesque of nature; a protest made by the vulgar taste of man against the poetry of nature. On losing sight of the gulf, the plain recommences, for the ravine made by the Meuse cuts asunder the plain as a furrow a field.

A quarter of a league farther, they lock the carriage-wheel; and the road gradually declines towards the river. This time the abyss is delightfully ornamented by multitudes of flowers, and fine trees, brightened by the clear light of the morning sky.

Orchards, fenced by high hedges, enliven either side of the road, and the green Meuse flows along between precipitous banks. Another river less considerable, but still more beautiful, here joins the Meuse—the Lesse. Three leagues farther is the well-known grotto of Han-sur-Lesse, from which the road rapidly recedes. The noise of the numerous water-mills of the Lesse produces a curious echo from the mountains.

The left bank to the Meuse hereabouts presents an uninterrupted series of farms and villages, gradually declining, while the right bank as gradually increases in elevation. A buttress of rocks encroaches even on the road, while the briars on their jagged brows are seen to tremble two hundred feet above our heads. A high pyramidal rock, pointed and bold, like the spire of a cathedral, suddenly shows itself at the turn of the road.

“Yonder is Bayard’s rock,” exclaimed the conductor, as we pursued the road leading between the mountain and this colossal stone, and then turning sharply at the foot of an enormous mass of granite, crested with a citadel. The eye now traces a lengthy street of antiquated houses, connected with the left bank by a fine bridge, and terminated at the extremity by the sharp roofs and broad windows of a church of the fifteenth century. This is Dinant, where you halt for a quarter of an hour, just long enough to remark a pretty little garden, so cultivated as to convince you that you are in Flanders; the flowers being exquisite, but interspersed with the inevitable statues of pottery-ware. One of them represented a woman dressed in a gingham gown and straw hat. But on a closer investigation, and thanks to the indications afforded by a little trickling sound, I discovered that she was intended for the water-nymph of a fountain.

The spire of the church of Dinant is, as usual, a huge pipkin. Nevertheless, viewed from the bridge, the front is imposing; and altogether the town has an interesting appearance. At Dinant you quit the right bank of the Meuse. The suburb of the left bank, through which you pass, is admirably disposed round an old stronghold, now crumbling to pieces, which formed part of the old fortress. At the foot of this tower, I detected, amid a block of houses, an interesting specimen of architecture of the fifteenth

century, with the usual turrets, stone windows, and fantastical weather-cocks.

On leaving Dinant, the valley widens ; and the Meuse becomes broader. To the right, upon distant heights, are seen two castles in ruins. The valley still widening, the rocks disappear, and pastures, of a velvet green, embroidered with flowers, are everywhere visible, interspersed with hop-grounds, orchards, and trees, covered with more fruit than foliage ; the purple plum, the rosy apple, and the scarlet clusters of the service-tree, looking like vegetable coral. The road appears to swarm with cackling poultry ; and the boatmen send forth their merry carols from the river for the amusement of the smart young maidens, with bare arms, and heavy baskets of grass upon their heads, who are seen trudging along the road. Then comes the village cemetery, as if to rebuke this lightness and joyousness of the scene. In one of these village churchyards, I read the following inscription :—

“ O pie, defunctis miseris succurre, viator ! ”

No memento can, in my opinion, be more touching. Generally the dead warn the living ; here they supplicate them. Further on, having passed a hill where the rocks are worn and fluted by the rain, like our old time-worn fountain of the Luxembourg (which, by the way, is now submitted to such ill-advised restoration), the vicinity of Namur becomes apparent. Villas begin to obtrude themselves on the peasants' hovels ; statues are to be seen among the rocks ; the hop-grounds blend with parks. Nor is the effect of this admixture by any means disagreeable.

Our diligence changed horses in one of these composite villages ; where, on one side, I perceived a magnificent garden, embellished with colonnades and Ionic temples ; and on the opposite one, a beer-house with a group of Flemish carousers, shaded by a splendid rose-tree in full bloom. Within the gold-pointed spears, forming the palisade of the villa, stood a pedestal supporting a statue of Venus, half-concealing herself amid the surrounding verdure, as if indignant at being contemplated by the coarse eyes of a horde of Flemish boors. Further on stood a well laden plum-tree, submitting to the ravages of some laughing girls ; one

of whom, poised with one foot upon a branch, seemed like a fairy about to take her flight. An hour afterwards, I was at Namur.

The two valleys of the Sambre and Meuse unite at Namur, which is situated at the confluence of the streams. The women here are peculiarly prepossessing, while the men exhibit grave, good, and hospitable countenances. As to the city itself, it has nothing remarkable, with the exception of the view from the two bridges of the Sambre and Meuse. The history of the city is effaced from its configuration ; and it possesses neither architecture, monuments, edifices, nor old houses. Four or five mean looking churches,* some bad specimens of fountains, in the style of Louis XV., are all it has to exhibit. Namur never inspired but two odes ; that of Boileau and another, the subjects of which are an old woman and the Prince of Orange. To say the truth, this is as much as she merits.

The citadel predominates coldly over the town ; still I could not view, without feelings of respect, those lines which were attacked by Vauban, and defended by Cohorn.

Where there are no churches to interest my attention, I study the signs of the shops, which, to the curious eye, afford much information. Independent of the various callings and local trades, there is also as much physiognomy in the phraseology and names of the inhabitants, as in the more highly sounding titles of the nobility.

I send you three names taken at hazard from the shop-fronts of Namur ; each possessing a peculiarity. "*L'épouse Debarsy, negociante ;*" in reading which, one knows one-self to be in a country French one day, and the day following, belonging to some other nation, where the language has altered and degenerated. A clumsy German idiom is sure to ensue. The next name is "*Crucifix Piret, mercier.*" Here one perceives the influence of Catholic Flanders. Whether as name or surname, Crucifix could not exist in Voltairianized France.—"*Menendez Wodon, horloger.*" What a strange jumble of Spanish, Flemish, and French ;—the whole history of the low countries included

* Victor Hugo seems to have neglected the superb interior of the Church of the Jesuits.

in three words ! By the interpretation of these three shop-fronts, I am enabled to trace three national peculiarities ; the one as regards the language, the other as regards the religion, the last, as regards the history of Flanders.

Let me also remark that, in Dinant, Namur, and Liege, the name of *Demeuse* is of common occurrence ; just as in the neighborhood of Paris or Rouen you see *Desenne* and *Descine*.

I must not forget the name of "*Janus*," a baker ; which reminds me that, in the faubourg St. Denis, at Paris, there is also one *Nero*, a confectioner ; while at Arles, upon the entablature of a Roman temple in ruins, you read the name of "*Marius*, hair-cutter and perruquier."

LETTER VII.

Banks of the Meuse.—Huy.—Liège.

LUXEMBOURG, August 4.

THE road from Namur to Liège commences with a noble avenue of trees. The luxuriant foliage does its best to conceal the tasteless steeples of the city, which at a distance resemble nine-pins, intermingled with cups and balls.

On quitting the shade of these lofty trees, the fresh breeze from the Meuse salutes you agreeably, and the road follows the cheerful banks of the river. The Meuse, swollen by the Sambre, becomes much wider, but the double rampart of rock soon reappears, representing at every step some giant fortress, dungeons in ruins, or groups of Titanic towers. The rocks on the Meuse are ferruginous, and afford an agreeable variety of tint to the landscape. The elements impart to them a fine rusty coating; but when broken up, produce the odious blue granite with which Belgium is infested, which creates such ugly edifices, and such magnificent mountains.

The rock was created by the Almighty. It was man who converted it to the purpose of a building-stone.

We passed rapidly through Sanson, a village, above which stand, decaying amid the brushwood, the remains of a castle, built, it is supposed, under Clodion.

There is a rock here, pointed out by the conductor, which exhibits a grim human physiognomy. We next reached Andennes, where I remarked a most inestimable treasure for the antiquarian, in a pure rustic church of the tenth century, in a perfect condition. In another village, Sclayn, I believe there is the following inscription over the principal entrance of the church. "Let no dog enter the house of God." Were I a curate of Sclayn, I should think it more important to invite Christians to enter than to interfere with the expulsion of dogs.

After passing Andennes, the mountains recede ; a plain succeeds to the valley, and the Meuse disappears among the meadows. The landscape is still fine ; but the eye is now and then offended by factory chimneys, the hideous obelisks of modern civilisation.

The hills advance once more, the river and the road reunite, and vast bastions are perceptible on the summit of a rock. A handsome church, by the side of a high square tower, with a tower-gate flanked by a decaying watch-tower, are now perceptible. Several modern habitations, the creation of men of opulence, in the old-fashioned Flemish fantastical taste, now succeed, having flowery terraces on either side of an old bridge, reflected in the waters of the Meuse.

We are now at Huy, next to Dinant, the prettiest town on the Meuse, and just midway between Namur and Liège, as Dinant is between Namur and Givet. Huy, which now possesses a formidable citadel, was also of a warlike character in times of yore ; having stood sieges against the people of Liège, as often as Dinant against those of Namur, in the times when cities waged war against each other as kingdoms in our own, as Froissart informs us,—

“ La grande ville de Bar-sur-Seigne,
A fait trembler Troye en Champagne.”

After Huy, we have one of those pleasing contrasts which constitute the charm of the Meuse ; severe-looking rocks being opposed to cheerful meadows. Vineyards begin to be apparent on the hills ; the first, I should think, in Belgium.

From time to time one sees a manufacture of zinc close by the river, in some ravine, whose rent and creviced roof, with the escaping smoke, gives one the idea of a half-extinguished fire ; or some alum pit, with its heap of red earth. Here is a hop-garden adjoining a bean-field, there a basking garden, whose fragrant flowers diffuse perfume around.

While fretting against the overpowering gabble of innumerable geese, ducks, and poultry, one detects a red brick house, with slated turrets, stone-framed windows, latticed with lead ; dull,

clean, and calm ; shaded by a luxuriant vine, with pigeons on the roof, bird-cages at the windows, a beautiful child, and a sun-beam on the threshold,—the whole presenting a subject for Teniers or Mieris.

Evening approaches : the wind sinks ; the meadows and the woods become hushed ; and nothing is heard but the murmur of the mighty streams. Vague lights glitter in the houses ; all objects become indistinct ; and my fellow travellers outvie each other in snoring.

Presently some person remarks that we shall soon be at Liège. The scene now becomes truly curious. At the foot of the dark and wooded hills, towards the west, two balls of fire glare and glitter, like the eyes of tigers ; while from an orifice, eighty yards above your head, issues a fierce flame, which glances over the neighboring rocks and forests. A little further on, at the entrance of the valley, is a yawning furnace, which, when occasionally opened, sends forth volumes of flames. These are the forges rendered famous by the engineer Cockerell. After passing the spot called the Little Flemalle, the scene becomes unspeakably grand ; the whole valley being filled with what appear to be the craters of volcanos in eruption. Some emit immense clouds of red vapor, glittering with sparks. Others define upon their reddening glow the dark circumference of an adjoining vilage ; in other places the flames are distinguished through the aperture of some mis-shapely edifice.

One might figure to one's-self that a hostile army was marching through the country, sacking and burning the different towns ; some blazing, some smoking, some half extinct. This warlike spectacle, seen in time of peace, like a frightful copy of devastation, is illustrative of the progress of industry, and the vast enterprises of Cockerell.

A discordant and violent noise proceeds from this chaos ; and, being curious to visit one of these fiery dens, I got down from the carriage. The spectacle is indeed striking, particularly at night ; partaking almost of the supernatural. Wheels, saws, cauldrons, rollers, cylinders, regulators, every portion of those copper giants which we call engines, and to which steam imparts strength and vitality to roar, hiss, grind, groan, to rend asunder

brass, to twist iron, to pound granite, are scattered about. The scorched and smoky workmen howl like hydras and dragons at their terrible occupation, as if tormented in that heated atmosphere by the demons of hell.

LIÈGE is one of the cities in process of transition from old to new, in which, at every step, the rich old carved and painted fronts of ancient mansions are effaced by modern stucco and plaster casts; the good old-fashioned slated roofs with their fanciful skylights and weather-cocks being daily destroyed by the vile taste of the vulgar burghers of the town, who read the *Constitutionnel* upon a terrace paved with zinc or asphalte.

A Grecian temple, with a custom-house officer for its high priest, constitutes the entrance, in place of some fine old tower bristling with partizans; and the high brick chimneys of steam factories take the place of ancient spires and modern steeples.

Liège no longer possesses the ancient cathedral of the prince-bishops, built by the illustrious prelate, Notger, A.D. 1000, and demolished in 1795, by I know not whom; but, in its place, she is rich in the forges of Monsieur Cockerell. Nor can she now exhibit the cloister of the Dominicans, once so famous, and in so noble a style of architecture; for upon the site there stands a theatre, with its cast-iron columns and capitals, of which the first stone was laid by Mademoiselle Mars. In the nineteenth, as in the sixteenth century, Liège is celebrated for the manufacture of arms; competing with France for weapons of war, and with Versailles, in particular, for those of the sportsman.

But the ancient city of St. Hubert, formerly uniting the dignities of a cathedral and a fortress, and exhibiting pictures both ecclesiastical and military, prays and fights no longer. At present her province is to buy and sell; and Liège may be regarded as an immense hive of industry, the mainspring of an extensive national commerce. The Meuse connects this city with France and Holland; and with these two arms at her disposal, both receives and despatches on either side. Even the etymological derivation of the name has been extinguished, the ancient rivulet *Legia* being now called *Ri-de-Coq-Fontaine*.

Meanwhile Liège lies grouped in a picturesque manner upon

the green ridge of St. Walburge, divided by the Meuse into the high and low town, which are connected by thirteen bridges, some of them possessing architectural merit. As far as the eye can reach, it is surrounded by trees and verdure, and still retains a sufficient number of turrets, gabled mansions, Roman towers, and dreary dungeons, such as those of St. Martin and d'Amercœur, to furnish matter of interest to the poet and antiquarian, in spite of the deterioration of factories and forges.

As it rained torrents, I had only time to visit four churches. St. Paul, the present cathedral, a noble specimen of the fifteenth century, having a Gothic cloister, with a curious old portal stupidly spoiled by modern stucco, and a fine tower, which must have been truly beautiful before some ill-judged architect reformed all the angles—the same disgraceful operation now in progress upon the old roofs of our Hotel de Ville in Paris. St. John, built in the severe style of the tenth century, having a fine square tower, with a slated steeple, on either side of which are two lower towers, also square. Behind this façade is the dome or rather the hump of some nondescript church, the door of which opens upon a cloister disfigured, scraped, white-washed, and over-grown with weeds. St. Hubert, whose Roman apsis, with its arched galleries, is magnificent ; and St. Denis, a curious church of the tenth century, having a tower of the ninth, which leaves evident traces of devastation by fire towards the base, perhaps during the irruption of the Normans, in 882. The Roman architects repaired and continued the tower in the very state in which it was left by the fire ; so that the newly-built part is carried up on the impaired walls. Thus the outline of the ruin remains perfectly visible upon the tower, even to the present day.

As I was proceeding from the church of St. Denis to that of St. Hubert, through a labyrinth of low narrow streets, in the wake of which were ensconced madonnas surrounded with strips of tin inscribed with religious devices, I found myself under a high and gloomy wall, ornamented in a manner which announced it to have pertained to some palace of the middle ages. A low door having presented itself, I entered a spacious court, and found myself within the precincts of the palace of the ecclesiastical princes of Liège. Never did I behold an order of architecture more strange

or more gorgeous. Four granite fronts, over which tower four prodigious high slated roofs, supported by four low-arched galleries, seemingly ready to yield under the pressure of the enormous weight, confine the view on all sides. Two of the façades exhibit the most complete specimens of the elliptical arches which characterize the architecture of the end of the fifteenth, and the beginning of the sixteenth, century. The windows of this clerical palace are much in the style of those usual in churches. Unfortunately two other fronts, destroyed in the conflagration of 1734, have been rebuilt in the mean fashion of that period, and tend to detract from the general effect; though luckily they are not absolutely at variance with the austere style of the old palace.

The prince-bishop who was in power a hundred and five years ago appears to have allowed of no departure from the original simplicity of plan; and two plain fronts were constructed, such as befitted the architecture of the eighteenth century, which allowed no medium between the frippery of exaggerated ornament, and absolute nakedness.

The quadruple gallery enclosing the court is in admirable preservation. Nothing can be more curiously interesting than the pillars supporting these broad elliptic arches, which are of grey granite like all the others about the palace. In either of the four sides you will find that one-half of the shaft of the pillar disappears, under the embellishment of arabesques—a Flemish fancy of the sixteenth century; and to the confusion of the archeologist, that these arabesques, as well as the curiously executed capitals of the columns, abounding with chimerical figures, leaves unknown in botany, apocalyptical animals, winged dragons, and Egyptian hieroglyphics, apparently belong to the eleventh century. In order not to attribute these short gibbous columns to the Byzantine architecture, it is necessary to remark that the episcopal palace of Liège was only begun in 1508, by Prince Erard de la Mark, who reigned thirty-two years.

This edifice is now occupied by the courts of law, by booksellers, and various tradesmen, and who are installed beneath the arches, besides a vegetable market in the midst; and the men of the law are to be seen passing to and fro among baskets of cabbages and flowers. Fat-cheeked Flemings stand chattering and

quarrelling before every pillar, and warm arguments are heard through the windows of this gloomy court, in which the silence of the cloister once prevailed. The gossip and the pettifogger have succeeded to the arrogant prelates of old. Above the high roofs is a lofty and massive brick tower, formerly the belfry of the prince-bishop, and now used as a penitentiary for women; a sorry and cold antithesis, such as the disciples of Voltaire might have devised as a jest thirty years ago, but which the prosy utilitarian of to-day has executed as a matter of fact.

On leaving the palace by the principal door, I examined the present façade, the work of the disastrous architect of 1734, resembling a tragedy by Lagrange Chancel; in stone and marble.

There was a wretched man lounging before this frightful building, who insisted upon extorting from me a tribute to its merits; but I would not listen to him, though he taught me that Liège was called by the Dutch, *Luik*, by the Germans, *Lüttich*, and in Latin, *Leodium*.

The room in which I lodged at Liège was hung with muslin curtains, upon which were embroidered, not nose-gays, but melons. It was also adorned with engravings, doing justice to our defeats of 1814, but some little injustice to our language. The following is the exact text which figures at the bottom of one of these prints: —“ *Bataille d’Arcis-sur-Aube, le 21 Mars, 1814. La plus part de la garnison de cette place, composée de la garde ancienne (probablement la vieille garde) fut fait prisonniers, et les alliés entrèrent vainqueurs à Paris, le 2 Avril!*”

LETTER VIII.

Banks of the Vesdre—Verviers.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, *August 4.*

YESTERDAY, at nine in the morning, as the diligence for Aix-la-Chapelle was about to start, a worthy Walloon chose to refuse a place on the imperial; reminding me of the Auvergnat peasant, who declared he had paid to be in the box, and not in the opera. I offered to change places with him, and mounted to the roof, which pacified him, and the diligence started. Luckily for me, the road was gay and interesting. We are no longer upon the Meuse, but the Vesdre, the former striking off by Maestricht and Ruremonde, towards Rotterdam and the sea.

The Vesdre is a torrent which descends from St. Cornelis-Munster, between Aix-la-Chapelle and Duren, flowing through Verviers and Chaudfontaines to Liège, along a most beautiful valley. The road runs parallel with the river, and they journey on happily together through thriving villages, among the trees, where there is a rustic bridge before every door; or in a lonely bend of the valley, they creep together under the shade of some old manor, with its square towers, high pointed roof, and front containing curiously-contrived windows, at once proud and unassuming; an edifice that is something between the residence of a farmer and a lord. Suddenly the scene becomes more gay and noisy; and on the turn of a hill, the eye falls into a mass of willows and alders, through which the rays of the sun bring to light a low built house, with an immense black wheel glittering with showers of jewels, which, in vulgar parlance, is called a water-mill.

Betwixt Chaudfontaines and Verviers, the valley is almost Virgilian. The weather was divine; charming children were gambolling about the gardens; while groups of cattle were pictur-

esquely basking in the green meadows. Further on, in the midst of a luxuriant enclosure, stood a solitary cow, of such remarkable beauty as would have entitled her to be watched by Argus—a second Io. A shepherd's pipe was audible from the mountains:—

“Mercurius septem mulcet arundinibus,”

but every now and then a factory chimney, or pieces of cloth drying in the sun, afforded a sad interruption to these eclogues.

The railroad which traverses Belgium, from Ostend and Antwerp to Liège, and which will shortly reach Verviers, will penetrate these fine hills, and invade these tranquil valleys.

According to this colossal project, the railroad will pierce the mountain twelve or fifteen times. At every step one perceives terraces, mounds of rubbish, foundations of viaducts, and bridges; or at the base of a block of granite, a busy multitude of human ants, busily engaged in their arduous toil. These little black insects are achieving the work of giants.

Occasionally, when the holes they have perforated are large and deep, thick vapors and a roaring sound are emitted, as if the mountain were giving vent to its sufferings. This is some mine on the point of exploding. The diligence stops, the workmen on the adjoining terrace fly in all directions, and the thunder of an explosion is echoed from hill to hill, while fragments of rock are showered on every side. I heard of a man having been killed, and a tree cut in two, by a mass weighing twenty tons, and that a workman's wife, carrying food to her husband, had shared the same fate. More interruptions to my pastoral!

Verviers, an insignificant town, is divided into three quarters, named the *Chick Chack*, the *Basse Crotte*, and the *Dardanelle*. I saw a little boy sedately smoking his pipe, who was not more than six years old; and on witnessing my surprise, the young smoker laughed immoderately, by which, I conclude, that I appeared as ridiculous to *him* as he to me.

From Verviers the road runs along the bank of the Vesdre as far as Limbourg, that pasty of which Louis XIV. found the crust so hard to digest; but which is now only a dismantled fortress, prettily situated on the brow of a hill.

We are now once more upon the plain, and entering through a wide gate-way, discover by the ceremonial of a custom-house, and a sentry-box striped with black and yellow, that we have entered the dominions of the King of Prussia.

LETTER IX.

Aix-la-Chapelle—The Tomb of Charlemagne.

As regards invalids, Aix-la-Chapelle is a hot, cold, mineral, ferruginous, sulphurous, bathing place ; as regards the pleasure-seeker, it is a region of balls and concerts. For the pilgrim it is the shrine of those precious relics which are exhibited once in seven years (the gown of the virgin, the blood of Jesus, and the cloth into which fell the head of St. John the Baptist). For the old chronicler, it is an abbey for maidens of high descent, succeeding to the monastery built by St. Gregory, son of Nicephorus, Emperor of the East. For the sportsman, it is no less attractive, as the ancient valley of the wild boar (*Porcetum*, having become *Borcette*). The manufacturer views it as containing water suitable for the preparation of wool ; the shopkeeper as a depot of pins, needles, and cloth. But for him who is neither manufacturer, sportsman, antiquarian, pilgrim, invalid, or tourist, it is simply the CITY OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Here that great emperor was born and died, in the old half-Roman palace of the Frank Kings, of which all that remains is the tower of Granus, forming part of the town-hall. He is buried in the church he founded two years after the death of his wife Fastrada, in 796 ; consecrated by Leo III., in 804 : the dedication of which two bishops of Tongres, buried at Maestricht, came out of their tombs to complete. The ceremony was performed by three hundred and sixty-five archbishops and bishops, to represent the days of the year.

This historical and yet fabulous church, which gave its name to the town, has, during the last thousand years, undergone many transformations. On my arrival at "Aix," I proceeded at once to "La Chapelle," which presents itself to the reader in the following manner.

A portal of the time of Louis XV., of greyish blue granite,

having fine bronze gates of the eighth century, backed by a Carolingian wall, surmounted by a row of Saxon arches. Above these there is a fine Gothic story, superbly carved, in which you recognize the elliptic arch of the fourteenth century, but degraded by a superstructure of brick, and a slated roof, added not more than twenty years ago. To the right of the porch there is an immense pine-apple, of the *pinus sylvestris*, used as an ornament by the ancients, in Roman bronze, placed upon a granite column. On the opposite side is another column, surmounted by a bronze wolf, also Roman, the body half-turned, the teeth clenched, and the jaws open.

Allow me to relate, in a parenthesis, the history of this wolf and pine-apple, according to the version of the old women of the country. Ages and ages ago a wish was entertained in Aix-la-Chapelle to found a church; and the foundations being laid, and the walls raised, for six months nothing was heard on the spot but the sound of the adze and hammer. But the funds of the pious having suddenly failed, the pilgrims passing through the city were appealed to, by a tin basin placed before the church door. Scarcely a *dernier*, however, was dropped into the vessel. What was to be done? The senate assembled and consulted. The workmen refused to labor, and weeds and moss already took possession of the newly laid stones, as if they were predestined to ruin! Was the design then to be abandoned? The town senate knew not what to answer!

One day, as they were sitting in deliberation, a mysterious stranger, of high and imposing aspect, made his appearance before them. "Good morrow, gentlemen," quoth he. "What is the subject of debate?—Is it the stoppage of your church which causes your anxiety?—You know not how to complete it, eh?—You want money for the endowment?" "Stranger!" replied one of the senators with indignation, "You talk too flippantly; we want half a million of gold pieces." "Here they are," replied the stranger, opening a window, and pointing to a heavy laden cart stationed in the square before the town hall, to which were yoked ten pairs of oxen, attended by twenty Moors, armed to the teeth.

One of the senators, having accompanied the mysterious stran-

ger down stairs, took one of the sacks from the cart, and returned to empty it before the senate, when it proved to be really full of gold! All present opened their eyes with amazement; and turning towards the stranger, with growing respect, demanded his name. "I am the owner of yonder gold. What would you have more?" replied he. "My residence is in the Black Forest, near the lake of Wildsee, not far from the ruins of Heidenstadt, the city of the pagans. I possess a gold mine and a silver mine, and during the night amuse myself with counting over heaps of car-buncles. My tastes are simple, but being of a melancholy disposition, I pass my days, watching in the deep and transparent waters of the lake, the gambols of the tritons, and the growth of the *polygonum amphibium*. Thus much in answer to your questions. I have unboomed myself as much as I intend; make the most of it! Yonder is your million of gold pieces; take them or let them alone."

"We accept them," replied the senate, "and will hasten to finish our church."

"There is one condition to the bargain," observed the stranger. "Take the gold and finish your church. But I demand in exchange the soul of the first individual who crosses its threshold on the day of dedication."

"You are the devil then?" shouted the horrified senators.

"And *you*—asses!" was the rejoinder of Satan.

The burgomasters of the senate now began to quake and tremble, and make the sign of the cross. But Satan, who was in a jocular mood, laughed outright at their panic, as he gaily chinked his gold; so they took courage and began to negotiate.

"Satan must know what he is about," said they, "or he would not retain his situation as devil."

"After all, it is a bad bargain for *me*," retorted his Satanic majesty in his turn. "You will have your million, or your church to show for it; I only a wretched soul!—And whose, pray?—The first that comes to hand—the soul of a chance customer—some canting hypocrite probably, who in his dissembled zeal is the first to enter, and who would, therefore, under any circumstances, have fallen to my share! I must observe, by the way, gentlemen, that the plan of your church is admirable! Who has been your

architect ? Tell him, with my compliments, that I perfectly approve his groined aisles ; and that the pointed arches are in good taste. The shaping of the door is not altogether to my fancy, but it may be modified. The staircase leading to the vaults will be a fine thing in its way ; and 'twould be a thousand pities that what is so well begun should stop short for want of funds. What say you, gentlemen ? Is it a deal ? My million of money for a single soul—ay, or no ?”

So spake the tempter. “ After all,” observed the senators, “ we may think ourselves lucky to be let off so easily. He might have taken a fancy to half-a-dozen souls of ours,—which, let us hope, are at present safe from his clutches. Nay, he might have levied a tax of souls upon the whole population !”

The bargain, therefore, was finally struck, and the million of gold paid into their treasury. Satan vanished from their view through an aperture, which emitted the sulphurous blue flame usual on such occasions ; and two years afterwards the church was completed. Meanwhile, though the senators had of course sworn to observe the profoundest secrecy concerning all that had happened, every man of them, the very first evening, divulged the whole story to his wife—according to a law ex-senatorial, indeed, but not the less binding. The secret, therefore, being generally known, thanks to the wives of the senators, prior to the completion of the church, no one dared to set foot in it !

Here, therefore, was a new dilemma : the church of Aix was built ; and now, no one would enter. It was not a church, but a desert ; and, consequently, of no mortal use to mortal soul.

Again the senate assembles, but to little purpose. They appeal to the Bishop of Tongres, to no result ; then to the canons of the chapter, but equally without avail.

“ What you require is a mere trifle, my lords,” observed a monk belonging to the order whom they next took into consultation. “ You have undertaken to surrender the first soul that enters the new church. But it was not definitively stipulated what sort of a soul it was to be. Satan is a fool to allow himself to be so overreached. This morning, my lord, after a hard chase, a fine wolf was taken in the valley of Borcette. Drive this ferocious

beast into the church, and Satan must needs be satisfied. It is his own fault if he chooses to make so loose a bargain."

"Bravo!" exclaimed his auditors; "the monk has more brains in his head than the whole collective wisdom of the senate!" Next day at dawn, the bells of the new church rang cheerfully for the angelus. "How is this?" said the burghers of the city; "is this the day of dedication? and pray who do they expect will be fool-hardy enough to hazard the adventure?" "Not I,"—"Nor I,"—"Nor I," was heard on all sides; as the Senate and Chapter advanced gravely towards the chief entrance.

The wolf was now produced; and at a given signal, its cage door and the church gates flew open at the same moment. On discerning the empty aisles, in he rushed. Satan was already on the spot, his jaws distended, and his eyes voluptuously closed with expectation of a feast. Imagine his rage on discovering his prey to be of the brute creation. With a hideous howl, he spread his harpy wings, flapping about the arches of the edifice with the roar of a tempest; and finally, on making his exit from the building, bestowed a kick of his hoof upon the brazen gate, by which it was rent in twain from top to bottom, as seen to the present day.

"It is in memory of this event," say the old women of Aix, "that the brazen effigy of a wolf was placed on the left of the entrance; while the pine-apple to the right is intended to represent the soul so mercilessly gobbled up by the evil one!"

Such is the local legend. Let us now return to the church, premising that I could not discover the rent in the door described by the tradition. On entering the cathedral by the principal portal, the Roman, Gothic, and rococo styles are confusedly intermixed, without regard to affinity, fitness, or order, and consequently without effect. But if you approach from the choir, the effect is wholly different. The lofty apsis of the fourteenth century shines forth in all its boldness of design, and displays the beauty and science of the angle of its roof, the rich carved work of the balustrades, its diversified and fantastic spouts, the gloomy color of the stone, and the transparency of its lofty lancet windows, seen through which, houses two stories high appear to sink into insignificance. Even from thence, however, the view of the church, imposing as it, is hard and discordant. Between the apsis

and the portal, in a kind of hollow, where all the lines of the edifice appear to break, is concealed, barely connected with the façade by a charming bridge of the fourteenth century, the Byzantine dome, with its triangular frontal, built by Otho III., in the tenth century, exactly above the tomb of Charlemagne.

This fictitious façade, this buried dome, this broken apsis, constitute the blemishes of La Chapelle of Aix. The architect of 1353 chose to unite, in his prodigious design, the old church of Charlemagne, devastated by the Normans in 882, and the dome of Otho, burnt in 1236. A series of minor chapels, connected with the basis of the grand central chapel, was intended to surround the whole edifice, with the exception of the portal. Two of the chapels which now exist were already built when the fire of 1366 took place. This rapid progress was then checked ; and, strange to say, the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries did nothing for the fine old church, which the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries continued to spoil.

It must be confessed, however, that upon the whole, the Cathedral of Aix exhibits considerable grandeur ; after some minutes' contemplation, a sort of majesty seems engendered by the edifice, which, like the empire of Charlemagne, was never completed ; and represents various styles and periods, just as the latter was composed of many nations speaking many tongues.

To him who contemplates it from without, there is a deep and mysterious harmony between the great sovereign of old and the great tomb which he provided for himself. I was all impatience to see more of it. Having entered through the finely arched portal, and the ancient gates of bronze, embellished in the centre with a lion's head, and shaped to fit the architraves, the first object that struck me was a white rotunda of two stories, lit from above, profusely embellished in the florid rustic style ; and on looking down in the centre of the pavement I perceived, by the pale light diffused from above, a large slab of black marble, worn by the feet of many visitors, on which is inscribed, in brazen characters,

CAROLO MAGNO.

Nothing can be in worse taste than the rococo style of the chapel ; insulting with its meretricious graces so great a name. Cherubs

with the air of Cupids ; palms, that look like courtly feathers ; garlands, flowers, and knots of ribbons, and other frivolous devices ; have been inflicted upon the dome of Otho III., and the tomb of Charlemagne ! The only object worthy of the precious remains contained in this chapel, is an immense circular lamp of forty-eight burners, about twelve feet in diameter, offered in the twelfth century by Frederick Barbarossa to the tomb of Charlemagne. This lamp, which is of copper and gilt silver, is in the form of an Imperial crown, suspended above the marble slab by a massive iron chain ninety feet in length. The black slab covering the frame is nine feet long, by seven feet wide.

It is evident that there must have been an early monument to Charlemagne in this very spot ; for the antiquity of the marble slab is doubtful ; and the inscription of "CARLO MAGNO" is of the last century. The remains of Charlemagne no longer lie under the stone ; in 1166 Frederick Barbarossa, whose lamp, however magnificent, does not redeem the act of sacrilege, caused the Emperor to be disinterred. The Holy Catholic Church laying violent hands on the skeleton, broke it up into relics : and in the vestry of the Cathedral, the vicar exhibits to the curious the arm of Charlemagne, which I saw at the cost of a few francs—that arm, the awe of the world, upon which is pitifully inscribed, by some Latinist of the twelfth century, "*Brachium sancti Caroli magni.*" His skull was next exhibited, between the finger and thumb of a beadle ; the skull from which issued the regeneration of Europe, and on which a sacristan now beats the tattoo with his thumb-nail !* All these objects are kept in a closet of painted wainscot, picked out with gold, surmounted with those Cupid-like angels which constitute the real tomb of him whose fame, at the expiration of ten centuries, still astonishes the human mind ; whose name remains stamped upon the world with the double title, "*sanctus*" and "*magnus* ;" the two most august epithets derivable from services rendered to heaven and earth !

* The translator of this work, being at Rouen in 1837, shortly after the discovery of the grave of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the exhumation of his remains, was offered by the sacristan of the church, for a few francs, a portion of the heart of the English hero, which the man produced in a pill box, and warranted genuine. It had the appearance of a piece of mouldy leather.

The dimensions of the skull and arm are extraordinary. Charlemagne was one of the few men whose physical strength equal their moral power. The son of Philip the Bref was a Colossus alike in frame and intelligence. His height was seven times the length of his foot ; which measure assigned a law to the kingdom ! This royal foot, the foot of Charlemagne, originated the common foot of long measure, which we have recently sacrificed to the more prosaic admeasurement of the *mètre* ; to the extinction of a world of poetry and history in favor of the decimal system, without which the world contrived to get on so well during six thousand years. The cupboard in question is rich in treasures. The doors are painted within in admirable oil paintings upon golden grounds, some of the panels being unquestionably the work of Albert Durer. Besides the arm and skull, there is the horn of Charlemagne, an enormous elephant's tooth most curiously carved ; the cross of Charlemagne, in which is inserted a piece of the true cross of our Saviour, which the Emperor wore round his neck when so audaciously disinterred ; a beautiful censer given by Charles V., and spoilt by a tasteless addition of modern ornament ; the fourteen golden medallions, embellished with Byzantine sculptures, which figured upon the marble throne of the great Emperor ; a shrine given by Philip XI., representing the Duomo of Milan ; the cord which bound the limbs of Jesus Christ during his flagellation ; a piece of the sponge which absorbed the gall with which they moistened his lips when on the cross ; and, lastly, the girdle of the Holy Virgin, in worsted, and that of our Saviour in leather. This little knotted thong, resembling a child's whip, had occupied the attention of three Emperors. From Constantine, who stamped its authenticity with the seal or *Sigillum*, which it still bears, it descended to Haroun-Al-Raschid, by whom it was presented to Charlemagne.

All these venerable and venerated objects are enclosed in Gothic or Byzantine cases, adorned with jewellery, like so many shrines or microscopic cathedrals in massive gold, sparkling with emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds, by way of windows. Amidst these precious jewels, piled upon the twin shelves of the cupboard, are two immense golden shrines, of the most admirable workmanship and considerable value. The first and most ancient is

Byzantine, surrounded with niches in which are seated, with their crowns on their heads, sixteen emperors. In this are kept the remaining bones of Charlemagne; and it is never opened. The second, which is of the twelfth century, and was given by Barbarossa, contains the famous relics to which I alluded at the beginning of my letter, and is opened every seventh year. The opening of this celebrated shrine in 1496, attracted one hundred and forty-two thousand pilgrims to Aix-la-Chapelle; producing a profit to the city in fifteen days, of eighty thousand golden florins.

The last shrine has but a single key, which is broken in two pieces, one of which remains in the custody of the Chapter, the other in that of the first civil authority. It has been opened upon extraordinary occasions for crowned heads. The present King of Prussia, when Prince-Royal, was refused the favor.* In a lesser press, close by the other, is a *fac simile*, in silver gilt, of the Germanic crown of Charlemagne. The Carlovingian crown, surmounted by a cross, and loaded with precious stones and cameos, is formed of a simple circle, *à fleurons*, which surrounds the head, having a semicirclet superadded from the brows, near the nape of the neck, which resembles, viewed in profile, the ducal horn of Venice. Of the three crowns worn by Charlemagne, as emperor of Germany, king of the Lombards, and king of France, the Imperial crown is at Vienna, that of France at Rheims, and the third, the iron crown of Lombardy, at Milan.

On leaving the vestry, I was made over by the beadle to a verger, who conducted me about the church, opening every now and then certain gloomy-looking recesses, which within glittered with magnificence.

The pulpit, for instance, which at first appears shabby enough, by the sudden removal of its exterior covering becomes a splendid tower of silver gilt. It is a beautiful specimen of the goldsmiths' craft of the eleventh century, given by the emperor Henri II. to the Cathedral. Byzantine ivories richly carved, a crystal ewer with its dish, a huge onyx nine inches long, adorn the suit of golden armor which surrounds, as it were, the priest of the temple

* This collection of relics was opened in the month of September, 1842, in presence of the King of Prussia and several royal visitors assembled on occasion of the reviews at Cologne.

deputed to expound the word of God. The breast-plate represents Charlemagne carrying the *Chapelle* of Aix upon his arm.

This pulpit is placed at the angle of the choir, occupying the marvellous apsis of 1353. All the stained glass has disappeared, and the lancet-windows are plain from top to bottom. The rich tomb of Otho III., founder of the dome, destroyed in 1794, is replaced by a flat stone marking the spot, at the entrance of the choir. An organ given by the Empress Josephine places the ignoble style of 1804 in juxtaposition with the exquisite arched roof of the fourteenth century. Roof, pillars, capitals, statues, in fact the whole choir is covered with stucco. In the midst of this degraded choir stands the eagle given by Otho III., with wings outspread and fiery eyes, transformed into a reading-desk; apparently scorning the use to which he is devoted, for he retains the globe itself in his talons. This ancient emblem of Cæsarean sway ought to have been respected. Yet when Napoleon visited Aix-la-Chapelle, the eagle of Otho had a thunderbolt added to the globe grasped in his talons, which still figures on either side the imperial orb. The verger gratifies the curiosity of strangers by unscrewing the moveable thunderbolt. Upon the back of the eagle, as if by ironical and sad anticipation, the sculptor of the tenth century executed an outspread bat, mimicking a human face, upon which the reading-desk is now stationed.

To the right of the altar is deposited the heart of Mons. Antoine Berdolet, first and last Bishop of Aix-la-Chapelle, appointed by Napoleon, and, as he is qualified by his epitaph, "*primus Aquisgranensis episcopus*." At present, the chapel is served by a chapter, presided over by a dean with the title of provost.

In another gloomy recess of the chapel, the verger opened a closet containing the coffin of Charlemagne, being a superb sarcophagus of white marble, and Roman origin, exhibiting in bas-relief the profane abduction of Proserpine. I examined with much interest this work of art, which passed for a fine antiquity a thousand years ago.

At the extremity of the composition are four plunging horses, of a mingled divine and infernal race, led by Mercury, and dragging towards a half-open abyss the car, in which Proserpine is writhing with despair, struggling in the arms of Pluto. The

robust arm of the god encircles the form of the young maiden, who is thrown back, till her disbevelled hair waves against the firm and inflexible face of the helmeted Goddess of Wisdom. The allegory exhibits Pluto carrying off Proserpine, to whom Minerva is whispering words of advice ; while a smiling Cupid is seated at the bottom of the car, betwixt the colossal legs of Pluto. Behind Proserpine, in fierce attitudes of defiance, stand a group of nymphs and furies. The companions of Proserpine are struggling to detain a car, which is stationed behind as if by way of relay, and to which are yoked two winged and flaming dragons ; one of the youthful goddesses having boldly seized a dragon by the wing, so as apparently to cause him to send forth shrieks of pain. This curious relieve is in itself a poem, belonging to a vigorous and noble order of sculpture, somewhat emphatic, worthy of pagan Rome, and such as Rubens might have conceived in modern art. Previous to serving as the sarcophagus of Charlemagne, this coffin contained the remains of Augustus.

Ascending a flight of steps, trodden during the last six centuries by innumerable emperors, kings, and illustrious visitors, my guide conducted me to the gallery which forms the first story of the rotunda, called the Hochmünster. Here, under a half-open wooden covering, which is never completely removed except for visitors of royal rank, I beheld the marble chair or throne of Charlemagne. It is formed of four slabs of white marble, plain and unsculptured ; the seat being of oak, with a cushion of red velvet. It is elevated on a platform, of the height of six steps ; of which two are of granite, and four of white marble. Upon this same arm-chair, formerly embellished with the fourteen Byzantine medallions before alluded to, upon a stone floor raised by four steps of white marble, with the globe and sceptre and Germanic sword in his hands, a mantle of state upon his shoulders, the relique of the Cross of Jesus Christ suspended round his neck, and his feet trampling upon the sarcophagus of Augustus, sat CHARLEMAGNE in his tomb ! During the space of three hundred and fifty-two years, or from 814 to 1166, did he retain this dignified attitude in the grave. But in 1166, Frederick Barbarossa, desirous of having the arm-chair for his coronation, entered the tomb, the precise form and nature of which no tradition has

handed down, but to which unquestionably belonged the two noble gates of bronze which constitute the principal door of the cathedral.

Barbarossa was himself an illustrious prince and valiant knight; and it must have been a strange and fearful moment when he, a crowned head, stood face to face with the imperial corpse, no less majestic than himself;—the one attired in all the pomps of sovereignty; the other in the still more awful majesty of death: the soldier defying a shadow; the living struggling for power with the dead. The chapel retained the skeleton, and Barbarossa took the marble seat, which he converted into a throne. The chair occupied by the remains of Charlemagne literally became the foundation of four centuries of imperial sway.

Thirty-six emperors, including Barbarossa himself, were crowned and consecrated in the chair still deposited in the Hochmünster of Aix-la-Chapelle. Ferdinand I. was the last; Charles V. the last but one. In later years, the coronations of the Emperors of Germany were solemnized at Frankfort.

I could with difficulty tear myself away from this chair, so simple, yet so grand. I contemplated the four steps of marble, worn by the heels of the thirty-six Cæsars, and having beheld the brightness of their pomps and glories successively extinguished, a confusion of startling ideas overwhelmed my mind.

I remembered that the violator of the Imperial sepulchre, Frederick Barbarossa, in his old age proceeded for the second or third time to the Holy Wars. Finding himself one day on the banks of the Cydnus, and suffering from the heat, he was tempted to bathe; he who had dared to profane the manes of Charlemagne, presumed to forget the history of Alexander. The chill of the river benumbed his limbs to a degree nearly fatal to Alexander, even in his youth, and wholly so to Frederick Barbarossa, who was old and infirm. At some future day, perhaps, a holy and pious inspiration will induce some king or emperor to replace the reliques of Charlemagne in his tomb. The imperial remains will be religiously collected; the gates of bronze be restored; and the Roman sarcophagus, placed at the foot of the chair, which will be raised anew upon the stone platform, and once more adorned with the fourteen medallions of gold.

Let the Carlovingian diadem be replaced upon the skull ; the orb of empire upon the arm ; the golden mantle upon the bones, while the brazen eagle shall nobly resume its place beside the master of the ancient world. The various shrines of gold and jewels, and the different coffers now in the Cathedral, should be deposited around this royal chamber of death ; and since the Catholic church is disposed that we should contemplate the remains of saints in the form which death assigns them, let there be a grated aperture in the wall, and a light suspended from the vault of the sepulchre, so that the kneeling pilgrim may hail, upon the platform which human feet will defile no longer, seated upon the chair incrustcd with gold, his crown upon his head, and his sceptre in his hand, the imperial phantom which once was Charlemagne.

Striking, indeed, would be the apparition to any one whose eye was bold enough to penetrate this tomb, and all who had courage for the contemplation, would quit the spot with ennobled thoughts. To such a spectacle people would flock from the furthestmost parts of the earth ; and no profound thinker would neglect so startling a pilgrimage.

Charles, the son of Pepin, is one of those complete beings, whom mankind contemplates under four different aspects. To the eye of history, he is great as Sesostris or Augustus. As regards romance, he is at once the rival of Rolando as a paladin and Merlin as a magician. With respect to the Church, his sanctity is as that of St. Jerome or St. Peter. But in point of philosophy, he may be regarded as the personified genius of civilisation, which every thousand years or so takes a giant stride across some dark abyss, surmounting civil war, barbarism, or revolution, under such names as Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, or Napoleon.

In 1804, just when Bonaparte had progressed into Napoleon, he visited Aix-la-Chapelle. Josephine, who accompanied him, indulged in the caprice of sitting upon this marble throne. But the Emperor, though he did not control this indecorous whim of his Creole wife, had attired himself for the occasion, from a deep sense of deference to that mighty name, in full regimentals, and stood silent, motionless, and bareheaded, before the chair of

Charlemagne. Charlemagne died in 814. In 1814, one thousand years afterwards, almost to an hour, occurred the fall or moral death of Napoleon. In the course of the same fatal year the allied sovereigns visited the grave of Charles the Great ; when Alexander of Russia mounted his gala-uniform in imitation of Napoleon, while Frederick William of Prussia appeared in an undress, and the Emperor of Austria in a great coat and round hat. The King of Prussia entered into all the details of the coronations of the German emperors, with the provost of the Chapter ; but the two emperors observed a profound silence. All these are now as silent as Charlemagne ! Napoleon, Josephine, Alexander, Frederick William, and Francis II., are cold in their graves !

My guide, who was an old veteran of Austerlitz and Jena, living at Aix, having become a Prussian by the grace of the Congress of 1814, now wears the baldric, and carries the halberd of the Cathedral, in the ceremonies and processions of the Chapter. One cannot but admire the providence which disposes of even the trifling incidents of this world : this man, who has Charlemagne perpetually upon the tongue, adores the memory of Napoleon. From that circumstance alone, and unknown to himself, his words obtain a certain dignity. Tears rushed into his eyes, when referring to the great battles he had seen, to his old companions, or his colonel. In such a vein did he talk to me of Marshal Soult, of Colonel Graindorge, and, ignorant how dear to me was the name, of General Hugo. He soon recognized me as a Frenchman ; and never shall I forget the solemn simplicity with which he observed at parting—"You may say, Sir, how you beheld, at Aix-la-Chapelle, a pioneer of the 36th of the line turned into a verger of the Cathedral."

He had previously said, "Such as you see me, Sir, I belong to three nations. I am by chance a Prussian, a Swiss by profession, but in heart a true Frenchman."

I confess that his ignorantly military view of ecclesiastical affairs amused me exceedingly ; and on quitting the Cathedral, I was so pre-occupied, that I scarcely noticed a very handsome façade of the fourteenth century, ornamented with seven noble statues of emperors, and backed by an obscure street. Besides,

I experienced some interruption from two travellers who, like myself, were quitting the church, and had probably been piloted by my old soldier. As they were shouting with laughter, I turned round, and discovered two gentlemen, one of whom had inscribed his name that morning, in my presence, in the register of the *Hôtel de l'Empereur*, as "Count d'A——," belonging to one of the most illustrious families in Artois. They were talking aloud, so that I could not but overhear them. "What names!" said they: "It required a revolution to bring them to one's ears. Captain Lasoupe! Colonel Graindorge! Where the devil do such people come from?" These were the colonel and captain of my poor old soldier, nor could I refrain from informing them that Colonel Graindorge was connected with Field-Marshal de Lorge, father-in-law to the Duke of St. Simon. As to Captain Lasoupe, I conclude that he may have been cousin to the Duke de Bouillon, uncle of the Elector Palatine of the Rhine.

Soon afterwards, I found myself in the square before the town-hall, which, like the Cathedral, is composed of several other edifices. From two gloomy façades, with high narrow windows, of the date of Charles V., rise two towers, the one low and broad, the other high, taper, and quadrangular, being a handsome elevation of the fourteenth century. The first is the famous tower of Granus, scarcely recognizable under its present fantastical mask. This steeple, of which the other is a miniature, looks like a pyramid of turbans placed one upon the other, and diminishing to the top.

Before the façade is a noble staircase, constructed like that of the court of the White Horse, at Fontainebleau. In the centre of the square is a marble fountain, repaired and somewhat remodelled in the eighteenth century, surmounted by a bronze statue of Charlemagne, armed and crowned. To the right and left are two minor fountains, columns bearing on their summits two black and fierce-looking eagles, half-turned towards the grave-looking emperor. It is on that site, perhaps in that Roman tower, that Charlemagne was born.

The ensemble of the fountains, the façade, and the towers, is royal, mournful, and severe. The whole speaks powerfully to the

mind, of Charlemagne ; effacing by means of this all-powerful unity, the disparities of the edifice :

“ All are but parts of that stupendous whole.”

The tower of Granus recalls the greatness of Rome, his prototype ; the façade and fountains, Charles V., the most powerful of his successors. The Oriental design of the belfry reminds one of that magnificent Caliph, Haroun-Al-Raschid, his contemporary and friend.

Evening was approaching : I had passed my whole day in presence of stern but grand reminiscences, and the dust of ten centuries. I felt athirst to breathe the fresh air of the country, to look on fields, trees, and birds, and having quitted the town, wandered amid verdure and vegetation till nightfall.

Aix still possesses its ancient wall and towers, not having passed under the hands of Vauban. The subterranean passages, said to have communicated between the town-hall, the Cathedral, and the Abbey of Borcette, nay, even to Limbourg, are filled up and forgotten.

At dusk I seated myself upon a green bank, to contemplate Aix-la-Chapelle, which lay beneath me in the valley, as if floating in a vacuum. By degrees the evening fog, effacing the fringed roofs of the ancient houses, blotted out even the sharp outlines of the two towers, which, with the other belfries of the town, reminded me vaguely of the Muscovite or Asiatic profile of the Kremlin.

Only two masses, of all the city, remained distinctly defined ; the town-hall and the Cathedral. All my thoughts and visions of the day now rushed anew upon my mind. The town itself, the illustrious and symbolical town, seemed to metamorphose itself under my very eyes. The first of the two black masses, which I still distinguished, became to me an infant's cradle ; the second, a shroud ; and, in the complete absorption of my soul, I seemed to expect that the shadow of that giant whom we call Charlemagne, would gently ascend upon the pale horizon of night, hovering between the august cradle of his infancy, and the sepulchre of his eternal greatness !

LETTER X.

Cologne.—Banks of the Rhine.

ANDERNACH, August 11.

I AM indignant at myself, my dear friend, for having passed through Cologne like a Goth. I was there only eight and forty hours, though intending to remain there a fortnight. But after the increasing fog and rain of a whole previous week, the sun shed its magnificent rays so brilliantly on the Rhine, that I was fain to take advantage of it; desiring to see the river-landscape in all its rich and joyous perfection.

I quitted Cologne, therefore, this morning by the steam-boat, *The Cockerill*, and having left behind me the city of Agrippa; having visited neither the old paintings of Ste. Marie of the Capitol; nor the crypt paved with mosaic of St. Géréon; nor the Crucifixion of St. Peter, painted by Rubens for the half-Gothic church in which he was baptized; nor the bones of the eleven thousand virgins in the cloisters of the Ursulines; nor the indecomposable body of the martyr Albinus; nor the silver sarcophagus of St. Cunibert; nor the tomb of Duns Scotus in the church of the Minorites; nor the sepulchre of the Empress Theophania, wife of Otho II., in the Church of St. Pantaleon; nor the *Mater-nus Gruft*, in the Church of Lisolphus; nor the two Golden chambers and the dome in the Convent of Ste. Ursula; nor the hall of the Imperial Diet (now a commercial dépôt); nor the old Arsenal, now a corn-warehouse. This is a long list of negotiations to prove that I have seen nothing of Cologne; a fact as provoking as it is undeniable. What, then, you will say, engaged my attention during the day I spent at Cologne? The Cathedral and the town-hall: nothing more! It could only be in speaking of a city so interesting as Cologne, that one presumed to allude to such magnificent edifices with apparent indifference. I arrived there soon after sunset, and immediately directed my steps towards the

Cathedral ; having made over my carpet-bag to one of those most worthy porters, in blue and orange uniforms, who are literally in the service of the King of Prussia (an excellent and profitable employment, let me tell you ; for the traveller is handsomely mulcted, that the king and the porter may share the spoil between them)! Before I dismiss the subject of the said porter, let me add, that I desired him, much to his surprise, to carry my baggage, not to any hotel in Cologne, but to one at Deutz, a small town on the opposite bank of the Rhine, connected with the city by a bridge of boats. I decided on this, because, when I am to spend some days in a town, I select my window with regard to the view ; and the windows of Cologne look towards Deutz, just as those of the latter look towards Cologne. I consequently took up my quarters where I was able to contemplate the nobler object of the two.

Once alone, I wandered about in search of the dome ; expecting it at each corner of the street. But not being acquainted with this inextricable, intricate city, night came on, and darkened the narrow streets ; and, as I seldom inquire my way, I felt that I had wandered enough. At length, having ventured through a kind of archway, I suddenly found myself in an open space, both dark and solitary, but commanding a sublime spectacle. Before me, in the fantastic twilight, towered a multitude of gabled old-fashioned houses, which, to my surprise, were loaded with minarets and other architectural ornaments. Farther on, about an arrow's flight, stood another mass, not so vast as the first, but loftier ; a-kind of square fortress, flanked at the angles by four immured towers, upon the summit of which something like a gigantic feather defined itself, as if waving on a helmet upon the brow of the old dungeon. These mysterious and incongruous objects proved to be the famous Cathedral of Cologne.

That which at first appeared to me a black feather drooping from the crest of the gloomy monument, was an immense crane, which I next day saw, and which from its lofty throne announces to passengers that the unfinished temple is one day to be continued ; that this trunk of a steeple, and body of the church, now so wide apart, will one day be united ; that the dream of Engelbert de Berg, realized into a building under Conrad de Hochstet-

ten, will become in the course of two or three centuries more, the finest Cathedral in the world. This imperfect Iliad still hopes that Homers may be born for its completion.

The church was closed. I approached the steeple, the dimensions of which are prodigious. What I had taken for towers at the four angles, are merely the projection of the buttresses. Nothing is complete but the first story, composed of a colossal ogee, and yet the part finished reaches the height of the towers of Notre Dame at Paris! If ever the projected steeple be raised upon this huge mass of stone, Strasbourg must sink into insignificance. I doubt whether the beautiful steeple of Mechlin, which is also unfinished, arises from the soil in such solid and fair proportions.

I have already observed that nothing resembles a ruin more than an incompleted plan. Already the briars, stonecrops, and parasite plants which delight in mortar, and luxuriate in the crevices of stone, have begun to clothe the venerable portal. The work of man is no sooner perfected than nature attempts its destruction! There was a deep silence in the place. I advanced as near the portal of the front as a rich iron railing of the fifteenth century would allow, till I distinctly heard the peaceful murmur of those diminutive forests which overrun the salient parts of old buildings. A light proceeding from a neighboring window afforded me a glimpse, under the vaultings of the arches, of a crowd of exquisite figures of angels and saints, seated for the perusal of a volume spread upon their knees, some listening while others preached with uplifted finger: an admirable prologue to a church which is only the Word substantialised into stone and marble.

Every "buttress and coigne of vantage" of this fine architecture is defaced by the swallows' nests—an edifying contrast to the work of human hands, which they so boldly and foully encrust.

The light was now extinguished, and I saw nothing but the vast span of the Gothic arch, eighty feet wide, completely open, without any kind of covering, exposing the tower from top to bottom, so that my eye was able to penetrate the dark recesses of the steeple. Through this window that of the opposite side appeared diminished in perspective, also unglazed; while the stone frame-

work of the compartments and oriel seemed touched as if with ink upon the clear and metallic sky of twilight. Nothing could be more melancholy and unique than the contrast between the two arched windows, as diversified by the effect of light and shade.

Such was my first visit to the Cathedral at Cologne. I forgot to describe the road from Aix-la-Chapelle to Cologne, but there is not much to relate. It resembles Picardy or Touraine: a succession of green or yellow plains, with here and there a distorted old elm, or pale rows of poplars in the bottom. I do not dislike such peaceful scenery, but it does not serve to excite enthusiasm. In the villages the old peasant-women appear like spectres, enveloped in long grey or pale pink cotton cloaks, with hoods that nearly cover their eyes. The young wear very short petticoats; their head being covered with a tight-fitting coif bedizened with spangles or glass beads, which almost conceals their beautiful hair, fastened just above the nape of the neck with a large silver arrow. When washing the steps of the houses, the calf of the leg, in kneeling, is seen as in the old Dutch paintings. As for the men, they wear blue smock-frocks and high-crowned hats, as becomes the citizens of a constitutional monarchy.

The road had been inundated with rain. I met no one except a young musician, pale and spare, proceeding to the exercise of his talents at the balls of Aix or Spa, with a knapsack on his back, and his violoncello in a ragged green-baize bag, his staff in one hand and his key-bugle in the other; dressed in a blue sur-tout, and embroidered waistcoat, a white cravat, and scanty trowsers tucked up at the boot to avoid the mud. Poor wretch!—half dressed for a ball and half for a journey. I detected also in a field near the road an indigenous sportsman, having a high-crowned apple-green hat, with a lilac satin faded cockade, a grey smock-frock, a large nose, and a fowling-piece.

In a pretty little square town, flanked with brick walls and ruined towers, about half way, but its name I forget,* I saw four pompous-looking travellers, seated in the ground-floor of an inn, the windows being open. Before them was a table well furnished with meat, fish, wines, pies, and fruit, which they were carving,

* Probably Juliers, the capital of the Duchy of Cleves.

eating, drinking, twisting, picking, and devouring; the first red, the second crimson, another violet, the fourth purple—living impersonations of voracity and gluttony. I seemed to behold the god *Goulu*, the god *Glouton*, the god *Goinfre*, and the god *Gouliaf*, seated round their inexhaustible repast.

The inns are really excellent in this country: excepting the one where I lodged in Aix, which is only tolerable (The Empereur), and where I had, to comfort my feet, a splendid carpet—painted upon the floor: by way of excuse, I suppose, for the exorbitance of the charges.

To end at once with Aix-la-Chapelle, I must inform you that literary piracy flourishes there much as in Belgium. In a street leading from the square of the town hall, I found my face exposed in a shop window by the side of my illustrious friend Lamartine. Executed by the Prussian re-impression, it is rather less ugly than the horrible caricatures sold by the stall-keepers and booksellers of Paris as my exact resemblance; an abominable calumny, against which I formally protest. "*Cælum hoc et conscia sidera testor.*"

I live in the true German fashion; dining with napkins the size of pocket-handkerchiefs, and sleeping in sheets of similar dimensions. I eat cherries with my roast mutton—prunes with my hare; and drink excellent Rhenish and Moselle, which an ingenious Frenchman next to me at dinner pronounced to be fit only for young ladies. After emptying his water-bottle, he deigned, however, to pronounce the Rhenish wines to be superior to Rhenish water.

In the hotels the waiters usually speak German; but there is always one who speaks French, partaking, of course, a little of the Tedescan. But variety has its charm.

A Frenchman ignorant of German, like myself, loses his time by addressing the head-waiter, except upon questions better explained in the Guide-books. He is only varnished with French. Dig a little, and you will find the German soil of his nature an inch below the surface.

Let me now relate my second visit to the Cathedral of Cologne. I returned the following morning. This magnificent church is approached by a walled court-yard, where you are assailed by

beggars of every description. In relieving them, I recalled to mind that, previous to the occupation by the French, there were twelve thousand hereditary beggars in Cologne, who transmitted their particular stations from generation to generation. This strange community has disappeared. If aristocracies perish, pauperisms cease to be respected. Paupers no longer make bequests of their infirmities to their families.

Having rid myself of the beggars, I entered the church. A forest of various-sized columns, protected at their bases by wooden palisades, presented themselves; the capitals concealed by a scaffolding of surbased vaultings, constructed in planks, and of various curving and elevation. The church is dark, these low arches not allowing the eye to reach more than forty feet high. To the left there are four or five windows, admitting a brilliant light, which reaches from the wooden arch to the pavement; to the right are ladders, pulleys, ropes, windlasses, trowels, and squares. At the farther extremity, the chanting, grave voices of the choristers and prebends, the beautiful Latin of the Psalms floating through the church, the clouds of incense, the organ weeping with expressive suavity, and, from the works above, the biting of saws, the moanings of cranes, and deadened blows of the hammer upon wood,—completed my impressions of the Dom-Kirch or Cathedral of Cologne.

The spectacle of this fine Gothic edifice, united with the carpenter's shop, this stately abbess wedded to a stonemason, and compelled to control her peaceful habits, her august and dignified life, her chants and prayers, her chaste seclusion being sacrificed to the riot and coarse dialogues of a noisy horde of workmen, produces at first a painful impression. The crane of the steeple was placed there on resuming the works, in 1499; which works are still in sluggish progress, and, if it please Heaven, the Cathedral of Cologne shall one day or other be completed. Nothing will be finer than the completion, if they only know how to accomplish the feat. The columns supporting the wooden arches mark out the plan of the nave, which is to connect the choir with the tower. I examined the stained windows, which are of the time of Maximilian, and executed in the bold exaggerated style of the German restoration of the art. They exhibit kings and knights with fierce-

looking faces, haughty mien, waving plumes, and gigantic swords, armed like headsmen, and caparisoned like war-horses. Their formidable spouses kneel close beside them, with the profiles of wolves or lionesses; and the sun passing through the stained glass imparts a vivid glare to their eyes.

One of these windows represents a beautiful idea, which I have before met with;—the Genealogy of the Virgin. At the foot of the picture lies prostrate the giant Adam, in imperial costume. From his loins issues a tree, whose branches spread over the window, showing forth all the royal ancestors of the Holy Virgin. David is playing the harp; Solomon is deep in thought; and at the top of the tree, in a dark blue ground, expands a flower exhibiting the Virgin bearing the Child.

Some steps farther off, I perused the following sorrowful epitaph:—

INCLITVS ANTE FVI, COMES EMVNDVS
VOCITATVS, HIC NECE PROSTRATVS, SVB
TEGOR VT VOLVI, FRISHEIM, SANCTE
MEVM FERRO, PETRE, TIBI COMITATVM
ET MIHI REDDE STATVM, TE PRECOR,
ÆTHEREVM HÆC LAPIDVM MASSA
COMITIS COMPLECTITVR OSSA.

I transcribe this epitaph just as I saw it, upon a vertical slab of stone, inscribed as prose, without any indication of the barbarous hexameters and pentameters forming the distich. The closing rhyming verses contain a false quantity, *mass-ā*, which surprised me, as in the middle ages people knew at least how to write Latin verses.

The aisle to the right of the transept is only marked out, terminating in a vast oratory, cold, ugly, and ill-furnished, with the exception of a few confessionals. I hastened to return to the church.

On leaving the oratory, three things simultaneously struck me: to my left, a beautiful little pulpit of the sixteenth century, cleverly designed and miraculously carved in black oak; farther on, the iron railing of the choir, an exquisite specimen of the iron-work of the fifteenth century; and before me was a beautiful gallery or tribune, with low arches and thick pilasters, much in the style of

our precursive restoration, and which I suppose to have been intended for our unfortunate fugitive queen, Marie de Medicis.

At the entrance of the choir, in an elegant shrine, the eyes are dazzled by a genuine Italian Madona, covered with spangles and tinsel, as well as the Child. Above this gorgeous image, probably as an antithesis, you perceive a massive box for the poor, fashioned after the twelfth century, festooned with chains and padlocks, and half-inserted in a coarsely sculptured block of granite.

On raising my eyes, I saw suspended from the vault some gilded sticks tied to a transversal rod of iron, by the side of which is the following inscription: "*Quot pendere vides baculos, tot episcopus annos huic Agrippinæ præfuit ecclesiæ.*" I approve this unerring method of counting the years, and making evident to the bishop the lapse of time he has either lost or gained. Three stripes are now appended to the roof.

The choir is contained in the celebrated apsis, which at present constitutes the Cathedral of Cologne; the steeple of the tower, roof of the nave, and the transept being deficient.

The choir is splendid. Shrines of the most delicate carving in wood—chapels, rich with noble sculpture—paintings of every period—tombs of every form: Bishops in granite, reposing in a fortress; others in touchstone, borne by a procession of weeping angels; bishops in marble, laid upon a lattice-work of iron; bishops of brass, stretched upon the ground; bishops in boxwood, kneeling before the altar; lieutenant-generals of the time of Louis XV., leaning on their sepulchres; Crusaders, each with his dog lying affectionately against his steel-clad heel; statues of the apostles, in cloth of gold; confessionals, in oak, with their twisted columns; nobly carved stalls; baptismal fonts, in the form of sarcophagi; altar-stones adorned with little figures; fragments of stained glass; Annunciation of the fifteenth century, upon a gold ground, in which the angel, whose parti-colored wings are lined with white, gazes with a somewhat human eye on the Holy Virgin; tapestries executed after the designs of Rubens; iron-work one might attribute to Quentin Matsys; and cabinets with painted doors and gilded shutters, worthy of Frank Floris.

All this, however, is in a disgracefully neglected state, and if the Cathedral be in process of external improvement, sad havoc

goes on within. Not a tomb but is mutilated,¹ or an iron rail but has lost its gilding, and dust and dirt are visible in all directions. The flies are effacing the face of the venerable Archbishop of Heinsberg; and the brazen individual who lies upon the pavement under the name of Conrad of Hochsteden, who intended to have built this gigantic cathedral, is unable now to crush the spiders which seem to hold him down, like Gulliver, enchained by their threads. Alas! a feeble arm of flesh is worth as many thousands cast in brass! I rather believe that a bearded figure of an old man I noticed lying mutilated in a corner is by Michel Angelo;—which reminds me that at Aix-la-Chapelle I saw the famous columns taken by Napoleon, and retaken by Blucher, heaped up in an angle of the old cloister burying-ground, like trunks of trees waiting the operation of the saw-pit. Napoleon intended them for the Louvre; Blucher left them in a charnel-house. One of the questions which we are oftenest compelled to ask ourselves in this world is “Cui bono?”

There were, apparently, but two tombs cared for and respected, amidst all this degradation—the cenotaphs of the Counts of Schauenbourg, a couple who seem to have been foreseen by Virgil. Both were Archbishops of Cologne; both lie in the same place of sepulture; having two handsome tombs of the seventeenth century, opposite each other, so that Adolphus von Schauenbourg is able to contemplate his brother Antony. I have purposely delayed to mention the most venerable part of this sacred edifice, the famous Shrine of the Magi, which consists of a vast chamber, embellished with marbles of all kinds, environed with thick copper gratings; the architecture being in the mixed and fantastic styles of Louis XIII. and Louis XV. It is situated in the rear of the high altar, at the extremity of the choir. Three turbans introduced into the composition of the grating first attract the eye; and on looking up, one perceives a bas-relief, representing the Adoration of the Magi: lower down you perceive the following lines:—

“Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna Magorum.
Ex his sublatum nihil est alibi locatum.”

I advanced toward the tomb; and through this grating, scrupu-

lously shut, beheld; through a cloudy glass, the famous Byzantine shrine of massive gold, sparkling with diamonds and pearls; just as, through the obscurity of twenty centuries, behind the gloomy and austere film of Church traditions, you hail the Oriental story of the Three Wise Men of the East.

On either side the venerated grating, two hands, in gilt copper, emerge from the marble, each holding a begging-box, and under which the Chapter has engraved the following indirect solicitation:

“Et apertis thesauris suis obtulerunt ei munera.”

Three lamps burn perpetually before the shrine, named Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, after the names of the three Magi. As I was about to withdraw, I felt a prick in the sole of my foot, and looking down, I found it to be the head of a large copper nail upon which I had trodden, which was inserted in a slab of the marble pavement. I now remembered that Marie de Medicis desired to have her heart deposited under the Chapel of the Three Kings. The pavement under my feet probably covered this royal heart. On the surface of the stone, as may be seen by traces still visible, was formerly placed a plate of gilt brass, according to the German custom of adorning graves with the name or escutcheon and epitaph of the deceased. It was the nail of this plate which had just pricked my foot. When the French were in possession of Cologne, the revolutionary ideas, or possibly some rapacious coppersmith, extirpated this plate bearing the device of the Bourbons, as well as many others which surrounded it; for quantities of copper fastenings protruding from the pavement, announce many similar defacements. And thus this wretched queen, who found herself obliterated in the first instance from the heart of Louis XIII., her son, and afterwards from the remembrance of Richelieu, her creature, was fated in the sequel to have her very sepulchral inscription erased from the face of the earth.

So strange is destiny! This Marie de Medicis, this widow of Henri IV., exiled, forsaken, and distressed, as afterwards her daughter Henrietta, the widow of Charles I., came and died at Cologne, in 1642, in a lodging belonging to one Ibach, No. 10, in the Stern-gasse, in the very house where sixty-five years before, in 1577, her painter, Rubens, was born.

The Cathedral of Cologne, viewed by day, and reduced from that imaginary proportion which the evening light confers on every object, and which I call crepuscular grandeur, loses somewhat of its dignity. The outline, though fine, is dry, arising probably from the perseverance of the architect in repairing and cementing the venerable apsis. Great caution is required in the reparation of ancient edifices. As they now stand, I prefer the half-finished tower to the perfect apsis. All things considered, with due deference to the prejudices of the ultra refined, who choose to consider the Cathedral of Cologne the Parthenon of Christian architecture, I know no reason for assigning the palm to this sketch of a cathedral, rather than to our own Nôtre Dame, or those of Amiens, Rheims, or Chartres.

Even the Cathedral of Beauvais, also a mere apsis, scarcely known and little vaunted, does not seem to me, whether in size or details, much inferior to that of Cologne.

The town-hall, situated near the Cathedral, is one of those charming motley edifices built at different periods and composed of every style, which are to be met with in those self-established communities whose laws, habits, and customs have an equally incongruous origin. The progress of the formation of such edifices and communities affords a curious study, being rather a work of agglomeration than of construction. All is the result of progressive increase, and encroachments upon the property of neighbors, rather than of forethought or a preconcerted plan.

Growing wants have created an extension of means. The town-hall of Cologne, therefore, though probably possessing some Roman vault among its foundations, was nothing more, towards 1250, than a gloomy-looking building, such as our *Maisons aux piliers*. But as there was now occasion for a belfry, for the purpose of alarms, defence, and watchfulness, the fourteenth century erected a tower for both civil and feudal purposes.

Under Maximilian the cheering breath of the regeneration of the arts began to agitate the gloomy stone foliage of the cathedrals; a taste for elegance and embellishment became universal; and the authorities of Cologne felt the necessity of bestowing a proper exterior upon their town-hall. They accordingly sent to Italy for some disciple of the school of Michel Angelo; or perhaps to

France, for some able competitor of Jean Goujon ; and to their gloomy façade of the thirteenth century added a triumphant and magnificent porch.

A few years afterwards, they felt the want of a public lounge near their registry-office, and laid out a charming plot of ground, surrounded by arcades, sumptuously embellished by escutcheons and bas-reliefs ; which I was so fortunate as to see, but which, henceforth, will be seen by few, for they are on the eve of falling into ruins.

Lastly, under Charles V., having found it necessary to have a vast hall for the purpose of sales, proclamations, and assemblies of burgesses, they erected, opposite their belfry, a handsome brick and stone building, of the highest order of taste and design.

At the present day, the nave of the thirteenth century, the portico and pleasure of Maximilian, the hall of Charles V., grown old together, and alike abounding in traditions and events, fortuitously mingled and grouped together, unite to render the town-hall of Cologne as original as it is picturesque.

As a production of art, and the reflection of history, I prefer it to the cold, insipid style, with its triple front over-burthened with archivaults, and the parsimonious deficiency of embellishment visible in its stunted roofs without minarets, crest, or chimneys, with which, in the very teeth of the good city of Paris, the masons are masking our superlative specimen of the genius of Bocador.

For we are singular people ! We submit to the demolition of the ancient Hôtel de la Tremouille, and create public monuments of this wretched nature, permitting individuals to call themselves architects, who presume to lower two or three feet, and thus completely disfigure, the lofty roofs of Dominique Bocador, to adopt the flat attics of their own invention. Are we always to remain the same tasteless barbarians, who, pretending to adore Corneille, allow him to be retouched and corrected by the hand of Monsieur Andrieux ? No matter—let us return to Cologne.

I ascended the tower, and beneath a dull grey sky, somewhat in harmony with my thoughts, contemplated this interesting city.

Cologne on the Rhine, like Rouen on the Seine, and Antwerp on the Scheldt, that is, like all cities seated on broad and rapid rivers,

is built in the form of a strung bow, of which the river is the chord.

The roofs are slated, and crowded together, and packed like cards doubled together : the streets are narrow, the gables carved and ornamented. A red boundary of city walls, rising on all sides above the roofs, hems in the town, buckling it as in a belt to the river. From the tower of Thurmchen, to the superb tower of Bayenthurme, among the battlements of which stands the marble statue of a bishop bestowing his benediction on the Rhine—from Thurmchen to Bayenthurme, the city exhibits, to the length of a league, a façade of fronts and windows.

Midway, a long bridge of boats, gracefully curving with the current, crosses the river, connecting that multifarious mass of gloomy architecture, Cologne, with Deutz, which consists of a small cluster of white houses.

From the centre of Cologne, and round the peaked roofs, turrets, and flower-decked attics, arise the varying altitudes of twenty-seven churches, independent of the Cathedral. Four of these are majestic Roman edifices, each of a different design, and worthy of the title of cathedral. To the north is St. Martin ; to the west, St. Géréon ; the church of the Holy Apostles to the south ; and Ste. Marie of the Capitol to the east ;—forming a forest of towers, steeples, and domes.

Considered in detail, this city is all life and animation, the bridge being crowded with passengers and carriages, the river with sails, and the banks with masts. The streets swarm—the windows chatter—the roofs sing in the sunshine. Here and there groves of trees refresh the gloomy-looking houses ; while the old edifices of the fifteenth century, with their long friezes of fruits and flowers, afford a refuge to the pigeons and doves who sit cooing there to their hearts' content. Around this vast community—rich from industry, military from necessity, maritime from site—an extensive and fertile plain extends in all directions, depressed towards Holland, most part of which is watered by the Rhine. Towards the north-east it is bounded by that nest of romantic legends and traditions called the Seven Mountains.

And thus the horizon of Cologne is circumscribed on one side by Holland and her commerce, on the other by Germany and her

poetry ; embodying those two grand phases of the human mind, the real and the ideal. Cologne itself is a city devoted to the delights of business, as well as the pleasures of imagination.

On descending from the belfry, I paused in the court-yard before the magnificent porch. Just now I called it triumphant ; the word should have been "triumphal," for the second story of this admirable composition is a series of minor triumphal arches, side by side, like arcades, and dedicated with suitable inscriptions ; the first to Cæsar ; the second to Augustus ; the third to Agrippa, the founder of Cologne (*Colonia Agrippina*) ; the fourth to Constantine, the Christian Emperor ; the fifth to Justinian, the lawgiver ; the sixth to Maximilian, the Emperor, then on the throne. Upon the façade, the sculptor poet has carved three bas-reliefs, representing three lion tamers ; Milo of Crotona, Pepin-le-Bref, and Daniel the prophet. At the two extremities he has placed Milo of Crotona, who subdued his lions by manual strength : and Daniel, who employed spiritual influence. Between the two, as a link naturally uniting the one with the other, he placed Pepin-le-Bref, who subdued the beasts of the forest with the exact measure of physical and moral strength requisite for a soldier. The union of moral and physical force engenders courage. A combination of the athlete and the prophet forms the hero.

Pepin is represented sword in hand, and his left arm, wrapt in his cloak, is plunged into the jaws of the lion, who, snarling and showing his fangs, is rearing on his hinder legs, in the formidable attitude usually described as the lion rampant. Pepin confronts him valiantly. Daniel is represented standing with his arms motionless, and his eyes upraised to heaven, while the lions play at his feet ; to show that superiority of soul triumphs without effort. As to Milo of Crotona, with his arm clenched in the cloven tree, he is struggling fiercely with the lions, who devour him, the penalty of blind and unintelligent presumption confiding in muscular power. In the three contests, it is only vulgar strength which is defeated.

These bas-reliefs contain a world of meaning. The effect of the last is terrible. I cannot describe the awful influence, probably unsuspected by the sculptor himself, exercised by this

gloomy poem, which represents nature wreaking vengeance upon man ; the vegetable and brute creation making common cause against the enemy, their oak coming to the aid of the lion to exterminate a gladiator. Unfortunately, the whole of this bas-relief, entablatures, mouldings, cornices, colonnades, all this beautiful porch, has been restored, scraped, and stuccoed, with the most deplorable nicety.

As I was leaving the town-hall, a man oldened rather than old, depressed rather than infirm, of miserable exterior, but haughty deportment, traversed the court. The guide who accompanied me to the belfry pointed him out to my notice.

"That man is a poet," said he, "who wastes his substance in the wine-houses, and his time in writing epics."

It appears that this individual, whose name retains an honorable obscurity, has indited odes against Napoleon,—against the revolution of 1830,—against the romantic school,—against the French—to say nothing of an epopee imploring the architect to continue the cathedral of Cologne in the style of the Pantheon at Paris. Let him play the Homer if he please ; but a dirtier specimen of the sons of Apollo it never was my fate to look on. This species of epic poet is luckily unknown in France. On the other hand, as I was crossing a narrow obscure street, some minutes later, a little old man started abruptly from a barber's shop, crying aloud, "*Sir, sir, sir ! the French are mad, sir ; stark mad, sir ! drum a drum drum ! ra ta plan plan !—war with all the world, sir ! bang, bang, bang ! The Emperor, eh ? The French are brave, sir, and stuck it well into the Prussians, eh ? They got a dose and a half at Jena, sir, bang, bang, bang ! rum, bravo for the French, sir ! Drum a drum drum !*" This mad harangue delighted me. France still retains an honorable place amid the recollections and hopes of these noble nations. One bank at least of the Rhine still loves us ; I had almost said awaits us.

Towards evening, when the stars shot forth their light, I strolled upon the shore opposite Cologne. I had before me the whole city, with its innumerable gables and sombre steeples, defined against the pallid sky of the west. To my left, like the giantess of Cologne, stood the lofty spire of St. Martin, with its two open-worked towers. Nearly fronting me was the gloomy cathedral,

with its thousand pinnacles bristling like the back of a hedgehog, crouched up on the brink of the river, the immense crane on the steeple forming the tail, while the lanterns alight towards the bottom of the gloomy mass glared like its eyes. Amid this pervading gloom I heard nothing but the gentle ripple far below at my feet, the deadened sounds of horses' hoofs upon the bridge, and from a forge in the distance the ringing strokes of the hammer on the anvil; no other noise disturbed the stillness of the Rhine. A few lights flickered in the windows from the forge; the sparks and flakes of a raging furnace shot forth and extinguished themselves in the Rhine, leaving a long luminous trace, as if a sack of fire was shooting forth its contents into the stream. Influenced by this gloomy aspect of things, I said to myself,—The Gaulic city has disappeared, the city of Agrippa vanished—Cologne is now the city of St. Engelbert, but how long will it be thus? The temple built yonder by St. Helena fell a thousand years ago—the Church constructed by Archbishop Anno will also fall—the ruin is gradually undermining the city; every day some old stone, some old remembrance is detached from its place by the wear and tear of a score of steam-boats. A city does not affix itself with impunity to the grand artery of Europe. Cologne, though more ancient than Trèves and Soleure, the two most ancient communities of the Continent, has been thrice reformed and transformed by the rapid and violent current of ideas ascending and descending unceasingly, from the cities of William the Taciturn to the mountains of William Tell, and bringing to Cologne from Mayence the opulence of Germany, and from Strasbourg the opulence of France.

A fourth climacteric epoch appears to menace Cologne. The mania of utilitarianism and positivism, so called in the slang of the day, pervades every quarter of the world, and innovations creep into the labyrinth of its antique architecture, and open streets penetrate its Gothic obscurity. What is called "the taste of the day" is beginning to invade it, with houses or frontages in the fashion of our Rue de Rivoli, to the profound amazement of the shopkeepers. Nay, have we not seen that there exist drunken rhymers who would fain behold the old minister of Conrad of Hochstetten converted into the Pantheon of Souf-

flot ? In that cathedral, still endowed and adorned, for vanity's sake rather than from devotion, the ancient tombs of the Archbishops are decaying. The peasant-women, with their superb old costume of scarlet, and coifs of gold and silver, have yielded their place upon the quays to smart and flippant *grisettes*, attired in the Paris fashion ; and I saw the last brick dislodged from the old cloister of St. Martin, in order that a café might be built on the site. Long rows of pert white houses give a cockneyfied air to the Catholic and feudal suburb of the martyrs of Thebes ; and an omnibus takes you across the historical bridge of boats, for six sols, from *Agrippina* to *Tuitium* !—Alas, alas ! the old cities of Europe are departing.

LETTER XI.

ANDERNACH.

As regards the men and things of the day, my dear friend, the *things* may know what they are about, but the *men* I am pretty sure would be puzzled to give an account of themselves. In contrasting the mysteries of history with those of nature ; in the midst of the eternal comparisons which I cannot choose but make between the events in which God conceals his purposes, and the works of creation in which they are clearly manifested ; I have often experienced a sudden pang, in picturing to myself that the forests, lakes, and mountains, the deep thunder of the clouds, or the flower which nods its little head at us as we pass, the star that twinkles in the vapors of the horizon, the ocean that groans and murmurs as for an omen of warning to some listening ear, may be imbued with terrible intelligence—endowed with knowledge and science, and view with pity the ignorant son of clay who gropes his way among them, through the darkness of his intellectual night ; that they may despise our impotent pride, and the vanity whose eyes are blindfolded by ignorance. It goes against the impulses of my self-love that the tree should be certain of the fruit it is destined to bear, while man is unable to surmise his own future destiny or opinions.

The life and intelligence of a man lie at the mercy of a divine influence, which the Christian calls providence, the freethinker chance ; which mixes, combines, and organizes all things ; concealing its machinery in the shadow of night, and setting forth its work in the light of day. While intending to do one thing, we are often betrayed into the contrary. "*Urceus exit.*"

History teems with examples of this. When the husband of Catherine de Medicis and lover of Diane de Poitiers allowed himself to be allured by the mysterious charms of Philippe Duc, the "beautiful Piedmontese, he was fated to engender, not only Diane

d'Angoulême, to become the wife of Farnese, but the reconciliation at a future time between his son, afterwards Henri III., with his cousin, afterwards Henri IV.

When the Duke de Nemours galloped down the steps of the Holy Chapel, mounted upon his famous palfrey, "the Royal," he not only introduced the fashion of such dangerous amusements, but prepared the way for the disastrous death of the King of France. On the 10th of July, 1559, in the lists of St. Antoine, Montgomery, his face streaming under the red plumes of his casque, with his chivalrous exertions, fixing his lance into his rest, rushed on a royal knight, bearing the device of the fleur-de-lys, and applauded by every lady present,—little surmising the importance of the event reserved for his hands! Never did the wand of fairy possess the power of that disastrous lance! With a single thrust, it sealed the fate of Henri II., demolished the palace of the Tournelles, constructed the Place Royale, and in short suppressed the leading personage of the drama on the stage, changed its whole scenery and decorations, and overturned the system of social life.

When, after the battle of Worcester, Charles II. concealed himself in the oak, he intended only to secure a hiding-place; instead of which, he conferred a name upon a constellation, "the Royal Oak," and afforded to Halley the means of thwarting the wishes of Tycho Brahe. The second husband of Madame de Maintenon in revoking the Edict of Nantes, and the parliament of 1688 in dethroning James II., were working a way for that curious battle of Almanza, which beheld a French army commanded by an Englishman, Marshal Berwick, and an English army commanded by a Frenchman, Ruvigny, Lord Galloway. Had not Louis XIII. died on the 14th of May, 1643, the old Count Fontana would never have thought of attacking Rocroy five days afterwards; nor an heroic prince, twenty-two years of age, have enjoyed the brilliant opportunity of the 19th of May, which raised the Duke d'Enghien into the "Great Condé!"

In the midst of the crowd of historical facts with which chronology abounds, what singular echoes, what wonderful parallels, what unexpected results! In 1664, after the insult offered at Rome to his ambassador the Duke de Crequy, Louis XIV. caused

the Corsicans to be expelled from the Holy City ; and one hundred and forty years afterwards, an obscure Corsican, grown into the Emperor Napoleon, exiles the Bourbons from France ! What mysterious shadows, and what flashes of light, then darkness ! When, about 1612, the youthful Henri de Montmorency observed at his father's, among the gentlemen attached to his establishment, a pale-faced looking page engaged in menial occupation, Laubespine de Châteauneuf by name, how was he to suppose that the youth then so submissive and respectful would progress into the Keeper of the Seals, and eventually preside by commission at the parliament of Toulouse, and furtively procure a dispensation from the pope in order to proceed to the decapitation of his former master Henri II., Duke of Montmorency, field-marshal of France by the chances of the sword, and by the grace of God a peer of the realm ?

When the President De Thou polished, retouched, and revised so minutely in his book the edict of Louis XI. of the 22d December, 1477, who could have foretold that this same edict, with Laubardemont for a handle of the same, would serve as an axe for Richelieu to decapitate his son ?

In the midst of the chaos of events, order prevails. The confusion exists but in appearance ; all is submitted to the laws of the Almighty. After a long lapse of time, the startling facts which astounded the senses of our fathers, return like comets, from the darkest abyss of history. The same treasons recur—the same treachery, the same disasters, the same wrecks. The names alone are changed ; the facts are identical. A few days before the fatal treaty of 1814, Napoleon could have said to his thirteen marshals, "*Amen dico vobis quia unus vestrum me traditurus est.*"

Brutus continues to be adopted by Cæsar, a Charles to prevent a Cromwell from proceeding to Jamaica, and a Louis XVI. to forbid a Mirabeau embarking for India. From age to age despotic queens are punished by refractory sons, and ungrateful queens by ungrateful sons. An Agrippina brings forth the Nero who is to put her to death ; a Marie de Medicis, the Louis XIII. who is to drive her into exile. Admire, I beg of you, the strange combination of ideas, by which I have arrived almost unintentionally

at two queens, two Italians, two crowned shadows of the past : Agrippina and Marie de Medicis ; spectres who still haunt the romantic precincts of Cologne, the names of despairing queen-mothers. At sixteen hundred years' distance of time, the daughter of Germanicus, who was mother of Nero, and the wife of Henri IV., who was the mother of Louis XIII., stamped their names indelibly in the annals of Cologne.

Of these two widows—for an orphan is the widow of her father—rendered so, the one by poison, the second by the poniard—one of them, Marie de Medicis, there breathed her last ; the other, Agrippina, was born there, and brought prosperity to the resting-place of her cradle. At Cologne I visited the house in which Marie de France expired ; the house of one Iabach or Jabach ; and instead of telling you what I saw there, I shall tell you what I thought. Pardon me, my friend, if I do not give you all the minute details in which I usually indulge, and which in my opinion serve to point and define the character of a man through that of the objects with which he surrounds himself. In the present instance I spare you.

The unfortunate Marie de Medicis died the 3 July, 1642, at the age of sixty-eight, after an exile of eleven years. She had wandered about in various directions—in Flanders—in England—unwelcome everywhere, as is usually the case with the unfortunate. In London, Charles I. treated her nobly, and she remained there three years, receiving from the royal bounty £100 per diem. At a later period—I say it with regret—Paris repaid to the Queen of England in a singular manner the hospitality manifested in London to a Queen of France. Henrietta Maria, the daughter of Henri IV., and widow of Charles I., was lodged in the Louvre, in I know not what wretched garret, where she was forced to remain in bed during the cold weather, for want of fire, waiting the few louis promised her by the Coadjutor, then in power. Her mother, the widow of Henri IV., ended her days at Cologne, in a similar condition and the most abject want. At the request of the cardinal minister, Charles I. sent her away from England. I am sorry to say it of the royal and melancholy author of the *Eikon Basilike*, and can ill understand how he who stood firm before Cromwell, trembled before Richelieu.

To follow the train of these details fraught with ominous instruction, Marie de Medicis was shortly followed to the grave by her persecutors ; by Richelieu, who died in the same year, and by Louis XIII., who died the year following. To what end then all these ferocious animosities between one human being and another ? Of what use their intrigues, their persecutions, their quarrels, and perfidy, when all these were to sink into the grave together ? The Almighty, whose purposes are inscrutable, alone can answer.

An awful suspicion rests on the memory of Marie de Medicis. The shade of Ravallac appears always to lay his grisly finger on the sweeping folds of her royal robe. I was always panic-struck by the terrible words of the President Hénault, which were perhaps unintentionally written : "*The queen was not sufficiently surprised at the death of Henri IV.*"

I confess that these mysteries greatly enhance in my estimation the pompous and unreserved epoch of Louis XIV. The shadows and obscurities which tarnish the beginning of his century serve only to impart greater lustre to the splendors of its later years. It exhibits the power of Richelieu ennobled by the majesty of the throne—the greatness of Cromwell united with the serenity of the right divine. The grandeur of Louis XIV. is reflected from the greatness of all around him, which, while it diminished the glory of the sovereign, augments a thousand-fold the glories of the reign.

As for me, who like to find things in a state of fitness and completion, without having indulgence to show or allowances to concede, I have ever entertained deep sympathy with that grave and magnificent prince, so well-born, so well-bred, so well-surrounded ; every inch a king, from the cradle to the tomb ; a monarch in the highest acceptation of the word ; the sovereign centre of civilisation, the central point of Europe, round which revolved and disappeared eight popes, two kings of Spain, five sultans, three kings of Portugal, four kings and one queen of England, three kings of Denmark, one queen and two kings of Sweden, four kings of Poland, and four czars of Muscovy ; the polar star of a whole century, which for seventy-two years witnessed from its supreme elevation the mysterious phenomena of the European spheres.

LETTER XII.

Musée Walraf.

ANDERNACH.

AT Cologne, in addition to the cathedral, the town-hall, and the Hotel Ibach, I visited at the Schleiss Kottin, near the city, the remains of the subterraneous aqueduct which, in the time of the Romans extended from Cologne to Trèves, and of which the traces are still visible in thirty-three villages. In Cologne itself I visited the Musée Walraf, and I am tempted to favor you with its inventory. For ~~the~~ present, however, I spare you. Let it suffice you to know, that if I did not see there, thanks to the depredations of Baron Hubsch, the war-chariot of the ancient Germans, the famous Egyptian mummy, and the culverine four yards long, cast at Cologne in 1400, I saw at all events the beautiful Roman sarcophagus and armor of Bishop Bernard de Galen, besides an enormous cuirass supposed to have been that of the Imperial general, Jean de Wert. I looked in vain, however, for his sword eight feet long, his famous pike, and Homeric helmet, of which it is recorded that two men could scarcely lift it from the ground.

The pleasure of seeing curious objects, museums, churches, or town halls, is considerably lessened by the constant demand for fees. Upon the Rhine, as in all much-frequented countries, such demands sting you like gnats. On a journey let the traveller put faith in his purse, and without it let no man look for the tender mercies of hospitality, or the grateful smile of a kindly farewell. Allow me to set forth the state of things which the aborigines of the Rhine have created, as regards the fee or *pour boire*. As you enter the gates of a town you are asked to what hotel you intend to go; they next require your passport, which they take into their keeping. The carriage pulls up in the court-yard of the post-house; the conductor, who has not addressed a word to you dur-

ing the whole journey, opens the door and thrusts in his filthy hand—" *Something to drink.*" A moment afterwards comes the postilion, who, though prohibited by the regulations, looks hard at you, as much as to say, " *Something to drink !*" They now unload the diligence, and some vagabond mounts the roof and throws down your portmanteau and carpet-bag—" *Something to drink !*" Another puts your things into a barrow, and inquiring the name of your hotel, away he goes, pushing his barrow. Arrived at the hotel, the host insinuatingly inquires your wishes, and the following dialogue takes place, which ought to be written in all languages on all the doors of all the rooms.

" Good day, Sir."

" Sir, I want a room."

" Good, Sir : (*bawls out*) No. 4 for this gentleman."

" Sir, I wish to dille."

" Directly, Sir," &c.

You ascend to your room, No. 4, your baggage having preceded you, and the barrow gentleman appears.

" Your luggage, Sir—*Something to drink.*"

Another now appears, stating that he carried your baggage up stairs.

" Good," say you, " I will not forget you with the other servants when I leave the house."

" Sir," replies the man, " I do not belong to the hotel—*Something to drink.*"

You now set out to walk, and a fine church presents itself. Eager to enter, you look around, but the doors are shut ! " *Compelle intrare,*" says holy writ, according to which the priests ought to keep the doors open. The beadles shut them, however, in order to gain " *something to drink.*" An old woman, perceiving your dilemma, points to the bell-handle by the side of a low door ; your ring, the beadle appears, and on your asking to see the church, he takes up a bundle of keys and proceeds towards the principal entrance, when, just as you are about to enter, you feel a tug at your sleeve, with a renewed demand for " *something to drink.*"

You are now in the church. " Why is that picture covered with a green cloth ?" is your first exclamation.

"Because it is the finest we possess," replies the beadle.

"So much the worse," is your reflection. "In other places they exhibit their best paintings, *here* they conceal their *chef-d'œuvres*."

"By whom is the picture?"

"By Rubens."

"I wish to see it."

The beadle leaves you a moment, and returns with a grave-looking personage, who, pressing a spring, the picture is exposed to view ; but upon the curtain reclosing, the usual significant sign is made for "*something to drink*," and your hand returns to the pocket.

Resuming your progress in the church, still conducted by the beadle, you approach the grating of the choir, before which stands a magnificently attired individual, no less than the *Suisse*, waiting your arrival. The choir is *his* particular department, which, after having viewed, your superb cicerone makes you a pompous bow, meaning, as plain as bow can speak, "*something to drink*."

You now arrive at the vestry, and wonderful to say, it is open ; you enter, when lo ! *there* stands another verger, and the beadle respectfully withdraws, for the verger must enjoy his prey to himself. You are now shown stoles, sacramental cups, bishops' mitres, and in some glass case, lined with dirty satin, the bones of some saint dressed out like an opera-dancer. Having seen all this, the usual ceremony of "*something to drink*" is repeated, and the beadle resumes his functions.

You find yourself at the foot of the belfry, and desire to see the view from the summit. The beadle gently pushes open a door, and having ascended about thirty steps, your progress is intercepted by a closed door. The beadle having again departed, you knock, and the bell-ringer makes his appearance, who begs you to walk up—" *Something to drink*." It is some relief to your feelings that this man does not attempt to follow you as you make your way upwards to the top of the steeple.

Having attained the object of your wishes, you are rewarded by a superb landscape, an immense horizon, and a noble blue sky ; when your enthusiasm becomes suddenly chilled by the approach of an individual who haunts you, buzzing unintelligible

words into your ears, till at last you find out that he is especially charged to point out to strangers all that is remarkable, either with regard to the church or landscape. This personage is usually a stammerer, and often deaf: you do not listen to him, but allow him to indulge in his muttering, completely forgetting him, while you contemplate the immense pile below, where the lateral arches lie displayed like dissected ribs, and the roofs, streets, gables, and roads appear to radiate in all directions, like the spokes of wheels, of which the horizon is the felloe.

Having indulged in a prolonged survey, you think about descending, and proceed towards the stairs; and lo! there stands your friend with his hand extended.

You open your purse again.

"Thanks, Sir!" says the man, pocketing the money; "I will now trouble you to remember *me*."

"How so—have I not just given you something?"

"*That* is not for me, Sir, but for the church; I hope you will give me *something to drink*."

Another pull at the purse.

A trap-door now opens, leading to the belfry; and another man shows and names you the bells. "*Something to drink*" again! At the bottom of the stairs stands the beadle, patiently waiting to reconduct you to the door; and "*something to drink*" for him follows as a matter of course.

You return to your hotel, taking good care not to inquire your way, for fear of further demands. Scarcely, however, are you arrived when a stranger accosts you by name, whose face is wholly unknown to you.

This is the commissioner who brings your passport, and demands "*something to drink*." Then comes dipper; then the moment for departure—" *Something to drink*." Your baggage is taken to the diligence—" *Something to drink*." A porter places it on the roof; and you comply with his request for "*something to drink*," with the satisfaction of knowing that the claim is the last. Poor comfort, when your miseries are to recommence on the morrow!

To sum up, after paying the porter, the wheel-barrow, the man who is not of the hotel, the old woman, Rubens, the Suisse, the

verger, ringer, church, under-ringer, stammerer, beadle, commissioner, servants, stable-boy, postman, you will have undergone eighteen taxings for fees in the course of a morning.

Calculating all these from the minimum of ten sols to the maximum of two francs, this drink-money becomes an important item in the budget of the traveller. Nothing under silver is accepted. Coppers are the mere sweepings of the street—an object of inexpressible contempt. To this ingenious class of operatives the traveller represents a mere sack of money, to be emptied in the shortest manner possible.

The government sometimes comes in for its share ; takes your valise, and portmanteau, shoulders them, and then holds forth its official hand. In some great cities the porters pay a certain tax to government, of so much per head on every traveller. I had not been a quarter of an hour in Aix-la-Chapelle before I had given "*something to drink*" to the King of Prussia.

LETTER XIII.

ANDERNACH.

I WRITE to you again from Andernach, where I returned three days ago.

Andernach is an ancient Roman station, succeeded by a Gothic community still existing. The landscape from my window is enchanting: I see, at the foot of a high hill which allows me only a slight glimpse of the sky, a tower of the 13th century, at the summit of which shoots forth another, smaller, octagonal, and crowned with a conical roof. To my right lies the Rhine, and the pretty village of Leutersdorf peeping through the trees; to my left, the four Byzantine steeples of a beautiful church of the 11th century—two at the portal, and two at the apsis.

The two large towers of the portal are of a strange and irregular outline, but produce a fine effect. They are square, surmounted by four sharp triangular gables, with four slated interstitial lozenges, which, joining at their summits, form the point of the pinnacle. Under my window the ducks, hens, and children are cackling in perfect harmony; and yonder I see in the distance the peasants working in the vineyards. This noble view did not suffice to the tasteful being who embellished my room; for suspended near my window is a glazed frame, containing the portraits of two immense candlesticks, at the bottom of which is inscribed "VIEW OF PARIS." By dint of uncommon penetration, I discovered it to be intended for the Barrière du Trône—a striking likeness, certainly.

On the day of my arrival I visited the interior of the handsome church which is spoiled by whitewashing. The Emperor Valentinian, and a child of Frederick Barbarossa, are buried in this church. A Christ in the sepulchre, the figures of natural size, of the 15th century—a knight of the 16th, in semi-relief, fixed in a wall—in a loft, a number of minor figures in grey alabaster,

fragments of some mausoleum, but admirably executed—this is all a humpbacked ringer had to show me, for a piece of plated copper representing thirty sols.

I must now relate to you an adventure, the impression of which on my mind is that of a painful dream.

On leaving the church, which almost adjoins the fields, I walked round the town. The sun had just set behind the wooded and cultivated hill, which was a volcanic mass out of the memory of history, and is now a basaltic quarry of millstone, which formed the export of *Artonacum* two thousand years ago, and is that of Andernach in the present day, which has witnessed the decay of the citadel of the Roman prefect, of the palace of the Kings of Austrasia (from the windows of which those ingenious princes are recorded to have fished for carp in the Rhine); the tomb of Valentinian, the abbey of the noble nuns of St. Thomas, now falling to decay; to say nothing of the ancient walls of the feudal city of the Electors of Trèves.

I traced out the ditch along these walls, against which the peasants pitch their huts, and find shelter for their cabbages and carrots against the northern blast. The noble city, though dismantled, still exhibits fourteen round or square towers, used at present as dwellings for the poor, and the ragged children play at the doors, while the young maidens chatter with their lovers in the embrasures of the catapults. The formidable stronghold, which defended Andernach, to the east, is a vast ruin, dolefully opening its shattered bays and windows to the rays of the sun or moon; while the quadrangle, overgrown with beautiful turf, is used by the old women for bleaching their linen.

Leaving behind me the high Gothic gateway of Andernach, shattered by black shot-holes, I found myself on the bank of the river. The beautiful sand, with here and there patches of soft turf, allured me towards the distant hills of the Sayn. The evening was gratefully mild, and nature sinking into repose. The reed-sparrows flew to the water, then back to their haunts. Beyond some fields of tobacco I saw carts yoked with oxen, dragging loads of the basaltic tufa with which the Dutch construct their dykes. Close beside me was moored a boat from Leutersdorf, having on its prow the austere but endearing word "*Pius*."

On the other side of the Rhine, at the foot of a long hill, another vessel with sails was towed along by thirteen horses. The cadenced tread of the cattle and the tingle of their bells reached my ears. A white-looking city was visible in the distant haze; while towards the east, at the extreme verge of the horizon, the full moon, red and round as the eye of a Cyclops, shone betwixt two lids of clouds, on the tranquil brow of heaven.

How long I wandered thus, plunged in the mysteries of nature, I know not; but night had set in, the country was hushed, and the moon shining at its very zenith, when I suddenly came to myself at the foot of an eminence crowned by an obscure mass, round which black lines defined themselves; some in the form of a gallows, others like masts, with transversal spars. Having reached the eminence, by striding through sheaves of fresh-cut beans, I found the dark object to be a tomb, placed upon a circular foundation of stone.

Why this tomb in the fields? Why this scaffolding? I was full of eager interest and curiosity; and perceiving a low door constructed in the masonry, clumsily closed up with boarding, I knocked with my cane, but the inmate, if inmate there were, did not answer.

By an easy ascent, on turf covered with blue flowers, which seemed to have expanded in the moonshine, I clambered up to view the tomb, which consisted of a large truncated obelisk, placed on an immense block representing a Roman sarcophagus, the whole being in blue granite. Around the monument, and up the shaft, was a scaffolding with a long ladder placed against it; and I perceived four spaces on the four sides of the block, from which bas-reliefs had been lately displaced. At my feet were strewn fragments of cornices and entablatures, visible by the light of the moon.

With anxious eyes I sought the name of the occupant of the tomb. Three sides were blank; but on the fourth I found in copper letters the following dedication: "THE ARMY OF THE SAMBRE AND MEUSE TO THEIR GENERAL-IN-CHIEF;" and below, the moon enabled me to read the name of

"HOCHE."

The letters had been removed, but their grooves in the granite still remained indelible.

This name, in such a place at such an hour, caused a deep and inexpressible sensation in my mind. I always admired Hoche. Like Marceau, he was one of those great men by whose ministry Providence, intending that the cause of the revolution should triumph, and France prevail, prepared the way for Bonaparte; mere precursors—incomplete ordeals—crushed into dust by Destiny, as soon as she brought from the shade the complete and stern profile of the one man needful. Such was the fate of Hoche.

The date of 18th April, 1797, occurred to my mind, as bright in the annals of heroism. Not knowing where I was, I looked anxiously around me: to the north was a vast plain; to the south, at about a gun-shot distance, the Rhine; and at my feet, at the bottom of the hillock which served for the base of the tomb, a village having at its entrance an old square tower.

At that moment a man passed, at a short distance from the monument, of whom I asked in French the name of the village. He was perhaps an old soldier, war being as active as civilisation in conveying our language to all the nations of the earth; for he instantly answered, "*Weisse Thurm*," and disappeared.

These two words, signifying the "White Tower," reminded me of the "*Turris Alba*" of the Romans. Hoche died upon an illustrious spot; for it was here that Cæsar first passed the Rhine two thousand years ago!

What is the object of the scaffolding? Are they degrading or repairing the monument? I could not guess! Having scaled the basement, and ascended the scaffolding, I looked into an aperture of the base, and discerned the interior of a gloomy quadrangular chamber. The moon penetrating one of the crevices, I perceived a white figure, upright and standing against the wall: and having entered the chamber by a narrow aperture, creeping on my knees, I found in the centre of the pavement a hole, through which they had no doubt lowered the coffin into the vault below. A cord was still suspended there, the ends of which were lost in the darkness.

Having approached and looked into the vault below, I vainly

attempted to discern the coffin. I could scarcely distinguish the vague outline of a recess, formed in the vault.

I remained there for some time, absorbed in the two-fold mystery of death and darkness. An icy breath appeared to issue from the aperture of the vault, as if blown from the yawning mouth of the grave. I can scarcely express the excitement of my mind. This tomb in this lonely spot—the unexpected recognition of so great a name—the gloomy chamber—the vault, whether occupied or empty—the mysterious scaffolding—all served to overwhelm my thoughts and depress my mind.

Emotions of pity filled my heart, on seeing how the illustrious dead become neglected when their graves lie in a land of exile! This trophy, erected by a victorious army, is at the mercy of all and every one. A French general lies far from his country, in a common bean-field; and Prussian masons appear to be in possession of his tomb!

Methought I heard a voice issue from the disjointed stones, exclaiming "*France! take back the Rhine.*"

Half an hour afterwards I was on the road to Andernach.

LETTER XIV.

ANDERNACH.

I CANNOT understand these tourists! This is a charming town, and the country about it beautiful. The view from the summits of the hills includes a circle of giants, from the Siebengebürge to the crests of Ehrenbreitstein. Every stone recalls an historical recollection—every step produces a fresh charm; while the inhabitants exhibit joyous good-humored faces, such as breathe welcome to the traveller. The inn (*Hôtel de l'Empereur*) ranks among the best in Germany. Yet, in spite of all this, Andernach, though a charming spot, is literally deserted! No one makes it an object! Foreign tourists resort exclusively to Coblenz, Baden, or Mannheim; rarely attracted by memorable scenes of history, the beauties of nature, or such poetry as abounds at Andernach.*

I returned a second time to the church, the Byzantine ornaments of which are very rich, and in exquisite style. The southern portal has some curious capitals and fine groinings, deeply carved. The pediment, forming an obtuse angle, presents a Byzantine painting of the Crucifixion, still tolerably distinct.

Upon the front, near the arched door, is a bas-relief of the period of the revival of the arts, in which Jesus is represented kneeling, his arms out-spread in an attitude of terror, while around him are crowded all the dreadful images and implements pertaining to his passion. The mantle of mockery, the reed sceptre, the wreath of thorns, rods, hammers, pincers, nails; the ladder, lance, and sponge filled with gall; the sinister profile of the bad thief; the livid effigy of Judas, with the purse about his neck; and lastly, immediately before the eyes of the Divine Master, the cross, betwixt the arms of which, as the most supreme and most insupportable of his torments, on the summit of a small column, is a crowing cock, as the emblem of the ingratitude and desertion of a

* Victor Hugo appears to have overlooked one of the most interesting objects in this neighborhood—the lake and convent of Laach.

friend! This last accessory is well imagined,—developing the ascendancy of moral over physical torture.

The gigantic shadows of the two towers extend over this mournful elegy. • Round the bas-relief the sculptor has engraved a legend which I copy :—

“O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite, et videte si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus, 1538.”

Before this severe façade, at a short distance from this united lamentation of Job and Jesus, some beautiful rosy-faced children were gambolling on the turf, wheeling about an unfortunate half-wild, half-tamed rabbit in a barrow. Such were for the moment the “passers by!” There is another church at Andernach—Gothic, and having a nave of the fourteenth century, now transformed into a stable for Prussian cavalry. As the door stands open, one perceives within the aisles long ranks of horses. Over the door is inscribed “*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis ;*” which at present seemed to apply to the horses! I could have wished to ascend into the curious tower I see from my window, which most probably is the ancient watch-tower of the town ; but the steps are broken, and the roofs falling in. I therefore gave up the project.

This magnificent ruin is, however, so embellished with flowers, so well taken care of, that it appears to be inhabited. The tenant is at once the most capricious and mildest of inmates, being no other than the presiding genius of ruins, who, whenever she takes possession of an old pile, rips up the floors, ceilings, and stairs, so that man cannot disturb the peaceful nests of the birds she cherishes ; and places flowers at all the windows, in pots formed of venerable stones, hollowed out by the wind and rain. The old town of Andernach is literally crested with wild flowers.

LETTER XV.

The Rhine.

ST. GOAR, August 17.

I HAVE often told you how fond I am of rivers. Ideas float upon their current as well as merchandise. For everything in creation has its specific duty. Rivers, like gigantic trumpets, announce to the ocean the beauty of the earth, the fertility of the plains, the splendor of cities, and the glory of mankind.

But, above all rivers, I love the Rhine, which I beheld for the first time a year ago, in passing over the bridge of boats at Kehl. Night was set in, and as the carriage was proceeding at a walk, I remember to have experienced a profound respect in traversing the venerable river. Long had I wished to behold it. It is never without emotion that I enter into communication, I had well nigh said into communion, with those grand objects of nature, which have also played a great part in history. Moreover, objects the most discrepant present to me I know not what strange affinities and harmony.

Do you remember, my dear friend, our journey from the Rhone to the Valserine, in 1825, in our agreeable tour to Switzerland—one of the pleasantest recollections of my life? We were then but twenty years of age. Do you remember, I say, with what ferocious rage the Rhone flung itself into the gulf, while the frail bridge trembled under our feet? From the moment of that visit the Rhone has always been typified in my mind as a tiger, while the Rhine equally reminds me of a lion.

The evening on which I saw the Rhine for the first time, this idea presented itself more strongly than ever to my mind. I contemplated long and earnestly this proud and noble river, impetuous without fury,—wild, but majestic. It was swollen and magnificent when I crossed it, even so as to wave its yellow mane, or, as Boileau hath it, its “muddy beard,” against the bridge of boats.

The two banks had vanished in the twilight ; its roar was subdued, yet powerful. There was something in the strength and dignity of the stream that reminded me of the ocean itself. Yes, my dear friend, the Rhine is a noble river,—at once feudal, republican, and imperial ; a noble union of French and German. The whole history of Europe may be considered under two points of view, in this river of warrior and thinkers,—this throbbing artery which revivifies the proud pulses of France,—this ominous murderer which promotes the reveries of Almaïne.

The Rhine combines every quality a river can exhibit. The rapidity of the Rhone, the breadth of the Loire, the rocks of the Meuse, the sinuosity of the Seine, the translucency of the Somme, the historical reminiscences of the Tiber, the regal dignity of the Danube, the mysterious influence of the Nile, the golden sands of the glittering streams of the New World, the phantoms and legends of some Asiatic stream.

Before history took pen in hand, perhaps before man existed to afford matter for history, where the Rhine now flows, smoked and flamed a double chain of volcanoes ; the extinction of which deposited on the soil two strata of lava and basalt in parallels, like two prolonged walls. At the same epoch, the gigantic crystallizations, which constitute the mountains, were in process of formation ; and the alluvial formations, which constitute the secondary mountains, were in process of desiccation. The monstrous mass we call the Alps was gradually refrigerating ; the snows were accumulating on its brow,—of which, two great thaws served to inundate the earth ; the one on the northern declivity, overflowing the plains, was intercepted by the double barrier of the extinguished volcanoes, and turned towards the ocean ; the other, flowing from the western declivity, rushed from mountain to mountain, passed the basis of that other volcanic mass we call the Ardèche, and discharged itself into the Mediterranean. The first of these inundations, in short, formed the Rhine ; the second, the Rhône.

The first tribe recorded by history as gathering towards the Rhine, is that great semi-savage family called the Celts, and which Rome entitled the Gauls. "*Qui ipsorum lingua Celta, nostra vero Galli vocantur,*" says Cæsar. The Rauraci settled themselves

nearest the source ; the Moguntii nearest the mouth. The Romans next appear upon the scene. Cæsar passed the Rhine ; Drusus built his fifty citadels ; the consul Munatius Plancus began the building of a city on the northern extremity of the Jura ; Martius Vipsanius Agrippa established a fortress at the disemboгуing of the Main, and a colony before Tuitium. The senator Antony founded under Nero a settlement near the Batavian Sea, and the whole Rhine was now submitted to the sway of Rome.

When the twenty-second legion, which had encamped in the olive-fields, the scene of our Saviour's cross and passion, returned from the siege of Jerusalem, Titus despatched it to the Rhine : and this Roman legion continued the work of Martius Agrippa. A city seemed necessary to the conquerors, for the purpose of uniting the Melibocus with the Taunus ; and Moguntiacum, planned by Martius, was constructed by the legion, and afterwards enlarged by Trajan, and embellished by Adrian.

I must here notice a curious fact. This twenty-second legion was that which brought Crescentius, the first who preached the word of Christ in the Rheingau, and established the new religion. God had decreed that the same blindness which pulled down the last stone of the Temple upon the Jordan, should lay the first stone of that on the Rhine !

After Trajan and Adrian came Julian, who founded a fortress on the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle : after Julian, Valentinian, who erected castles on the two extinct volcanoes which we now call the Lauenberg and Stromberg. Thus in the course of a few centuries was founded and consolidated in that important line of Roman colonies, Vinicella, Altavilla, Lorca, Trajani Castrum, Versalia, Mola Romanorum, Turris Alba, Victoria, Bodobriga, Antoniacum, Senticum, Rigodulum, Tulpetum, Broilum, which begins at the Cornu Romanorum, at the Lake of Constance, and descends the Rhine, inclining upon Augusta, which is Basle ; upon Argentina, which is Strasbourg ; upon Moguntiacum, now Mayence ; upon Confluentia, now Coblenz ; upon Colonia Agrippa, now Cologne ; and unites itself, near the sea, to Trajectum-ad-Mosam, now Maestricht, and Trajectum-ad-Rhenum, which is Utrecht.

The Rhine now became Roman. Henceforward it was only

the river which watered the farther Helvetic province, the first and second Germany, the first Belgian and Batavian provinces. The bearded Gaul of the north, who about the third century came to stare at the Gaul of Milan in his toga, and the Gaul of Lyons, was subdued and tamed. The Roman castles of the left bank held in awe those of the right ; and the legionary, clad in cloth of Trèves and armed with a partizan of Tongres, had only to watch • from the summit of his rocks the war-chariot of the Germans, a rolling tower with scythe-armed wheels, and a pole bristled with lances, drawn by oxen, and having a castle to contain ten archers, which sometimes ventured on the other side of the Rhine, as far as under the balista of the fortresses of Drusus.

Those irresistible incursions of the northern hordes towards the regions of the south, which are repeated at certain climacteric epochs of the age of nations, under the name of invasion of the Barbarians, eventually overpowered Rome, at the predestined moment of her conversion.

The granite barriers and military strongholds of the Rhine were overthrown by this human inundation ; and about the sixteenth century the rocky heights of the Rhine were as fully crested with Roman remains as in the present day we see them with the ruins of feudal times.

Charlemagne restored these ruins, rebuilt the fortresses, and so opposed the old German hordes, re-appearing under different names—the Boemans, Abodrites, Welebates, and Sarabes ; he constructed at Mayence (where his wife Fastrada was buried) a bridge upon stone piles, which they say can still be seen when the waters are low ; rebuilt the aqueduct of Bonn ; repaired the Roman roads of Victoria, now Neuwied ; of Baccharia, now Bacharach ; of Vincella, now Winkel ; of Thronus Bacchi, now Traubach ; and constructed for himself, from the remains of Julian's baths, a palace, the Saal, at Nieder Ingelheim. In spite, however, of his genius and power, the efforts of Charlemagne served only to galvanise a skeleton. Rome was now nothing more than a dead body.

It was essential that the new physiognomy of the Rhine should be full of youth and vigor. Already, as I before mentioned, under the Roman yoke an unnoticed grain of seed had fallen in the

Rheingau. Christianity, that eagle from the throne of God, having begun to extend its wings, had deposited among the rocks of the Rhine an egg containing the germ of a new world. In imitation of Crescentius, who about the year 70 evangelized the Taunus, St. Apollonarius had visited Rigomagum; St. Goar had preached at Bacchiara; St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, had catechized at Confluenta; St. Maternus, previous to departing for Tongres, had abided at Cologne; St. Eucharius had established himself in a hermitage in the forest of Trèves, in which also St. Gezelin had struggled for three years, on the summit of a column, with a statue of Diana, which he at length overcame and cast down by the severity of his countenance.

At Trèves many Christians died the death of martyrs in the court of the palace of the Roman prefect of Gaul, and their ashes, thrown to the winds, became seed, and fructified. During the passage of the Barbarians, however, the ground on which it had fallen was fated to remain barren. On the contrary, there occurred a prodigious landslip in the path of civilisation. The chain of tradition was snapped asunder; and in the chasm history lost sight of men and events. The predominant personages of this gloomy period traversed the Rhine like shadows, barely allowing a moment's reflection of their fantastic and evanescent shades to depict itself in the stream.

To the historical era of the Rhine succeeded the epoch of the supernatural.

The imagination of man, like nature, allows of no vacuum. Where the sound of the human noise becomes silent, nature awakens the song of birds, agitates the leaves of the forests, and animates the thousand murmurs of solitude. Where historical truth is at fault, imagination comes to its aid. In place of the substance of history, we have the shadows of romance. Fiction begins to vegetate, thrive, insinuate itself and flourish in the crevices of the ruins of time: like thorns and gentians in those of some ruined palace. Civilisation, like the sun, has her alternate nights and days; her plenitudes and eclipses. She must both rise and set, to produce a perfect day.

No sooner, therefore, had the dawn of civilisation shed its light upon the Taunus, than the warbling and twittering of innumerable

legends and fables became audible upon the banks of the Rhine. Every remote distance, brightened by glimpses of this glimmering light, discovered multitudes of supernatural forms and pleasing phantoms, while the more gloomy parts appeared haunted by frightful demons.

Beside the Roman remains rose those beautiful Saxon and Gothic castles, built of basaltic stone, now in ruins ; while a whole population of imaginary beings, created by the solitary visions of beautiful dames and valiant knights, took possession of the Rheingau ; Oreads, who took to the woods ; Undines, who took to the rivers ; Gnomes, who were said to dwell in the bowels of the earth ; the Striker, or Sprite of the Rocks ; the Black Huntsman, riding over the thicket, mounted upon a sixteen-horned stag ; the maiden of the Black Marsh ; the six maidens of the Red Marsh ; Wodan, the ten-handed god ; the starling, who expounds enigmas ; the crow, who croaked his prophecies ; the magpie who related the history of her grandmother ; the marmouset of the Zeitelmoos ; Everard with the beard, who came to the aid of princes who had lost their way in the chace ; and Sigfried the horned, who attacked dragons in their dens. The devil laid the first stone of Teufelstein, and placed his ladder at Teufelsleiter. He even dared to preach publicly at Gernsback, in the Black Forest ; but God deigned to erect on the opposite bank of the river, facing the Teufelskauzel, the Pulpit of the Angels !

While the Seven Mountains were overrun with monsters, hydras, and gigantic spectres, at the other extremity of the chain, the biting wind of the Wisper blew over from Bingen clouds of old fairies of the size of grasshoppers.

The Scandinavian mythology, engrafting itself in these valleys upon the legends of the saints, produced strange results—the fanciful efflorescence of the human imagination. The Drachenfels had, under other names, their Tarascus and St. Martha. The double fable of Echo and Hylas identified itself with the formidable rock of Lurley. The virgin serpent crept about in the vaults of Augst. Hatto, the wicked bishop, was devoured in his tower by his subjects, transformed into rats. The seven scornful sisters of Schoenberg were transformed into rocks ; and the Rhine then possessed its maidens, as the Meuse its “dadies.”

The demon Urian crossed the Rhine at Dusseldorf, carrying upon his back, doubled in two like a miller's sack, the hill he bore away from the sea-shore at Leyden, in order to swamp Aix-la-Chapelle; but exhausted by fatigue, and deceived by an old woman, he stupidly dropped it at the gates of the imperial city, where, to this day, it is called Looseberg.

At this period, which would present to us an abyss of obscurity, but for certain magic sparks flitting here and there in the darkness, rocks, woods, and valleys would almost appear to have been peopled only by apparitions. Illusions, prodigies, demon hunts, infernal castles, sound of harps in the thickets, melodious songs by invisible syrens, and frightful shouts of laughter by mysterious beings, are of common occurrence. Human heroes become almost as fantastic as supernatural beings. Cuno of Sayn, Sybo of Lorch, "Strong Sword," Griso the pagan, Attich, duke of Alsace, Thassilo, duke of Bavaria, Anthysis, duke of the Franks, Samo, king of the Vandals, according to legends and traditions, must have wandered about half-mad in these bewildering woods, seeking and bemoaning their loves, fair princesses with charming names, such as Geld, Garlinda, Liba, Williswinda, or Schonetta. All these adventures, half romance and half reality, are described by the legends as perpetually coming and going, lost towards evening in impenetrable forests, breaking down the trees and brambles, like the Knight of Death of Albert Durer, under the tramp of their huge horses, followed by giant greyhounds, stared at by the insects in the branches, and in the dark accosting some black charcoal-burner seated by his fire, who proves to be Satan throwing into his cauldron the souls of sinners.

In other traditions, naked nymphs present to the traveller caskets filled with jewels. Sometimes, little old men appear to them, restoring their sister, bride, or daughter, whom they find upon a mountain sleeping on a bed of moss, in some grotto dazzling with crystals, shells, and coral; at other times there appears some powerful dwarf, who, according to the old poems, "speaks with the utterance of a giant."

Among these chimerical heroes, we occasionally find some man of flesh and blood, such as Charlemagne and Roland. Charle-

magne at all ages, child, youth, or old man, is a favorite with these ballad-mongers.

Some legends pretend that he was born at a miller's in the Black Forest ; and that Roland, instead of dying at Roncesvalles, from the onset of a whole army, expired of love upon the Rhine, before the convent of Nonnenswerth. At a later period, the Emperor Otho, Frederick Barbarossa, and Adolphus of Nassau, appear in the Rhenish tradition. These well-known names, intermingled with the marvellous of fiction, arise from glimpses of history breaking through the ruins and rubbish with which it is lumbered ; the stones of the old structure appearing here and there, in spite of the mantle of verdure by which it is overgrown. At length, like the clouds of a storm, the shadows disperse. Fiction gives way to truth. A new day is dawning. Civilisation revives, and history recovers her self-possession in company more refined.

Four men assemble from four different parts of Germany, and from time to time, near a stone upon the left bank of the Rhine, under a row of trees betwixt Rhens and Kapellen, and seated upon this stone, make and unmake the Emperors of Germany. These are the Electors of the Rhine ; and the stone, their seat of royalty, is called the Königstuhl.

The place selected by them is midway in the valley of the Rhine. Rhens, which belongs to the Elector of Cologne, views towards the west, on the left, Kapellen, belonging to the Elector of Trèves, and to the north, on the right bank, on one side Oberlahnstein, belonging to the Electorate of Mayence, and on the other, Braubach, to the Elector Palatine. In an hour each Elector is able to reach the Königstuhl from his own territories.

Every year, on the second day of Whitsuntide, the chief burghesses of Coblentz and Rhens used to assemble at this spot on pretence of diversion, and discuss mysterious things amongst themselves ; a commencement of civic combination tending to sap like a mole the foundation of the formidable Germanic edifice ; the immortal and eternal conspiracy of the little against the great, and most audaciously working its way at the very foot of the Königstuhl, under the very shade of the Imperial throne of feudality ! Near the same spot, in the electoral palace of Stolzen

fels, which overlooks the small town of Kapellen, now a splendid ruin, Werner, Archbishop of Cologne, maintained, from 1380 to 1418, a host of alchymists, who, though they made no gold, effected, in seeking the philosopher's stone, some of the earliest discoveries in chemistry. So that in a very brief lapse of time, a spot now almost overlooked was for Imperial Germany the successive cradle of democracy and science.

From this period the Rhine assumed a character at once military and religious. Monasteries were founded, and the churches on the declivities connect the villages on the river side with the strongholds on the mountain-top ; a striking image, demonstrating at every turn of the Rhine the appropriate position of a minister of God in human society.

The ecclesiastical princes multiplied the edifices in the Rheingau, in imitation of the Roman prefects a thousand years before. Archbishop Baldwin of Trèves built the church of Oberwessel ; Archbishop Henry of Wittingen built the bridge of Coblenz across the Moselle ; Archbishop Walram of Juliers consecrated by a magnificent cross of stone the Roman ruins and volcanic formation of Godersberg ; both being rather suspected of witchcraft. Temporal and spiritual sovereignty was united in these princes, as in the Pope. Hence a double jurisdiction, governing both soul and body, not limited, as in secular states, by the benefit of clergy. John de Barnich, the chaplain of St. Goar, having poisoned at the communion table a Countess Katzenellenbogen, the Elector of Cologne first excommunicates him as his bishop ; then, as his prince, orders him to be burnt alive. On the other hand, the Elector Palatine is deeply impressed with the necessity of resisting the encroachments of the three Archbishops of Cologne, Trèves, and Mayence ; and the Countesses Palatine maintain the dignity of their sovereignty, by bringing their children into the world in the Pfalz, a tower built before Caub, in the centre of the bed of the Rhine.

Amidst these developments, simultaneous or successive, of the Prince Electors, the orders of chivalry established themselves on the Rhine. The Teutonic Order installed itself at Mayence, within sight of the Taunus ; while at Trèves, within sight of the Seven Mountains, the Knights of Rhodes formed a settlement at

Martinhof. From Mayence the Teutonic Order ramified as far as Coblenz, which became one of its commanderships. The Templars, already masters of Courgenay and Porentruy in the sea of Basle, obtained Boppard and St. Goar on the Rhine, and Traubach, between the Rhine and the Moselle. This is the same Traubach so famous for its wines, the *Thronus Bacchi* of the Romans, afterwards the property of Pierre Flotte, of whom Pope Boniface observed, that "he was lame in body and blind of mind."

While bishops, princes, and knights were laying their foundations, commerce also established its colonies. Many minor towns sprang up, in imitation of Coblenz upon the Moselle, and Mayence upon the Main, at the confluence of the rivers, and the estuaries of torrents which discharge themselves into the Rhine from the numerous valleys of the Hundsruock and Hohenruock, from the crests of Hammerstein, and the Seven Mountains. Bingen was founded on the Nâhe; Niederlahnstein, on the Lahn; Engers, upon the Sayn; Iirlich, on the Wied; Linz, opposite the Aar; Rheindorf, on the Mahrbachs; and Bergheim, on the Sieg.

Still, throughout the epoch which separates the ecclesiastical rule from the feudal, the commanderships of the Knights Templars, and the bailiwicks of commons, the nature of the country had served to create a multitude of minor Seigneuries. From the Lake of Constance to the Seven Mountains, every elevation on the banks of the Rhine had its castle or burgh, and burgrave or boroughreeve. These formidable Barons of the Rhine, the sturdy produce of a hard and savage nature, nestling among briars, and cradled amid basaltic columns, secure in their battle-mented holds, and served by their dependents on bended knees, like the emperor himself, men of prey, partaking of the eagle and the owl, though powerful only in their narrow communities, were there all-powerful in commanding hill and dale, raising troops, beating up the highways, enforcing tolls, despoiling the traders on their way from Dusseldorf or St. Gall, barring the river with their chain, and bidding defiance to the neighboring towns whenever they presumed to remonstrate.

In this wise did the Burgrave of Ockenfels provoke the important town of Linz; and the knight Hausner de Hegau, the imperial city of Kaufbeuern. Occasionally, in these singular con-

tests, the cities, confiding little in their own strength, implored the aid of the emperor; a measure sure to provoke the scorn of the burgrave, who appeared at the next patronal festival of the town, in the lists of the city, mounted upon his miller's ass.

During the devastating wars of Adolphus of Nassau, and Didier of Isembourg, several of the knights having strongholds on the Taurus had the audacity to pillage the suburbs of Mayence, under the very eyes of two pretenders disputing the government of the city; such being their manner of observing neutrality. The Rhenish burgrave fought neither for Nassau nor Isembourg, but for himself.

It was not till the reign of Maximilian, when the great captain of the Holy Roman Empire, George of Frundsberg, destroyed the last of these burghs, Hohenkraehen, that this turbulent race became suppressed; for those who, in the beginning of the tenth century, were heroic burgraves, had ended in the sixteenth by becoming mere banditti.

Meanwhile the present progress of events, which for years afterwards assumed no palpable form, was accomplishing mighty things for the Rhine. Under shelter of the very sails of commerce, an heretical spirit in matters of religion, and a freedom of inquiry and opinion, floated up and down this great river; upon which, it would seem, that every modification of human thought was to find a passage. One might imagine that the soul of Tanquelin, who in the twelfth century preached against the supremacy of the Pope before the Cathedral of Antwerp, escorted by two thousand armed followers with the pomp and ceremonial of a king, had returned up the Rhine after his death, and inspired John Huss in his house at Constance, and from the Alps, descended the Rhône, and incited Doucet in the county of Avignon. Huss was burnt, and Doucet drawn and quartered. The hour of Luther had not yet struck. According to the almighty will of Providence, there are men destined to pluck the ripe fruit—others, the unripe.

The sixteenth century approached. In the fourteenth century artillery was invented, not far from the Rhine, at Nuremburg; and in the fifteenth, on its very banks, printing. At Cologne, in 1400, was cast the famous culverine, fourteen feet long. In

1472 Vindolin of Spires had printed his Bible. A new world was now in embryo; and it is highly worthy of remark, that it was on the banks of the Rhine the two instruments employed by God in the great work of civilisation sprang into existence—the Catapult and the Book, the weapons of strength and of argument. The Rhine has obtained over the destinies of Europe a kind of providential influence. It is the great transversal entrenchment separating the south from the north. Providence created it for a frontier river, and man by means of fortresses converted the river into a wall of defence. The Rhine has beheld the face and reflected the shadow of all the illustrious warriors who, for the last thirty centuries, have ploughed the old Continent with their swords. Cæsar crossed the Rhine, approaching it from the South; Attila, in descending from the North. Clovis gained there his battle of Tolbiac; Charlemagne and Bonaparte have reigned over its shores. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, the Emperor Rodolphe of Hapsbourg, and the Palatine, Frederick I., were here great, formidable, and victorious. Gustavus Adolphus issued from the tower of Caub orders to his victorious army. Louis XIV. appeared on the banks of the Rhine; Enghien and Condé crossed its waters.

So, alas! did Turenne! Drusus lies under his marble slab at Mayence; Marceau under his, at Coblenz; and Hoche, at Andernach. The vigilant eye of history beholds two eagles soaring eternally over the memories of the Rhine—that of the Roman legions, and that of the legions of France.

Over this *Rhenus Superbus*, as the Romans called the beautiful river, have floated alternately the pontons bristling with lances, partisans, or bayonets; inundating Germany with the army of Italy, Spain, and France; or serving to pour in hordes upon the ancient Roman dominions, the Gothic tribes still emulating their sires of old. The pine rafts of the Murg and St. Gall; the porphyry and serpentine of Basle; potash from Bingen; salt from Karlshall; leather from Stromberg; quicksilver from Lansberg; wines from Johannisberg and Bacharach; slates from Gaub; salmon from Oberwesel; cherries from Salzig; charcoal from Boppard; tin-ware from Coblenz; glass-ware from the Moselle; forged iron from Bendorf; millstones and sandstones from Ander-

nach ; sheet-iron from Neuwied ; mineral-waters from Antoniusstein ; the cloths and pottery of Wallendar ; the red wines of Aar ; copper and lead from Linz ; freestone from Königswinter ; woollens and silks from Cologne : all are consigned to its ready means of transport ;—the majestic river gravely accomplishes the purposes of God, as a channel through Europe, whether for peace or war ; hemmed in by a double range of hills, during the greater part of its course ; clothed on the one bank with oak, on the other with vines ; here the emblem of strength, and there, of joy !

Homer knew nothing of the Rhine. In his time, it passed for one of the rivers situated in the gloomy country of the Cimmerians, where the rain is perpetual, and sunshine rare. Virgil pronounced it to be a frozen stream ; the "*Frigora Rheni*." Shakespeare calls it the "Beautiful Rhine." For ourselves (till the Rhine shall form the absorbing political question of Europe), it is only a high road for the idlers and pleasure hunters resorting to the bathing-places of Ems, Spa, and Baden.

Petrarch visited Aix-la-Chapelle, but I do not remember that he has alluded to the Rhine.

Geography, in its inflexible distribution of territory, according to the landmark of hill, valley, and stream, which all the Congresses in the world will never suffice to suppress, manifestly assigns the left bank of the Rhine to France. Divine Providence has thrice awarded to her *both banks*—under Pepin le Bref, Charlemagne, and Napoleon.

Pepin le Bref held supreme dominion on the Rhine. His empire comprised France properly so called, excepting Aquitaine and Gascony ; and Germany properly so called, as far as the Bavarian territory exclusively.

The empire of Charlemagne extended twice as far as that of Napoleon. It is true, and no less memorable, that Napoleon possessed three empires, or rather, was thrice an Emperor : directly and immediately of the empire of France ; and, through his brothers, of Spain, Italy, Westphalia, and Holland, kingdoms which he had constituted outposts to the central empire ; morally and by right of supremacy, of all Europe, which was beginning to form the mere basis of his prodigious power.

Thus computed, indeed, the Napoleonic empire was upon a par with that of Charlemagne.

Charlemagne, whose empire possessed the same centre and mode of extension as that of Napoleon, in addition to the inheritance of Pepin le Bref, annexed Saxony, as far as the Elbe ; Germany, as far as the Saal ; Esclavonia, as far as the Danube ; Dalmatia, as far as the embouchures of the Cattaro ; Italy, as far as Gaëta ; Spain, as far as the Ebro, to its dominions. He halted in Italy only, at the boundaries of the Beneventines and Greeks ; in Spain only at the frontiers of the Saracens.

When this immense concentration was disorganized in 843, Louis le Debonnaire being dead, and having already suffered the Saracens to recover their share in that portion of Spain contained betwixt the Ebro and Llobregat, each of the three fractions of the empire sufficed to create an Emperor. Lothaire had Italy and a great triangular partition of Gaul ; Louis had Germany ; and Charles France.

At a later period, in 855, when the first of three fractions in its turn divided itself from this morsel of the empire of Charlemagne, three more sovereignties were created. Louis had Italy ; Charles, Provence and Burgundy ; and Lothaire, Austrasia, thence called Lotharingia and Lorraine. The second portion, the kingdom of Louis the Germanic, breaking up, the larger portion formed the empire of Germany, while the remainder was parcelled out into counties, duchies, principalities, free cities, and the margraviates assigned to the guardians of the frontiers.

Lastly, when the third parcel, the state of Charles le Chauve, crumbled under the weight of years and princes, it sufficed for the creation of a king—the king of France ; of five sovereign dukes—those of Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, Aquitaine, and Gascony ; of three sovereign counts—those of Champagne, Toulouse, and Flanders.

Such emperors are Titans, who, for the moment, grasp the universe in their hands ; of which, when death unclenches the mighty hold, all falls to the ground.

The right bank of the Rhine may be said to have belonged to Napoleon as well as to Charlemagne. He never, however, projected a Duchy of the Rhine, as was frequently intended by minor

politicians, during the prolonged struggle between the crown of France and that of the house of Austria. He was well aware that a longitudinal kingdom, not insular, is untenable; that it bends in two at the first shock. A principality must not content itself with simple order; the order of internal strength is requisite for the existence and maintenance of states. With the exception of a few mutilations and agglomerations, the Emperor took the Confederation, such as geography had formed it, merely systematizing its organization. The Confederation must be able to show a front, either to the south or the north. As it was backed by France, Napoleon reversed its frontage. His policy was a hand which settled and unsettled empires with the strength of a giant and the sagacity of a chess-player. In strengthening the Rhenish princes the Emperor was promoting the influence of the crown of France, and diminishing that of the crown of Germany. The electors, converted into kings, and the margraves and land-graves into grand-dukes, gained, as regarded Russia and Austria, all that they lost as regarded France. They were kings for the Emperor of the north, though governors of provinces for Napoleon.

Thus the Rhine has four distinct phases, four varying physiognomies: the first, the antediluvian, and possibly pre-Adamite epoch of its volcanoes; secondly, the ancient historical epoch of contests between Germany and Rome, bright with the glory of Cæsar; thirdly, the epoch of Charlemagne; fourthly, the modern historical epoch of contests betwixt France and Germany, illustrated by Napoleon; for, do what you will to avoid the monotony of these glorious names—travel through history from beginning to end,—Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon are the great military time-marks which intercept your progress along the highway of the past.

And now to conclude with a single observation. The Rhine, a providential river, is not less a symbolical one. In its course, in its descent, in the countries it washes, it constitutes the type of that civilisation which it has served to form, and will tend to complete. It flows from Constance to Rotterdam; from the nest of the eagle, to the haunt of the herring; from the city of popes, councils, and emperors, to that of burgomasters and merchants;

from the Alps to the ocean ; just as human nature itself is forced to descend from lofty ideas, replete with immutable grandeur, to those of wider scope, variable, stormy, gloomy, useful, navigable, and unfathomable ; which undertake all things, maintain all things, fertilize all things, and engulf all things ; from theocracy to democracy ; from a great thing to a still greater.

LETTER XVI.

La Souris.

SAINT GOAR.

ON Saturday last it rained all day. I embarked from Andernach on board the steamboat, the Stadt Mannheim; and we had been ascending the Rhine for several hours, when suddenly a gust of wind from the south-west (the Favonius of Virgil and Horace), which, under the name of Föhn, occasions such hurricanes on the Lake of Constance, broke through the canopy of clouds suspended over our heads, dispersing them in all directions with the boisterous glee of a schoolboy.

In a few minutes the true and eternal blue cupola, sustained by the four points of the horizon, re-appeared, gladdened by a genial southern ray, which enabled the passengers to resume their place upon the deck. We were just then progressing (as usual, between the vine and the oak) in face of an old and picturesque village, Velmich, whose Gothic tower, now stupidly restored and disfigured, was flanked only a few years ago by four watch-towers, like the military tower of a Burgrave. Above Velmich stands, almost vertically, one of those blocks of lava frequently met with on the Rhine, of such immense dimensions as to resemble the trunk of a huge tree half-split by the axe of the woodman. Upon the same volcanic ridge a superb feudal fortress of the same stone and color shoots up like a natural excrescence of the mountain. On the bank of the Rhine a group of young washerwomen, laughing merrily, were hanging out their linen in the sun.

I could not resist this picture, and set foot on shore. I knew the ruins of Velmich from report, and that they are less visited than any other on the Rhone, being difficult and even dangerous of access. The peasants shun the spot as full of spectres, and the scene of dreadful events. It is said to be infested with ardent

flames, which conceal themselves during the day in subterranean caverns, and are only visible at night, issuing from the great round tower, the continuation of an immense well, now filled up, its source being below the level of the Rhine.

In this well a lord of Falkenstein (a fatal name in Rhenish legends), who lived in the fourteenth century, was in the habit of dropping, without confession, such of his own vassals or casual passengers as he thought proper ; and their souls, emerging from purgatory, are supposed to haunt the castle. In his time there was a silver bell in the steeple of Velmich, given and blessed by Winifred, bishop of Mayence, about the year 740 : a period memorable for the reign of Constantine VI., in Rome and Constantinople ; for the rule of the pagan king Massilius, over four kingdoms in Spain ; and for the reign of Clotaire in France, who was afterwards triply excommunicated by St. Zacharias, the ninety-fourth Pope. This bell was never rung except for the prayers of forty hours, on the approaching end of a Lord of Velmich. Falkenstein, believing neither in God nor devil, and wanting money, resolved to obtain this precious bell ; and had it unhung and brought to his stronghold.

The prior of Velmich, in great indignation, instantly proceeded to the castle of the delinquent, in his sacred robes, accompanied by two choristers carrying the cross, to demand restoration of his bell. But Falkenstein laughed him to scorn, exclaiming, " You want your bell, eh ! You shall have it, and more of it perhaps than you desire !" saying which, he had the bell tied round the poor prior's neck, and flung him into the well ; which, by command of the Burgrave, was filled with stones to the depth of fifty fathoms.

Some days afterwards Falkenstein fell ill : night came on ; when lo ! the astrologist and physician who watched over the Burgrave heard, with awe and anguish, the tollings of the silver bell issue from the depths of the earth ! On the morrow, Falkenstein died.

Since that time, every year, at the hour of the Burgrave's death, in the night of the 18th of January (the festival of the pulpit of St. Peter at Rome), the strokes of the bell are said to be

distinctly heard under the mountain. So runs one of the legends of Velmich.

A neighboring hill, which confines the torrent on the other side of Velmich, is said to be the tomb of a giant ; for the imagination of man, judiciously regarding volcanoes as the vast forges of nature, has placed the Cyclops species wherever smoke issues from a mountain : every *Ætna* has its Polyphemus.

I clambered to the ruins, my fancy haunted at once by *Falkenstein* and the giant, after inquiring from the village children the most eligible path, a service for which I allowed them to select their reward among the contents of my purse ; for the minor coinage of this people is the most incomprehensible thing in the world ; for my part I cannot pretend to understand the mysteries of their barbarian mint.

The path is difficult, but not dangerous, unless to persons subject to vertigo ; and after heavy rains, which render the rocks slippery. Moreover, this fantastic and accursed ruin has the advantage over all the others of being wholly unfrequented. No one follows you ; no cicerone of hobgoblins asks you for "*something to drink* ;" no bolted door impedes your progress. You ascend the old basaltic steps used by the *Burgraves*, by the aid of brambles and tufts of grass, and no officious hand interferes.

In twenty minutes I reached the summit of the height forming the basis of the ruin, when I paused an instant previous to entering. Behind me, under a postern now a shapeless mass, was a flight of steps, overgrown with turf. Before me, an extensive landscape developed itself ; at my feet lay a village grouped round its steeple, encircled by a bend of the Rhine ; and beyond the Rhine a crescent of hills, crowned here and there with castles, and surmounted again by the horizon of a deep blue sky.

Having taken breath, I crept under the postern, and began to ascend the sod-covered steps. At that moment, the ruined fortress struck me as being so wild and solitary, that I literally should not have felt surprised at beholding some supernatural form creeping from under the thick curtains of ivy, and bringing in her apron fantastic flowers from another world : *Gela*, the bride of *Barbarossa* ; or *Hildegarde*, the wife of *Charlemagne*, that

charming empress, who was learned as Solomon in the occult virtues of simples and minerals, and herborized among the mountains of the Rhine.

I gazed some time upon the northern wall, with the vague desire of seeing imps start forth from its crevices ; " for even in the North do gnomes abound," said the gnome of the legend to Cuno of Sayn. Three little old witches are said, in the legend of the giant of Velmich, to chant the following stanza :—

" Sur la tombe du géant
J'ai cueillié trois brins d'orties ;
En fil les ai converties,
Prenez ma sœur ce present."

I was forced, however, to content myself with hearing and seeing nothing more romantic than the ironical whistling of a black-bird perched upon some distant sprig.

In order to give a complete notion of this famous yet obscure tower, I cannot do better than transcribe my notes as I made them on the spot ;—the only authentic mode of description. " I have reached the ruins. The round tower, though dilapidated at the summit, is still of prodigious elevation ; at two-thirds of which are the vertical grooves of a drawbridge, the entrance to which is now walled up. On all sides, dilapidated old walls, the broken windows of which define them into halls, though they have neither door nor ceiling. Stories without stairs, stairs without rooms, gaping vaults, and overgrown floors. I have often marked with what scrupulous jealousy solitude keeps and defends that which man has once abandoned. She barricades the very entrance with the most formidable and impenetrable thickets of holly, nettles, thistles, thorns and heath ; in fact, more fangs and nails than are furnished by a whole menagerie of tigers. Amidst this savage seclusion, briars, those serpents of the wilderness, creep about and prick at ease your feet. But Nature in all her pranks is beautiful, and the whole mass presents a rich entanglement of wild plants, some showing their blossoms, some their fruits, some gaudy autumnal foliage. Around me I find mallow, bindweed, blue bells, aniseed, pimpernel, torch-weed, yellow gentian, strawberry, thyme, the purple sloe-tree, the hawthorn with its scarlet berries, with

the snaky coils of the bramble, loaded with their berries, now of a sanguine hue ; an elder, two beautiful acacias. In a retired corner, there is a plot of ground planted with beet-root, by some peasant having a Voltairian contempt of ghosts—perhaps a sufficient crop to produce a lump of sugar.* To my left is a tower without any visible aperture ; to my right, a subterraneous passage, the roof falling in, and changing it to an abyss. Superb blasts of wind ; an admirable blue sky seen through the fissures of an immense wall. I am about to ascend a grass-grown stair to a lofty room. I have reached it. Nothing gained but two charming landscapes on the Rhine, of hills and villages. I lean over the compartment, at the bottom of which is the subterraneous passage. Above me are two remains of sculpture ; chimneys in blue granite of the fifteenth century, still retaining vestiges of soot and smoke. Traces of painting upon the windows. Above, a pretty turret without stair or roof, overgrown with flowers, which seem to droop over and look at me. I hear the washerwomen laughing on the bank of the Rhine. I descend to a lower room. Nothing ! Traces of attempts at pulling up the pavement ; some treasure, supposed to be concealed by the gnomes, has been searched for by the peasants. Another room. A square hole in the centre of the vaulted floor. Two names on the wall : ‘ *Phadovius* : ’ ‘ *Kulorga*. ’ I inscribed mine by the side of them. Another vault. Nothing ! From hence I commenced the open subterraneous passage ; but it is unapproachable : but a ray of sun has found its way thither. This subterraneous passage lies at the bottom of the great square donjon, which occupied the angle opposite the round tower. It must have been the prison. A vast compartment facing the Rhine. Three chimneys, one of which retains fragments of columns. Three stories fallen below me. At the bottom two arched vaults ; one covered with dead branches ; over the other twigs of ivy are gracefully waving. I descend, and find vaults built upon the basaltic stone of the mountain itself. Traces of smoke. In the other great compartment into which I first entered, and which must have been the court, near

* All this will remind the reader of the jotted notes in Byron's journey in the Jura, for the composition of the incomparable third canto of “ *Childe Harold*.”

the round tower, there is white plaster on the wall, vestiges of paint, and these two figures traced in red : 23—18. I went round the exterior of the castle, following the fosse. Here you have to clamber from bush to bush, above a rather formidable precipice. Neither door nor traces of aperture at the base of the great tower. The wind flutters the leaves of my note-book, and prevents my writing. I re-enter the ruins, and am now writing upon a little moss-grown projection of the old wall." Such are, *verbatim*, my rough notes.

I forgot to state that this immense ruin is named *the Mouse*, and for the following reason :—In the twelfth century, the site was occupied by a small burgh, much watched, and often molested by a strong castle, about half a league distant, called the Cat (*die Katz*), so abbreviated after the name of its lord, Katzenellenbogen. Kuno of Falkenstein, who inherited the insignificant burgh of Velmich, constructed here a far stronger castle than its neighbor, which he named *Die Mause*, declaring that, at some future time, his Mouse would devour the Cat.

His vaunt was fully justified, and *Die Mause*, though now in ruins, is not the less a sinister and powerful fortress created out of the volcanic remains on which it stands, and which seem to sustain their offspring with pride and affection. I am inclined to think that no one ever presumed to think lightly of the mountain which brought forth the Mouse.

I lingered in the ruins till sunset, which is a favorite moment of spectres and phantoms. I felt, my dear friend, as though I had returned to the joys of boyhood ; and wandered, and jumped about, deranging the old stones, eating blackberries, and tried all means in my power to provoke the presence of the supernatural agents of the place. While treading down and crushing the grass, I inhaled the acrid emanations of certain weeds which thrive in ruins, to which from my boyhood I have been partial. After all, considering the ill repute of its well, full of souls and skeletons, this impenetrable tower, without door and windows, is a singular and gloomy place. Meanwhile, just as the sun sank behind the mountains, something suddenly rustled by my side ; and on looking down, I saw an enormous lizard, of extraordinary shape, about nine inches long, with a swollen body, short tail, and

flat triangular head, like that of a serpent, black as ink, and marked from head to tail with two golden stripes : it was gliding upon its four elbowed legs, on the wet grass, towards a crevice of the old wall. Such was the mysterious and solitary inhabitant of the ruins—the genius—the real and fabulous animal—a salamander—which seemed to regard me kindly, as it slowly retreated to its hole.

LETTER XVII.

By the Wayside.

ST. GOAR, August.

I COULD with difficulty tear myself from the ruins. Several times I quitted them, always to return. Nature, like a kind and smiling mother, lends herself to our dreams and cherishes our fancies. As I was about finally to quit *die Mause*, I conceived the idea, quickly executed, of applying my ear to the sub-basement of the great tower; that I might conscientiously say to myself, if I did not enter, I at least listened at the wall. I certainly hoped to hear something; not supposing, however, that the bell of St. Winifred's well would wake up for me from its silence of centuries. When, lo!—Oh! prodigy!—at that very moment I heard with my ears what might be termed a metallic echo, the feeble but distinct sound of a bell, which rose up to me as if through the twilight, and seemed to proceed out of the bowels of the earth.

I confess that, upon hearing this strange noise, the lines of Hamlet to Horatio occurred to my mind's eye, as if written in characters of fire, and they seemed to illumine my mind. But I soon returned to the material world, and admitted that it was only the Angelus of some village church borne along the wind. Nevertheless, I have a right to assert, and believe (if I choose), that I heard from the depths of the mountain the tinkling of the mysterious silver bell of Velmich!

As I was leaving the northern ditch, now a ravine full of thorns, the neighboring hill, the giant's tomb, suddenly appeared before me. From the point where I stood, the rock at the base of the hill adjoining the Rhine assumed the appearance of the colossal profile of a head thrown backwards, with the mouth wide open. One might fancy that the giant, according to the legend, lying crushed by the weight of the mountain, had succeeded in partially raising the mass above him, and that his head

had been forced through the rocks ; and that some Apollo or St. Michael had set his foot on the hill, so that the monster expired in that posture while uttering a howl of agony. The howl has been lost in the night of forty centuries ; the mouth remains open. Neither the giant, nor the silver bell, nor the spectre of Falkenstein, by the way, have hindered the vines from climbing from terrace to terrace, up to the fortress of the Mouse.

Phantoms who choose to haunt a country propitious to vineyards must put up with such insults ; for wine will always be made under their noses, and the vine enlase its tendrils round their retreats ; unless the sprites should take to cultivating the hill of Velmich themselves ; when one might apply to these goblin vine-dressers a phrase I read in some guide-book of the Rhine : " Behind the hill of Johannisberg is the village of the same name, with seven hundred souls who make excellent wine."

Let the most thirsty traveller take heed how he touch a bunch of the said grapes bewitched or not. Velmich lies in the Duchy of Nassau, where the laws are right rigid against such transgressions. A delinquent so convicted is answerable for all anterior misdemeanors which have gone unpunished. An Englishman lately gathered a plum by the way-side which cost him fifty florins !

I was desirous to reach St. Goar, on the left bank, half a league higher than Velmich : a village boatman took me over and politely deposited me in the states of Prussia. At parting, my companion gave me directions concerning the road, in a dialect half-German, half-French, which it seems I did not understand, for instead of following the course of the river, thinking to save distance, I cut across the mountain, and lost my way. As I was trudging over the freshly cut stubble, upon the elevated plains where the evening winds blow boisterously, a ravine suddenly presented itself to my left ; which I entered, and after a rapid descent along a path which every now and then seemed like stairs cut out of slate, I once more caught sight of the Rhine. Being very tired I sat down to rest.

Though it was still daylight, the ravine where I sat was involved in darkness, as well as the valleys of the left bank, backed by the black declivities of the hills. A roseate light, however,

the reflection of the setting sun, fluctuated along the mountains on the opposite side of the Rhine, where the vague outlines of ruins were apparent in all directions. In an abyss below me flowed the Rhine, whose murmurs reached me where I sat, vanishing into a sheet of white fog, from which arose the pointed shaft of a steeple, half submerged in mist; the town to which it doubtless belonged being concealed in the vapor. To my right, at some furlongs' distance, I descried the grass-grown roof of a grey-looking tower, standing fiercely on the brow of the hill, but without embattlements. Above me, I heard the voices and steps of people whose shadows I saw, moving through the dusk, reflected on the opposite side of the ravine. The rosy hue had now disappeared.

I rested myself for some time upon a stone, absorbed in reflection, and silently watching the gradual evanescence of the landscape in the mist, and the various objects around me assuming a mournful and fantastic form. A few stars seemed to nail to the zenith the black winding-sheet of night, enveloping one half the firmament, while the white sheet of twilight was mysteriously stretched across the other.

By degrees, the noise of steps and voices had ceased in the ravine. The wind fell, and with it subsided the soft rustling of the grass. No noise came from the invisible town. The Rhine itself seemed reposing; a livid and ill-boding cloud had spread over the space from west to east. The stars vanishing one by one, I had now over my head one of those leaden skies where, visible only to the eye of the poet, soars the enormous bat on whose flowing body is inscribed the word *melancholia*.

A gust of wind suddenly dispersed the fog. The church detached itself from the mist. A dark mass of houses, pierced by thousands of windows, brightened by the evening lights within, appeared at the bottom of the abyss, which the fog had hitherto concealed.

A cheerful town lay before me, which I gladly recognized as St. Goar!

LETTER XVIII.

ST. GOAR, August.

A WEEK can be well employed at St. Goar ; taking care to put up at the Lily, a most comfortable inn, and to secure a room overlooking the Rhine. At St. Goar, you are midway between the Cat and the Mouse. To the left, you have the Mouse, half-lost, at the verge of the horizon, in the mists of the Rhine ; to the right, and before you, the Cat, a stern-looking donjon, flanked with turrets, which form on the summit of the hill the apex of a triangle, of which the picturesque village of St. Goarhausen forms the base towards the Rhine ; marking the angles with two towers, one round, the other square.

The two castles frown defiance at each other across the landscape : for though a donjon be in ruins, its shattered window still stares out with the unmeaning gaze of an eyeless socket.

In front, upon the right bank, as if to part the two antagonists, stands the colossal spectre of the castle of Rheinfels, belonging to the Landgraves of Hesse. If you remain at home, you command a fine view of the Rhine, crowded with sailing boats, and eight or ten steam omnibuses, with their streamers, going up and down the river, lapping the water like a huge dog swimming in the Rhine.

Farther on, upon the opposite bank, you discover the Nassau soldiers at drill, in their green jackets and white trowsers, and hear the pompous drums and fifes of a little insignificant sovereign duke. Under the window you see the women of St. Goar passing to and fro, with their light blue caps, and hear the voices of children sporting with the shallow waters of the Rhine. Why not ? Those born in a seaport town presume to sport with the ocean. The little Germans are charming. None of them exhibit the forbidding and surly look of English children ! their faces have a good and indulgent expression, like those of aged village curates.

On leaving the house, you may cross the Rhine for three pence, the price of a Parisian omnibus, and progress as far as the Cat.

It was in this same castle of the Barons of Katznellenbogen that occurred the sad adventure of the chaplain, John of Barnich. It is now a ruin, rented by a Prussian officer of the Duke of Nassau, for five florins per annum. Three or four tourists suffice to pay his rent. I turned over the pages of the visitors' book, and found there for the course of a year scarcely a single French name, several English, but numerous Germans, and a few Italians. The interior of the Katz is completely gutted; the lower apartment, where the chaplain prepared the poison for the Countess, is now a cellar, and some meagre vines entwine themselves upon a trellis, in what used to be the picture-gallery. In a small room, the only one having door or window, they have stuck up an engraving representing Bohdan Chmielnicki, under which you read, "*Belli servilis autor (sic) rebellumque Cosaccorum et plebis Ukraynen.*" The formidable Zaporavian chief, muffled up in a costume partaking of the Muskovite and Turk, appears to squint at two or three reigning princes hanging near him; perhaps through the want of skill of the artist.

From the heights of the Katz the eye looks down upon the celebrated whirlpool called the *Bank*, between which and the square tower of St. Goarhausen there is only a narrow channel. On one side the whirlpool, on the other a shoal; another Scylla and Charybdis. To secure themselves across this dangerous passage, the rafts throw out on the left side the trunk of a tree, which is called a *hund* or dog; and at the pass betwixt the bank and the tower they cast the tree towards the whirlpool, which sucking it in, maintains the raft aloof from the tower. When the danger is past the cord is cut, and the whirlpool swallows the tree—a sop for Cerberus.

When you desire the guide on the platform of the Katz to show you the Bank, he points out a little ripple in the Rhine, which literally is the whirlpool. Things are not to be judged from appearances. A little farther than the bank is the Rock of Lurley, rising perpendicularly from the Rhine, with its thousand blocks of granite, somewhat resembling a broken-down stone staircase.

It is said that an echo here repeats all you sing or say, seven times.

If I were not apprehensive of passing for a man desirous of disparaging the fame of Echo, I would observe that I could not catch more than five repetitions. It is possible that the Oread of Lurley, once so courted by princes and mythological counts, begins to get husky and tired of her vocation. This forlorn nymph has now only one admirer, who has hollowed out two cavities in the opposite rock, and devotes his time to blowing his horn and firing his rifle at her. This individual, who gains his livelihood by "worshipping the echo," is a veteran French hussar.

Nevertheless, to the tourist unprepared for the exhibition, the echo of Lurley is very extraordinary. The little boat which takes you over makes a most formidable noise. Shut your eyes, and you might fancy yourself in a Maltese galley of fifty oars, each pulled by four criminals in his galley-chains.

On quitting the Katz, before leaving St. Goarhausen, you must go visit an old house in a street parallel with the Rhine; a charming specimen of the German *renaissance*, and of course despised by the natives. Then passing to the right, you follow a bridge over a stream, and penetrate, amid the noise of water-mills, to the "Swiss Valley," a superb ravine, almost Alpine, formed by the high hill of Petersburg, one of the hindmost summits of the Lurley.

The Swiss Valley is a delightful walk. You first visit the highest villages, and then penetrate into the gloomy and solitary glens, in one of which I saw the earth freshly furrowed up by the snout of a wild boar. Or you may follow a deep ravine, between Cyclopean walls, among thickets of alder and willow trees; wandering the whole day long, absorbed in thought, in a wilderness of wild flowers, and enjoying the sweet converse of the torrent and the mountain path. By re-approaching the beaten track, you find everything pre-arranged and grouped, as if to sit for its portrait to Poussin: a half-naked shepherd watching his flock, blowing wild melodies from an antique pipe; a car drawn by oxen, such as I used to admire in my youth in the cuts of Herhan's Virgil, having between the yoke and forehead of the animal a small cushion brilliantly embroidered with scarlet; and young maidens with naked feet, like the nymphs seen in the sculp-

tures of the Lower Empire. Some of them were really beautiful ; one especially, seated beside a smoking oven, drying fruit, who raised towards heaven a pair of large blue melancholy eyes, shaped like almonds, upon her bronzed face, her neck being adorned with beaded ornaments, the better to conceal an incipient gottre. With this deformity impairing her beauty, she looked like an Indian idol crouched near her altar.

After crossing a meadow, the jaws of the ravine suddenly unclose, and you discern a beautiful ruin on the summit of a hill. This is the Reichenberg, where dwelt during the feuds of the middle ages one of the most formidable of those baronial depredators self-styled " plagues of the country " (*Landschäden*).

Under his exactions the neighboring town uttered its groans in vain ; in vain did the emperor cite the escutcheoned brigand before the diet. The man of iron, shutting himself up in his granite den, persevered in the work of blood and rapine, living out of the pale of the church, condemned by the diet, and hemmed in by the emperor, till his grey beard fell down his knees from age.

I visited the Reichenberg, where nothing now exists but the wild scabious, the shadows cast by the broken windows waving among the ruins, and the remains of a mutilated escutcheon over the principal entrance, where, among heaps of stones through which reptiles have worn a way, two or three cows browse upon the intrusive verdure.

I likewise visited, behind the hill of Reichenberg, some remains of a decayed village, formerly known by the name of the village of the Barbers, of which the following is the legend ;—

His Satanic Majesty, disapproving the numerous crusades of Frederick Barbarossa, determined to cut off his beard ; a shrewd idea, worthy the vengeance of the devil upon an emperor. With the connivance of some Dalilah of the place, he devised means by which Barbarossa, on visiting Bacharach, might be put to sleep, and in this condition shaved by one of the numerous barbers of the place. But Barbarossa, then only Duke of Suabia, had at the period of his intimacy with the beautiful Gela conferred an obligation on the fairy of the Wisper, who was resolved upon defeating the project of the devil.

This fairy, about the size of a grasshopper, went in search of a

giant, her friend, of mean capacity, and begged him to lend her a sack. This giant readily complied, and even offered to accompany her, a proposal at which she was enchanted. The little fairy managed, I conclude, to assume vaster proportions; and, proceeding to Bacharach on the night of the emperor's journey, seized every barber in the town, one by one, and put them into her sack; which she desired the giant to throw over his shoulders, and go wherever he wished. The giant, who, owing to the darkness and his own stupidity, had not observed the fairy's proceedings, set off across the country with immense strides, the sack full of barbers swinging at his back.

Meanwhile the barbers of Bacharach, knocking against each other in the sack, began to awake; and the giant, alarmed by their noise, to double his strides. As he was passing the castle of Reichenberg, on raising his leg to avoid the great tower, one of the barbers, having a razor in his pocket, drew it forth, and cut a hole in the sack, through which the barbers slipped out, and, falling amongst the briars, shrieked aloud. The giant, thinking he had ten thousand devils on his shoulders, made off as fast as his seven leagued boots would carry him. Next day the emperor passed through Bacharach, and not a barber was to be found in the place. The devil also made his appearance—when a facetious crow, perched upon the gate of the town, addressed him thus:—"My worthy friend, you have something attached to your head longer than the beard of the Emperor Barbarossa: even a pair of ass's ears!"

From that time till now, not a barber can ever be found at Bacharach. As to those who slipped out of the sack, they established themselves where they fell, and from that period the village was called "the village of the barbers." Such are the means by which Frederick Barbarossa preserved his beard and his empire.

In addition to the Katz, the Maus, and the Lurley, the Swiss Valley, and the Reichenberg, there is still the Rheinfels near St. Goar, to which I have alluded. This interesting spot exhibits a mountain excavated in all directions, crested with ruins, having prodigious internal galleries, vast halls with arched openings fifty feet wide, dungeons plunged below the stream, animated by

the rattle of the water-mills in the valley behind the castle. Through fissures in the wall the steamers on the Rhine appear no bigger than large fishes trained to carry people on their backs. The feudal palace of the Landgraves of Hesse has become a heap of ruins, with embrasures for catapults and cannon, which resemble the dens of wild beasts seen in the Roman circus; the weeds sprouting from every crevice, the rough-cut slates and basalts assigning to the groinings the profiles of saws and open jaws: and all this to be seen for the price of two sols.

There seems to have been an earthquake in this scene of ruin and desolation. But the earthquake was produced by Napoleon, who blew up the Rheinfels in 1807, when, strange to say, the whole structure fell, with the exception of the four walls of the chapel. It is difficult to stand in this holy place, preserved as it were miraculously amid universal destruction, without profound emotion.

In the embrasures of the windows are placed devout inscriptions, two in each window:—"Sanctus Franciscus vixit 1526—Sanctus Dominicus vixit (erased)—Sanctus Albertus vixit 1292—Sanctus Narbertus, 1150—Sanctus Bernardus, 1139—Sanctus Bruno, 1115—Sanctus Benedictus, 1140." There is another name effaced: then, recurring back several centuries, these three majestic lines present themselves: "*Sanctus Basilus magnus, Episc. Casarea Cappadoci, magister monachorum orientaliū, vixit anno 372.*" By the side of Basil the Great, under the door of the chapel, these two names are inscribed: "*Sanctus Antonius magnus; Sanctus Paulus Eremita.*" This is all that escaped from the shells and mine of the Imperial army.

The castle of Rheinfels, demolished by Napoleon, was likewise threatened by Louis XIV. The old "Gazette of France," which was printed in the Louvre, announces, under the date of January 23, 1693, "The Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel takes possession of the town of St. Goar and of the Rheinfels, ceded to him by the Landgrave, Frederick of Hesse, who has determined to end his days at Cologne."

- In a following number, the same journal announces, "Five hundred peasants are working with the soldiers at the fortifications of the Rheinfels."

A fortnight afterwards we read, "The Count of Thingen is suspending chains and constructing redoubts upon the Rhine."

And what is the meaning of this flight of the Landgrave? Why these five hundred peasants added to the troops? Why those redoubts and chains so hastily thrown up? Simply because Louis XIV. was pleased to knit his brow, and that the campaign was about to open in Germany.

The Rheinfels, over the door of which the ducal coronet of the Landgraves still remains, is now the mere outhouse of a farm! A few vines climb about the walls, and gnats browse on the ground-floor. At dusk, the whole mass defined against the evening sky produces a superb effect.

Returning up the Rhine, about a mile from St. Goar (the Prussian mile, like the league of Spain, and the hour's march of the Turk, comprehends two French leagues), you suddenly discern, in the space between two mountains, a beautiful Gothic town, situated on the declivity of a hill, and sloping to the brink of the Rhine; with antiquated streets, such as we only see in the scenery of the Opera, fourteen embattled towers overgrown with ivy, and two vast churches of the purest Gothic.

This is the warlike Oberwesel, whose old walls are riddled with the havoc of shot and shells. Upon them you easily recognize the trace of the huge cannon-balls of the bishops of Trèves, the Biscayans of Louis XIV., and the revolutionary grape-shot of France. At the present day, Oberwesel resembles an old veteran turned vine-dresser; and excellent wine he produces.

Like the other Rhenish towns, Oberwesel has its castle in ruins, called the Schonberg; one of the most remarkable ruins in Europe.

It was in this castle dwelt, in the tenth century, the seven cruel and scoffing young ladies, who may now be admired through the fissures of their castle, transformed into seven rocks in the Rhine!

An excursion from St. Goar to Oberwesel is amply repaid. The road runs parallel with the river, here narrow and confined between high hills. Neither house nor traveller is visible; and all is wild and lonely. Piles of slate arise out of the river, covering the bank like heaps of gigantic scales. Every now and then you perceive among the bushes a kind of immense spider, formed by two transversal rods, crossed and confined in their centre by a

stout knot, suspended from a lever, while the four extremities remain in the water ; and amid the silent solitude of the place, you every now and then perceive the lever shake, and the rods suddenly spring up, holding in the net they sustain a lively salmon, twisting and leaping in his prison.

In the evening, after one of these exhilarating excursions, which serve to open every cavity of the stomach, you return to St. Goar, and find two or three silent smokers seated at a table, at the end of which is laid one of those excellent and simple German suppers which exhibit the partridges the size of fowls. With such fare you may recruit your strength, especially if you know how to conform to local customs, like the wise Ulysses, and have the good sense to take in good part certain fantastic incongruities, such as a roast duck dressed with apple marmalade, or a boar's head with apricot sauce.

Towards the end of the supper, the sound of horns and firing is heard ; and on looking out, you find this to be the work of the veteran hussar, waking up the echo of St. Goar ; scarcely less marvellous than that of Lurley. A pistol-shot becomes as loud as the discharge of a cannon ; and every note of the trumpet is repeated with the most perfect exactness in all the depths of the valleys. These delicate symphonies, remote and faint, appear to become ironical, at once deriding and delighting the attention. As it is difficult to suppose the huge and heavy mountain endued with so delicate a vein of irony, at the end of a few minutes you become the dupe of your illusions, and, however matter-of-fact in your nature, are ready to swear that in those dark recesses, in some fantastic retreat, there must exist supernatural beings—some fairy, some Titania, who diverts herself by parodying human music, and throwing down a mountain every time she is insulted by the report of a pistol. All this is as charming as it is startling. The effect would be still more perfect, if we could forget that we were standing at an inn-window ; and that the extraordinary phenomenon is served up like an extra dish for the dessert of a table d'hôte. The enchantment ends of course in the most natural manner. The operation over, a waiter, holding a tin plate, presents it to all present, while the veteran hussar stands with stern dignity in a corner, watching the operation ; after which all retire from the field, *every man having paid his shot !*

LETTER XIX.

LORCH, August 23.

I AM living just now in the most charming old town in the world ; as well as the most unknown, and the civilest. My chamber has a truly Rembrandt-like air, with windows full of bird-cages, its curious lanterns suspended from the ceilings ; and in a corner of the apartment, a winding flight of stairs with a ray of sun silently creeping up the steps. An old woman and her spinning-wheel murmur harmoniously together in a corner. I know not which be the most musical.

I passed three days at Bacharach, a kind of *Cour des Miracles* that lies on the banks of the Rhine, overlooked by the Voltairian era, by the French revolution, by the battles of Louis XIV., by the cannon of '97 and 1805 ; and by the architects who delight in building houses after the pattern of bureaux and cabinets.

Bacharach is the most antiquated specimen of human habitations I ever beheld. Compared with Bacharach, Oberwesel, St. Goar, and Andernach resemble the most modern street in Paris. Bacharach is the ancient *Bacchi Ara*. One might fancy that a gigantic curiosity-shop had been established there ; and that the mountain-side, from top to bottom, was arranged for the display of its wares. It begins at the very brink of the river, where lies a volcanic stone, which some assert to be a Celtic, others a Roman altar, called *Ara Bacchi*. There are also close to the river two or three old hulls of boats, cut in two, which, placed perpendicularly, serve as hovels for the fishermen. Behind these is an embattled walled enclosure, flanked by four square towers, in the highest perfection of ruin. Abutting on this walled enclosure, through which the modern houses have pierced their windows and balconies, and farther on at the foot of the mountain, is an indescribable confusion of edifices : delicious dilapidations—fantastic turrets—bowed façades—impossible gables, every step of whose double

flight of stairs has a knobbed staff shooting up like a head of asparagus—massive beams carved to imitate the most delicate arabesques—corniced lofts—open balconies—chimneys shaped like tiaras and crowns, philosophically full of smoke—fanciful weathercocks, sometimes in capital letters cut out of iron, which squeak with the wind (above my head there was an R, which kept me awake the whole night).

In the midst of this admirable medley is an irregular open space or place, formed by houses which seem to have been pitched accidentally from the sky; and having more bays, islets, reefs, and promontories than a Norwegian gulf. On one side of this *place* are two polyhedrons of Gothic structures, bulging out, sloping, and all awry,—yet standing firm, in defiance of every law of geometry and equilibrium!

On the other side is a church of fine Gothic architecture, with a lozenge-embellished portal surmounted by a high military tower, the choir having a groined gallery with black marble columns running round it, and a multitude of beautiful tombs in all directions. Above the Byzantine church, half way up the hill, is another church in ruins, of the fifteenth century, without either roof, doors, or windows; but a magnificent specimen, when seen with its profile well-defined upon the sky. To crown the whole, there stands upon the summit of the mountain the ivy-covered wall of the castle of Stahleck, belonging to the Counts Palatine of the twelfth century.

Such is Bacharach. This old town, teeming with traditions and legends, is inhabited by picturesque-looking people, who, old and young, children and grandfathers, the goitrous and the beauty, retain in their features a something of quaintness, that speaks of the thirteenth century, without the least prejudice to the beauty of the women.

From the old castle there is an extensive view, in which you discover five more ruined castles on the brows of the mountains. Upon the left bank, Fürsternberg, Sonneck, and Heimberg. On the other side, to the west, you perceive the stately Gutenfels, radiant with the memory of Gustavus Adolphus; and towards the east, over a valley which is the fabulous Wisperthal, upon a projection on the ridge of a hill, a cluster of black towers resem-

bling the Bastille of Paris, being the inhospitable manor-house of Sibo of Lorch, who refused to open his doors to the fairies for shelter on a stormy night.

The landscape about Bacharach is wild and savage. Its cloud-capped ruins, precipitous rocks, and impetuous torrents harmonize well with the severe features of the town, which has been successively Roman, Seltic, and Gothic ; and does not choose to become modern. It is singular that a belt of shoals on all sides prevents the steam-boats from approaching near the curious spot, which thus holds civilisation at bay. No discordant blotch or color disturbs the harmony of its perfect whole. All is antique, even to the name of Bacharach, which you might imagine to be the cry of the Bacchanals of old.

As an authentic historian, however, I am bound to record that I saw a display of millinery, with ribbons, pink, yellow, and green, under a stern and blackened arch of the twelfth century !

The Rhine roars magnificently around Bacharach, as if it watched and guarded with pride its beloved old city. You feel inclined to exclaim, " Well roared, lion ! " A gunshot from the town, the river doubles upon itself, foaming round a circle of rocks with the foam and torrent of the ocean. These rocks are named the *Wildes Gefahrt*, and are more alarming, though less dangerous, than the whirlpool of St. Goar. When the sun, displacing a cloud, smiles through a plug-hole in the sky, Bacharach is divine. Its quaint and wrinkled fronts unknit their brows ; the shadows of the towers and fantastic vanes form the most whimsical angles ; flowers (for everywhere there are flowers) unite at all the windows with female faces ; and at the door-sills are stationed old men and blooming children enjoying peace and happiness, basking in the beneficent rays of the sun. In the pale faces of the aged men is inscribed, " 'Tis over ! " On the blooming cheeks of the children, " 'Tis to come ! " In the midst of this patriarchal simplicity, a Prussian corporal in full uniform prowls about, with an air something between the dog and the wolf.

Whether it proceed from the jealousy of their Prussian master, or from the innate feeling of the country, I know not, but certain it is that I saw no other heroic portrait in the clumsy frames of

these old houses than the worn-out profile of that combination of Louis XV. and Napoleon, Frederick II.

A stranger is a phenomenon at Bacharach ; and, being not only a stranger, but most strange, is stared at with wondering eyes. None but pedestrian artists consider the antique city of the Counts Palatine worthy of a visit ; eschewed as it is by all steam-boats, and described by all German guide-books as a melancholy spot.

I must not, however, forget to mention that there was a lithograph in the room adjoining mine, purporting to represent "EUROPE" by means of two smart ladies, and a smart-looking dandy assembled round a piano, and singing the following verses :—

" Delightful EUROPE—whom victorious France
Teaches in graceful guise to dress and dance,
The arts of peace, the joys of luxury,
Form the sole study of thy sons and thee."

The milliner with her ribbons and garlands, and the trio at the piano, afford some slight hint and indication of the dawning of the nineteenth century at Bacharach.

Under my window there was a charming little world in miniature ; a kind of yard belonging to the ruined church, from which a flight of steps ascended towards the Gothic church. In this were playing, all day long, up to their chins in grass, a group of five lovely children, whose united years might reach fifteen. The turf, gently undulating, was of the finest texture ; on which stood two arbors, covered with magnificent-looking grapes. Among the vines were two scarecrows, dressed like figurantes of the opera, set up to terrify the birds. But all in vain, for the chaffinches and wagtails were constantly perched upon the half-ripe bunches. Roses and China-asters abounded in every nook, round which myriads of butterflies and feathers from the neighboring dovecot perpetually hovered ; to say nothing of swarms of flies glittering like jewels in the sun. Added to the buzzing of the flies, the gabbling of the children, and singing and twittering of the birds, there was the eternal cooing of the neighboring pigeon-houses, a Babel of the gentlest discords.

On the evening of my arrival, having enjoyed till night the

contemplation of this delightful garden, my fancy prompted me to ascend by starlight the steps which lead to the Gothic church, dedicated to St. Werner, martyred at Oberwesel. Having mounted seventy steps without any aid for the hand, I reached the platform, from which springs the basement of the dismantled nave. There, while the town beneath was profoundly calm, I contemplated the skies above; and below, the rugged ruins of the castle of the Palatine, visible through the shattered window. A gentle wind scarcely served to wave the rye-grass on the ruins; when suddenly the earth gave way under my feet, and, by the help of the starlight, I found I had sunk into a new-made grave! I looked around, and, beholding black crosses with the insignia of death thick about me, I remembered the undulations of the ground below, and shuddered to think that my beautiful garden, with its birds, music, butterflies, doves, light, life, and joy, was neither more nor less than a burying-ground!

LETTER XX.

Fire! Fire!

Lorch, *August.*

At Bacharach, when the clock strikes twelve, you go to bed, close your eyes, dismiss the ideas that have assailed you during the day, and attain the happy moment of reverie betwixt sleeping and waking, when sleep begins to wake, and life sinks gently into sleep.

On a sudden a vague, unearthly, incongruous, and horrible kind of savage growl, both menacing and plaintive, mingling with the murmur of the night, and seeming to proceed from the cemetery above, where in the morning you saw the eleven dog-headed spouts of St. Werner, with their open jowls prepared for howling, disturbs your rest. Starting up in your bed, you inquire what is the matter; and are told that it is the town-watch, announcing with his horn that all may sleep in peace. Valuable information, certainly; but which could scarcely be imparted in a more alarming manner.

At Lorch they wake you up in a still more dramatic way. But I have a great deal to tell you first about Lorch.

Lorch is a considerable town, of eighteen hundred inhabitants, situated on the right bank of the Rhine, and following in an angle the Wisper, of which it marks the embouchure. The Wisper is the valley of legends and fables, the country of the fairy grasshoppers.

Lorch is situated at the foot of the *Echelle du Diable*, a high rock which the valiant Gilgen scaled on horseback to win his bride, who was concealed by the fairies on the summit. It was at Lorch, say the legends, that the fairy *Avé* invented the art of making cloth, to protect her lover, the Roman knight Hippius, from the cold, whence the name of the town of Heppenheim.

It is somewhat remarkable, that amongst all people, and in all

mythologies, the invention of the art of weaving is assigned to a woman. Among the Egyptians, to Isis; by the Lydians, to Arachne; by the Greeks, to Minerva; by the Peruvians, to Menacella, wife of Manco Capac; on the banks of the Rhine, to Avé the fairy. The Chinese alone attribute this invention to a man—the emperor Ya; but our emperor of China is an imaginary being, whose reality is annihilated under the absurd titles he is compelled to assume. Ignorant of his nature, the people call him “The Dragon;” ignorant of his age, they call him “Ten Thousand Years;” ignorant of his very sex, they call him “Mather:” but whether or not his Celestial Majesty invented the art of weaving, let us return to Lorch.

The first red wine made on the Rhine was at Lorch. This town existed as far back as the time of Charlemagne, and left traces in charters of the date of 732. Henry III., Archbishop of Mayence, resided there in 1348. At present, though stripped of its fairies and Roman knights, it is a happy little town, and contains the most hospitable inhabitants.

A beautiful Gothic house on the borders of the Rhine has a façade comparable with that of our famous manor-house of Meillan. The romantic fortress of old Sivo of Lorch protects the town, which is frowned upon from the opposite side by the historical castle of Fürstenberg, with its vast tower, round without and hexagonal within. Nothing can be more charming than this happy little colony of peasants, prospering under the threatening brows of these two citadels.

I was strangely disturbed in my rest at Lorch. Last week, at about one in the morning, the whole town being asleep, I was writing in my room, when, suddenly, my paper became red under my pen, and looking up, I found my room brightened by a vivid light from the windows, which had become two great sheets of opal, through which a mysterious light was diffusing a fearful radiance: on opening them, I beheld an immense vault of smoke and flame bending over my head with an alarming roar. The neighboring inn, the “Gasthaus P.,” was enveloped in flames!

In an instant the whole house was up, shrieking out *Feuer!* *Feuer!* The quay was soon crowded, and the alarm-bell rung. Having closed my windows, and opened my door, another scene

presented itself. The great staircase in wood of my hotel, all but connected with the burning house, and having large windows, seemed likewise on fire, while a crowd ran up and down carrying all sorts of objects. The whole house was trying to escape, many in their shirts; the travellers with their portmanteaus, the servants with the furniture. The flames were frightful! As for myself (for every one thinks for himself on such occasions), having no baggage, and being lodged on the first story, my only fear was being compelled to escape from the window.

A storm luckily came on, and torrents of rain fell. As is always the case in such hurries, people got out with difficulty, and a terrible confusion ensued; some chose to rush out, others to rush in. The furniture was let down from the windows by ropes; and mattresses, carpet-bags, chairs, tables, and dirty linen were showered from the windows above. Children were screaming with fright; and on all sides, summoned by the fire-bell, the peasants flocked into the town, fire-buckets in hand. The fire, which had already gained the attics, was said not to be accidental, a circumstance which always imparts a gloomy interest to such a catastrophe. The engines arrived, water-parties were formed, and I mounted to the loft, in which was a super-complication of frame-work, such as is usual under the high slated roofs of the houses on the Rhine. The whole timber-work of the adjoining house was in a blaze, which, waving over our roofing, let fall burning flakes, and ignited it in several places. The thing became serious, for if our house caught fire, others must certainly share its fate; and the wind, being favorable, endangered the whole town.

No time was to be lost; and under a shower of burning embers they set to work, tore off the slating, and cut away the projecting timbers of the gables. The engines worked well. From the windows of the loft I looked into the furnace. A conflagration, closely viewed, is a noble spectacle. Having never seen such a scene, and the opportunity presenting itself, I profited to the utmost by the occasion.

At first, on finding oneself enveloped in an immense cavern of fire, amid the blazing and sparkling, the cracking, splitting, screaming, and shouting, it is impossible to avoid a feeling of anx-

ity. Everything seems lost ; for it appears in vain to contend against the irresistible force of the terrible element called fire !

It is curious to observe with what impetuosity water seems to attack its enemy. Scarcely has the snake-like hose passed its neck above the wall, and shown the glittering copper tube in the flames, than it is seen to spout its stream of liquid steel full at the frame of the thousand-headed Chimera. The furnace, roused by the attack, roars amain, springs up more fiercely, and from its ardent gorges spouts up flames and showers of ruby sparks in all directions, while endless tongues of flame dart simultaneously upon the doors and windows. Steam now blends with the smoke, and clouds, black and white and grey, eddied by the wind, writhe and struggle in the dark. The hissing of the water responds to the roar of the fire. Nothing can be more terrible than this renewal of the ancient and eternal combat betwixt the hydra and the dragon. The force of the column of water sent forth by the engine is prodigious. It shatters the slate like glass. The fall of the timbers is a magnificent moment. The flames vanishing for a moment in the midst of a startling crash, a rush of sparks succeeds. A chimney, left standing alone, is next suddenly knocked down by the force of the spout of the engine. As I stood contemplating the scene, the Rhine, with all its villages, ruins, and churches, became visible in the midst of the horrid glare, and, combined with the crash of the falling walls, the strokes of the axe, and all the storm and tumult of the town, produced a truly fine and appalling spectacle.

Nothing can be more curious than to watch the details of such a scene. In the interval betwixt a cloud of smoke and a sheet of fire, you see men's heads on the tops of ladders, who bravely attack the advancing flame with the tube they hold in their hands. In the midst of the general confusion, there are always unnoticed corners where the fire silently rages, and where the window-frames are opened and banged to by the wind. Small blue flames flicker at the extremities of the rafters. Heavy beams give way and remain half-suspended in the air, shaking with the tempest and enveloped in flame. Others falling across the street, establish a bridge of fire. In the interior rooms, the smart Parisian hangings appear and disappear amidst the clouds of smoke. On the

third story I saw an unfortunate panel in the style of Louis XV., with its rockwork, trees, and gentle shepherds of *gentil Bernard*, offering a prolonged resistance. I gazed at it with admiration. Never did I see an eclogue put on so brave a face. At length, a devouring flame penetrated the room, seized the unfortunate pea-green landscape, the shepherd kissing his shepherdess, and Tyrcis, while softly cajoling Glycera, disappeared in the smoke.

A tiny garden covered with burning cinders lay close to the house, in which an acacia, confined to a trellis, would not take fire, and remained untouched for four hours, showing its pretty green head amid the shower of sparks, as though it found them refreshing. In addition to all this, there was a group of fair and pale Englishwomen, who stood half-naked by the side of their boxes, a few paces from the river, with all the children of the town laughing and clapping their hands every time the water fell upon them. This is a true and particular account of the fire at Lorch! The most afflicting part of the story is that a man was killed on the spot.

At four in the morning the fire was what is called "got under;" the Gasthaus P. was still burning in the interior; but we had succeeded in saving our inn.

Water now succeeded to fire. A host of girls, wiping, scouring, and dusting, invaded all the rooms, to set them in their accustomed trim: nothing had been stolen; everything hastily taken away was religiously brought back by the poor peasants of Lorch.

Such accidents are frequent on the Rhine, the houses being mostly of wood. At St. Goar I saw several indications of recent conflagration.

Next morning I was surprised to see two or three chambers on the ground-floor closed, and in a perfect state, though the fire had raged about them, but without effecting the least damage. I must tell you a story current in the country on this subject, for the truth of which I by no means vouch.

Some years ago an Englishman arrived late at the inn of Braubach, where he supped and slept. In the course of the night the inn caught fire; and they burst into the Englishman's room, who was fast asleep. They woke him hastily, informing him that he must rise and fly—

"Go to the devil!" cried he. "Why disturb me for such nonsense? Leave the room; I am tired, and will *not* get up. Do you suppose I am going to run about the country in my night-shirt? Not I! I must have my nine hours' rest. Put out the fire, if you choose, but leave me to my rest—good night, my good friends: come again to-morrow."

He then lay down, and the fire advancing, the people made their escape, having closed the door upon the snoring Englishman. With great difficulty the fire was extinguished. Next morning, in clearing away the rubbish, upon reaching the Englishman's room they found him half awake and rubbing his eyes. On perceiving them, he quietly inquired for the boot-jack, then rose and breakfasted, to the great disappointment of the waiters, who had reckoned upon having an English mummy of the kind called in the Rhine country "a smoked Burgomaster," to show for a few sols to future travellers. With such a curiosity in hand, they felt sure of procuring from every new comer "something to drink."

LETTER XXI.

BINGEN, August 27.

FROM Lorch to Bingen is about two German miles. You know my habit of making my journeys on foot, as far as possible. Nothing more delightful than such a mode of travelling. On foot, you are free and light-hearted, and have all the incidents of the road to yourself. You may seek your breakfast at a farm, enjoy the shade of the trees, or the solitudes of a church; you go or stay, free from interruption or restraint. Exercise fosters reflection, and reflection softens fatigue; the beauty of the country beguiles the length of the journey, which is no longer travelling, but wandering, yielding at every step some new idea, as if a swarm of thoughts were hovering, gnat-like, round one's head. Sometimes seated in the shade, on the side of a high road, near some bubbling spring emitting life and strength, an elm full of birds for my canopy, a hay-field hard by, quiet, serene, dreaming dreams of joy, I have viewed with compassion the travelling carriage rolling past—that sparkling and rapid affair which contains stupid, heavy, and wearied beings—like a flash of lightning impelling a tortoise.

Oh! how quickly would those travellers, people often possessing mind and heart, escape from their splendid prison, where the harmony of the landscape is lost in the stifling dust of the road, could they know what myriads of flowers lie hidden in the bushes, what gems are concealed in the flint, what houris among the rural nymphs they pass without a glance. Oh! rich and endless joy of the pedestrian. *Musa pedestris*.

To the man on foot, moreover, not only ideas, but adventures, occur in throngs. Some men delight in inventing such things: I own I prefer the reality.

This reminds me that, about eight years ago, I went to Claye, a few leagues from Paris; I forget for what purpose. All I re-

member is derived from the following few lines in my note-book, which I transcribe, as pertinent to what I am about to narrate :—

“A canal on the ground-floor, a burying-ground on the first story, a few houses on the second, constitute Claye. The cemetery has a terrace with a balcony upon the canal, from which the manes of the peasants of Claye may hear the music in the passage-boats from Meaux. In that country, you are not interred, but interred—as good a mode of interment as any other.”

I was returning to Paris on foot, having started early, when, about noon, the shade of the Forest of Bondy tempted me, near a sudden turn of the road. I sat down at the foot of an oak, and began to scribble the note you have just been perusing.

As I finished the fifth line, which I perceived to be written at an unusual distance from the fourth, I raised my eyes, and beheld upon the other side of the ditch, not far from me, a bear, sternly contemplating me: it was no night-mare. But one is often deceived by the shape of a tree, or some rock of unusual form. “*Lo que puede un sastre*” is fearful in the darkness of the night; but at mid-day, in the month of May, with a beautiful sun, one is not apt to have hallucinations.

It was, in short, a *bonâ fide* bear, as hideous as well could be. He was gravely seated, so as to exhibit his dusty hind-feet, his paws being voluptuously crossed upon his bosom. His jaws were half-open, jagged, and bleeding; his lower lip being half torn off, showing his bared tusks. One of his eyes was wanting, and with the other he gave me a supplicating look. Not a creature was visible, not even a woodman in the forest. I confess I felt somewhat nervous. Accosted by a strange dog, one gains courage by familiarly calling out Fox, Soliman, or Azor; but how is one to address a bear? above all, how came a bear in such a place, on the high road from Claye to Paris? Strange and ridiculous as you may think it, I was considerably perplexed. I did not stir, neither did the bear; in fact he appeared disposed to be neighborly. His expression of face was as agreeable as could be expected of a one-eyed bear. His jaws were certainly apart, but open as becomes a mouth. It was not a rictus, but a legitimate yawn; not ferocious, but rather literary. There was an air of politeness, a beatitude about this bear, a look of sleepy resigna-

tion, such as I have observed to be habitual to the faithful adherents to our classic drama. In short, his countenance was so prepossessing, that I also resolved to put a good face upon the matter. I accepted the bear as an inoffensive spectator, and resumed my fifth line, which, as I have said already, is wide apart from the fourth, from having at first kept my eye fixed upon the bear.

While writing, I saw a large fly settle on the lacerated ear of my spectator, on which he raised his paw, and gently passed it over his ear, with an exquisitely feline grace. The fly flew off; he watched it for a moment; then seizing his hind-feet with his two fore-paws, paused in that classical attitude, and began to contemplate me.

By this time he had inspired me with the deepest interest; and finding myself completely at my ease, I began to trace the sixth line of my note, when I was interrupted by a rush of hurried steps; and, behold! a black bear made its appearance, the first being yellow! The newly arrived bear came up at a brisk trot, and perceiving the yellow bear, rolled himself gracefully at his feet, but he was heedless of this familiarity, and the black bear equally so of *me*.

I must confess that at the approach of this new apparition my hand trembled. I was about to write the line about the dead hearing the music, and my manuscript shows a wide interval between the words, which may be accounted for by the arrival of the second bear.

TWO BEARS! Two bears on the high road to Paris! I was petrified. The yellow bear at last acknowledged the acquaintance of the black, and both, rolling in the dust, became uniformly grey. I stood up, and hesitated whether I should go and pick up my cane, which lay a few feet from me, when another bear trotted up, red, diminutive, and ill-shaped, still more lacerated and bloody than the first; then a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth!—These last crossed the road like walking gentlemen at the back of the stage, without looking right or left, and as if pursued. I now heard howls and shouts at a distance, and seven or eight men, armed with iron-shod sticks, struck across the road, tracking the bears. One of these men halted, and while the others had seized upon

the animals and were carrying them off muzzled, he explained the meaning of my curious adventure.

The director of the circus at the Barrière du Combat having sent his dogs and beasts to exhibit in the town of Meaux, the animals travelled on foot. At their last halt the bears had been unmuzzled to feed, and in the absence of their keepers had escaped and taken to the road. These bears were nothing but strolling players. I should have lost the diversion of this adventure, however, but for travelling on foot.

Dante relates, at the beginning of his divine poem, that he met a panther one day in a wood, then a lion, afterwards a wolf. If tradition be true, the Seven Sages of Greece, in their travels in Phœnicia, Egypt, Chaldea, and India, met with many such adventures. They each met a different animal, just as every sage possessed a different order of wisdom. Thales of Miletus was long pursued by a winged griffin: Bias of Priene journeyed side by side with a lynx: Periander of Corinth scowled back the advance of a leopard: Solon of Athens advanced boldly upon a fierce bull: Pittacus of Mitylene faced a rhinoceros: Cleobula of Rhodes was attacked by a lion; and Chylon of Lacedæmonia, by a lioness. Upon a closer examination of all these feats, we might, perhaps, discover that the animals were mere show-beasts, escaped from their van, while travelling for the purpose of exhibition.

Had I related my own adventure, in a suitable manner, in two thousand years I should have been pronounced an Orpheus. "*Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres.*" My friends the Circus bears furnish a key for many prodigies, and, with due respect to the poets and philosophers of Greece, I have little faith in the virtues of a strophe to repel a leopard, or in the power of a syllogism to subdue a hyæna, though of opinion that man has possessed for ages the secret of subduing lions and tigers, of deteriorating the animal species, and brutalizing the beasts!

Man has always imagined that he achieves a prodigious feat when, by dint of skilful tuition, he substitutes stupidity for ferocity. Everything considered, it may be so; for otherwise I, as well as the seven sages, might have been devoured. Since I am em-

barked in the chapter of reminiscences, let me relate you one more adventure.

You remember G——, that erudite old poet, who proves that a poet may be patient, a sage amusing, and old age youthful ; who walks as if only twenty years of age. In April, 183—, we made an excursion together in the Gatinais, and were rambling side by side one fine morning ; I, who love the truth, but who delight in paradox, know no one more amusing than G——, who is versed in all established truths, yet capable of inventing all sorts of paradoxes.

It was just then his pleasure to insist upon the existence of the basilisk. "Pliny mentions it," said he. "It is known in the country of Cyrene, in Africa ; it is twelve fingers long, has a white spot on its head, forming a sort of diadem ; and when it hisses, the serpents fly." Holy writ assigns wings to the basilisk. It is asserted, that in the time of St. Leo there existed at Rome, in the church of St. Lucius, a basilisk, which infected the city with its breath. The sainted pope approached its pestilential retreat, and Scaliger says, in rather grand style, "extinguished it with prayer." G—— was further pleased to assert, on seeing my incredulity as to the basilisk, that particular spots possess peculiar influences upon certain animals : that at Zarifa, in the Archipelago, the frogs do not croak ; that at Reggio, in Calabria, the crickets do not sing ; that the boars are mute in Macedonia ; that the serpents of the Euphrates do not sting the natives, even when asleep, but merely foreigners ; whereas the scorpions of Mount Latmos, innocuous for foreigners, give mortal stings to the inhabitants. In this way he kept putting a thousand questions to me, or rather to himself. "Why," said he, "are there such an abundance of rabbits at Majorca and none at Yvica ? Why do the hares die at Ithaca ? Why is it impossible to find a wolf at Mount Olympus ? a screech-owl on the island of Crete ? or an eagle in that of Rhodes ?"

On seeing me smile, he interrupted himself : "Laugh, if you will," said he ; "but such are the opinions of Aristotle."

To which I replied, "My dear friend, such learning is obsolete. There is dead erudition, just as there are dead languages."

G—— replied, with his usual serene air, "You are right.

Science has its span of life ; art alone is immortal. One man of science casts his predecessor into the shade ; but as to the great poets of old, they may be equalled, but never surpassed. Aristotle has met with his master ; but Homer remains unapproached." And having fallen into a reverie at the close of these observations, he began to look for flowers in the grass under his feet, or poetry in the clouds over his head.

In this guise we arrived at Milly, where you still see the vestiges of a ruin, famous in the seventeenth century for a trial for witchcraft. A loup-cervier, or horned wolf, desolated the country. The noblemen belonging to the king's hunt, assisted by a vast retinue of varlets, pursued the beast into these ruins, which were surrounded. They entered, and found a hideous old woman, under whose feet lay the wolf-skin, which the devil had not found out in time to carry off. The old lady was burnt upon green faggots, before the portal of the cathedral of Sens !

This took place in 1636, the year in which Corneille's "Cid" was first represented.

As I was relating the story to G——, "Listen !" said he ; and lo ! we heard, at hand, the trumpet of some mountebank. G—— had always a taste for that sort of music. "The world," said he, "is full of strange imposing sounds, of which the tin trumpet is the parody. While legists plead upon the political stage, while rhetoricians personate upon the scholastic stage, I wander into the meadows, class the insects and the blades of grass, and adore the greatness of my Creator. It delights me, on the other hand, to listen to that emblem of the insignificance of man, this mountebank and his ironical blast. The mountebank completes my study ; and I fix the human insect upon a card, pin him there like a scarab or a butterfly, and class him among the ephemera."

G—— enticed me towards the spot from whence arose the noise—a mean hamlet called, I think, Petit Sou, reminding me of that burgh of Asculum, upon the road from Trivicum to Brundisium, which was the cause of those lines by Horace :—

"Quod versu dicere non est
Signis perfacile est."

Asculum in fact cannot form part of an Alexandrine line.

It was the village festival. The place, the church, and the mayory were all in their holiday clothes. The heavens themselves appeared coquettishly decked out with white and rosy clouds, to greet the auspicious day. Chubby children and young maidens were gazing calmly on the scene, or sporting upon the greensward beside their elders; and farther on, a crowd was gathered round a kind of stage, constructed with two boards and a ladder. This was covered with the well-known blue and white check awning, in which originated the classical costume of the clowns or *paillasses* all over the Continent.

Near the stage was the entrance to the tent, a mere slit in the canvas; and above was suspended a placard inscribed in capital letters with the word

“MICROSCOPE.”

A multitude of unheard-of chimerical monsters, such as were neither seen by St. Antony nor dreamed of by Callot, fluttered around it. Two personages were already figuring upon this stage: one, dirty as Job, bronzed like Ptha, his beard grown like that of Osiris, and bewailing himself like Memnon, having a wild Egyptian look, beating the big drum, and occasionally blowing a pipe; the other looked on, being a sort of Sbrigani, with a bearded and ferocious face, wearing the Hungarian costume.

Around the exhibition stood an assemblage of astonished and bewildered peasants of both sexes, their mouths and eyes wide open. In the rear of the tent the children were cunningly perforating the blue and white canvas, so that they could easily examine the interior. As we approached, the Egyptian's drum became hushed, and Sbrigani began to speak. G—— listened attentively.

With the exception of the “Walk in, walk in, and you shall see,” &c., &c., I must declare that the Sbrigani lingo was incomprehensible to us all, even to the Egyptian, who had assumed a posture of basso-relievo, and appeared to listen as religiously as though assisting at the dedication of the great columns in the hall of Karnac by Meneptha, father of Rhameses II.

No sooner had the mountebank uttered his first words, than G—— began to tremble, and after a few minutes, inclining to-

wards me, he observed in a low voice, "You, who have good eyes and a pencil, do me the favor to take down the words of that man."

I was on the point of inquiring the reason of so strange a wish, but his attention to the proceedings seemed more engrossed than ever. I therefore acquiesced; and the mountebank delivering himself slowly, I wrote down as follows:—

"The family of the *Scyrii* is divided into two classes: the first has no eyes; the second has six, which distinguishes it from the species *cunaxa*, which has two, and from the species *bdella*, which has four." Here G——, who was listening attentively, took off his hat, accosted the mountebank with a courteous voice, and said, "Pardon me, sir, you forgot to mention the group of *arachnoidæ*." "Who is it that interrupts me?" inquired the lecturer of his clown, without either surprise or hesitation. "Yonder old gentleman." "Know, then, sir, that in the group of *arachnoidæ*, I only find one species, the *dermanyssus*, parasite of the whistling bat."

"I thought," replied G——, timidly, "that it was a *glyciphagus cursor*."

"Wrong," replied the mountebank. "There is a great gulf betwixt the *glyciphagus* and the *dermanyssus*. Since you devote yourself to such profound questions, study nature; consult Degeer, Hering, and Herman. Observe the *sarcoptes ovis*, which has at least one of the two posterior feet complete, and carunculated; the *sarcoptes rupicaprae*, whose posterior feet are rudimental and setigerous, without vesicles; the *sarcoptes hippopodos*, which is probably a *glyciphagus*."

"Are you sure of that?" interrupted G——, with deference. "Not absolutely," replied the mountebank with an air of authority; "I owe it to the sacred cause of truth to admit that I am still uncertain; but I *am* sure of having picked a *glyciphagus* from amid the plumage of a grand-duke, and I am also sure that in visiting the galleries of comparative anatomy I have found *glyciphagi* in the cavities, between the cartilages and under the epiphyses of the skeletons."

"Prodigious!" exclaimed G——.

"But," resumed the mountebank, "this leads me too far; I will talk to you again upon the subject of the *glyciphagus* and

psoroptes. The extraordinary and formidable animal I am about to show you is the sarcoptes. Wonderful and terrible to relate, the acarates of the camel, instead of resembling that of the horse, is more like that of mankind. Hence a possible confusion, in which may originate terrible results. Let us consider these monsters, gentlemen. The shape of the one and the other is much alike, but the sarcoptes of the dromedary is longer than the human sarcoptes; the intermediary pair of the posterior feelers, instead of being smaller, is larger; the ventral facies has also its peculiarities. The ring is more detached in the *Sarcoptes hominis*, and has an aciculiform point which does not exist in the *Sarcoptes dromedarii*. The latter is largest. There is also considerable difference in the claws at the base of the posterior paws: in the former species they are simple; in the second, bifid."

Wearied of taking down all these profound and imposing words, I could no longer refrain from jerking the elbow of G——, and asking what the deuce the man was talking about.

"Of the itch and its parasites," replied G——, so gravely, that I shouted with laughter, till my notes fell from my hand. G—— picked them up, and, regardless of my gaiety, more attentive than ever to the mountebank's lecture, took down his words, in the absorbed and Raphael-like attitude of a disciple of the School of Athens.

The peasants, more and more bewildered, shared the beatified admiration of G——; for the extremes of science and ignorance meet in the extreme of simplicity.

The dialogue of the formidable mountebank had completely mystified the unsophisticated natives of Petit Sou. The populace, like children, admire what they do not understand; they delight in the obscure, ludicrous, and declamatory style. The more ignorant a man, the more he prefers the obscure; the more barbarous his mind, the more he likes the complex. Nothing is less simple than a savage. The idioms of the Hurons, Botocodus, and Chesapeake, are so many forests of consonants; through which, half engulfed in the mud of ill-digested ideas, are strained huge and hideous words, just as the antediluvian monsters wallowed amid the inextricable vegetation of the primitive world.

The Algonquins express the brief and pleasing word "France" "*Mittigouchiuekendalakiank*!"

The moment the doors were open, the impatient crowd rushed in to behold the promised wonders. The *mittigouchiuekendalakiank* of mountebanks are usually merged in a shower of pence, or more exalted coin, according to the order of the people they have addressed.

An hour afterwards we resumed our walk, and reached the border of a small copse. G—— had not yet addressed a single word to me, in spite of all my efforts at conversation. Suddenly waking from his absorption, and as if replying to himself, he said: "And he spoke so well too!"

"On the itch?" said I, timidly. "On the itch!" replied G—— with philosophical firmness; gravely adding, "That man made some excellent microscopic observations—real discoveries!"

I ventured to observe, that he had perhaps studied the subject on the person of the Egyptian who officiated as his valet and musician. But G—— still pondering, exclaimed, "How prodigious! What a melancholy subject of meditation! A disease that follows man into the grave! The human skeleton itself infected by the itch!" And he was again silent.

"Such a man is wanted in the third class of the Institute," was his next observation. "There are many Academicians, who are mountebanks; here we have a mountebank worthy to be an Academician!"

Methinks, my dear friend, I see you laughing, and inquiring in your turn, "Is this all? What a striking adventure! Boast, if you will, of your pedestrian travelling, which brings you acquainted with a herd of bears, and a rogue of a juggler, who, in the interval of swallowing a sword, compares the vermin of the camel with that of mankind, inflicting on country bumpkins a lecture upon comparative itch. A good travelling carriage is wretched work after such glorious diversions!"

As you please. For my part I know not whether it be the emanations proceeding from the springtide and heyday of youth which render those reminiscences delightful; but I own they still possess an inexpressible charm! Laugh, if you will, at the foot-

traveller. I am always ready to start; and if such adventure happened to me again this very day, should be more than satisfied.

Such encounters, however, are unfrequent, and when I set out on foot, provided the sky be clear, the villages cheerful, the grass pearled with dew, the laborer at work in the fields, the sun shining in the heavens, and the birds singing on the boughs, I thank the mercy of God, and require no other recreation.

The other day, at five in the morning, having given orders for forwarding my baggage to Bingen, I left Lorch and crossed to the opposite side of the Rhine. If ever you go that road, follow my example. The Roman, Gothic, and Gaulish remains possess far more interest for the pedestrian than the slate of the right bank.

At six o'clock I rested myself, after a fatiguing ascent, through vineyards and brush-wood, upon a volcanic ridge which overlooks the castle of Fürstenberg and the valley of the Diebach. I have already stated that the huge tower of Fürstenberg is said to be round without and hexagonal within. From the spot where I stood, I saw deep into the tower, and can affirm, if the thing interest you, that it is round both inside and out. Its elevation is prodigious, and its outline singular. Having immense embattlements, and narrowing from the base to the summit, without apertures of any kind, except long loop-holes, it resembles the mysterious and massive donjons of Samarcand, Calicut, or Canganor; and you would sooner expect to behold on the summit of this all but Hindoo structure the Maharadja of Lahore, or Zamorin of Malabar, than Louis of Bavaria or Gustavus of Sweden.

Nevertheless, this ancient citadel has played an important part in the history of European warfare. Just as I was reflecting upon the variety of ladders successively applied to the ribs of this stone giant, and upon the triple siege of the Bavarians in 1321, the Swedes in 1632, and the French in 1689, a woodpecker was rapidly running up its walls! What produced the mistake of the antiquarians is a turret which defends the citadel on the side of the mountain, which, round without, is crowned at its summit with embattlements divided into six compartments. They mistook the turret for the tower, and the outside for the in.

At this early hour of the morning, thanks to the heavy fog, I only distinguished the summit of the donjon, the outline of the

wall, and the high crests of the hills. Beneath me the landscape was hid under a white mist, illumined by the rays of the sun, as if a cloud had descended to the earth. As I heard seven strike by the clock of Rheindiebach, a hamlet at the foot of the Fürstenberg, the woodpecker flew off, and I rose from my seat. During my descent the mist ascended, and I reached the village at the same time with the rays of the sun. Some minutes afterwards, I had left it behind, having forgotten to interrogate the famous echo of its ravine; and paced gaily along the Rhine, exchanging nods with the young artists proceeding towards Bacharach, their baggage on their backs. Whenever I meet three young men, ill-accoutred, walking together on foot, their eyes sparkling as if reflecting the faery realms of the future, I cannot refrain from praying for the realization of their dreams, and remembering the three brothers, Cadénet, Luynes, and Brandes, who, two hundred years ago, set out one fine morning for the court of Henri IV., having but one cloak for the three, each of them wearing it in turn; and who, fifteen years later, under Louis XIII., were the Duke of Chaulnes, the Connétable de Luynes, and the Duke of Luxembourg!—Dream on, young men, and push forward!—Your time may come!

These travelling parties of three seem to be the fashion on the Rhine, for I had scarcely gone half a league, near Niederheimbach, when I again met three young men journeying on foot. They were evidently students from one of those noble universities which at once foster old Teutonia and civilize young Germany. These youths wear the classical cap, long hair, a waist-girdle, and close surtout; have a staff in their hand and a porcelain pipe in their mouths; and, like the artists, a knapsack on their shoulders. Upon the pipe of the youngest a coat of arms was painted. They seemed engaged in warm discussion, as were the artists near Bacharach. As they passed me, one of them cried out, taking off his cap, "*Dic nobis, domine, in qua parte corporis animam veteres locant philosophi?*" I replied, saluting him, "*In corde Plato, in sanguine Empedocles, inter duo supercilia Lucretius.*" All three smiled, and the eldest exclaimed, "*Vivat Gallia regina!*" To which I replied, "*Vivat Germania mater!*" and with another bow we parted.

I approve the custom of travelling in parties of three:—a pair of lovers, if you will; but always a trio of friends!

Above Niederheimbach are seen the tips of the trees of the gloomy forests of Sann or Sonn, among whose venerable oaks stand two ruined castles, Heimberg, which was Roman, and Sonnech, the stronghold of banditti. The Emperor Rodolph destroyed the latter, and time the former. A still more lonely ruin lies concealed among the mountains, called Falkenberg.

I left, as I told you, the village behind me. The sun was ardent, while the reviving breeze from the Rhine was become heated in its turn. To my right was an outlet from a charming defile between two rocks, swarming with birds; a brook of spring-water swollen by the rains, falling from rock to rock, assuming the airs of a torrent, sweeping away daisies and exterminating gnats, while forming noisy cascades among the stones. Beside the stream lay a path partly concealed by wild flowers, amaranthis, bindweed, wild pinks, and Solomon's-seal, welcome to the eyes of the poet.

There are moments when I could almost believe in the intelligence of inanimate things; and it seemed as if in this ravine a host of voices murmured to me, "Whither goest thou? To seek a spot apart from mankind, and where traces of the divinity abound, that thou mayest establish the equilibrium of thy soul by that of solitude? Thou wouldst fain have light and shade, peace and vitality, change yet serenity; thou seekest the spot where the word reigneth in silence, where life is on the surface of things and eternity in their depths; thou lovest the desert, yet hatest not mankind; thou seekest the grass and moss, moist leaves, sap-swollen branches, warbling birds, rippling waters, and fragrant perfumes. Behold, therefore, and enter; for lo! this path deserves to be thy road."

Thus urged I proceeded on my way. To describe what I felt in that lonely spot; how the bees sang round the purple foxglove; how the copper-hued necrophoræ and the blue beetles took refuge in microscopic cells hollowed by the rains under the roots and briars; what wings fluttered against the leaves; what sprung with a dull sound in the moss; what twittered in the nests; the indistinct murmur of vegetation, mineralization, and mysterious

fecundization; the gaudiness of the beetles, the industry of the bee, the gaiety of the grasshoppers, the patience of the spiders; the aroma, hues, blossoms, moans, distinct cries, contests of insects, catastrophes of ant-hills, the dramas proceeding in the grass, the exhalations breathing from the rocks, the sun-rays smiling through the boughs, tears distilling from flowers, revelations issuing from all; the calm harmonious working of all these beings and things, living nearer to the Almighty, to all appearance, than man himself:—to describe all this, my dear friend, would be to paint the ineffable, invisible, and infinite of the creation. As in the ravines of St. Goarhausen, I wandered with a soul full of worship and prayer. Ask me not of what I thought! There are moments in which thought itself sinks oppressed by the confusion of the thousand new images and instincts. Amid these lonely mountains, everything flattered my fancy and harmonized with my imagination; verdure, ruins, phantoms, landscapes, reminiscences, the memories of those who have vanished in these solitudes, the history which once irradiated their solitude, the sun which brightens it still.

"Like myself," thought I, "Cæsar perhaps once reached this stream, followed by the soldier who bore his sword. Almost all the voices which have swayed human intelligence, have invoked the echoes of the Rheingau and Taunus. These mountains are the same which rose to the sky when Prince Thomas Aquinas, so long surnamed *bos mutus*, first preached the doctrines in which his roar re-echoed through the world. '*Dedit in doctrinâ mugitum quod in toto mundo sonavit.*' Over these hills did John Huss, foreseeing Luther, as if the rent of the veil of the Temple at the last hour disclosed the mysteries of futurity, breathe from his burning pile at Constance his prophetic warning. 'To-day, you only roast a goose.* But a hundred years hence, the swan shall rise from its ashes!' And lo! a hundred years afterwards, at the hour predicted, Luther sent forth his formidable fiat: 'Rather let the princes, bishops, monasteries, cloisters, churches, and palaces be destroyed, than that one soul should perish!'"

It seemed to me, that in this wilderness the ruins put forth their

* Huss has the signification of 'goose.'

voices to reply, "Oh, Luther! the bishops, princes, monasteries, churches, palaces, have obeyed thy bidding." Compared with those inexhaustible and vital things which grow, bud, and flower, from age to age, and conceal her under their eternal vegetation—say! is History great or insignificant? Decide the question if you can!

For my part, I feel that contact with Nature, which approaches so nearly to the divinity, sometimes heightens, sometimes depresses the dignity of man. It is something for us to be proud of, that we possess an intellectual existence, apart from the rest, having its own laws, effects, and purposes, and taking its ground among the higher works of the creation. In presence of an ancient oak full of centuries but full of sap and vigor, thick with foliage and populous with birds, it is something to have the superior power of recalling to mind the shade that once was Luther, the spectre that was John Huss, the soul of departed Cæsar.

I must confess, however, that at one moment of my walk every reminiscence had vanished from my mind, where man had ceased to exist, for God reigned supreme in my heart. I had reached the summit of a high hill covered with brushwood, having somewhat the appearance of the ilex of Provence, while at my feet was a wilderness, a beautiful wilderness: I saw nothing more beautiful throughout my excursion on the Rhine.

I forget the name of the place, but as far as the eye could reach were intermingled mountains, meadows, soft mists of various hues, streams of gold subsiding into the distant blue of the horizon, enchanted forests waving their verdant plumes, remote distances diapered with light and shade. It was one of those favored spots where Nature exhibits her marvellous variety of hues, rivalling the vain-glorious gorgeousness of a peacock's tail. Behind the hill where I sat, upon an eminence covered with pines, chestnut-trees, and maples, I detected a solitary ruin, a colossal mass of brown basalt. One might have conceived it to be a mere mass of lava, shaped by a giant's hand into the form of a citadel. Curious to examine this mysterious structure, I hastened towards the ruins. An antiquary, who describes a ruin much as a lover draws the portrait of his mistress, while he delights himself, is most likely to weary other people. To indifferent persons all

women, as well as all ruins, are the same. I do not promise, however, utterly to abstain from describing old edifices, for I know you are a passionate lover of both art and history, as becomes a man pertaining to the intellectual, not to the vulgar herd. On the present occasion, however, I will only refer you to my circumstantial picture of the *Maus*, and you will readily conceive the same brambled walls, broken roofs, disfigured windows, and, above all, four or five grim, black, formidable old hags of towers.

I was wandering among these ruins, seeking, routing, questioning, and overthrowing, in the hope of finding some inscription tending to point out a fact, or some sculpture assigning a date, when, through an aperture, formerly a door, I noticed a passage under a vault, and a single ray of light penetrating through a crevice. I entered, and found myself in a loopholed chamber, the form of whose openings proved that it had been used for the discharge of falconets and other ancient pieces of ordnance.

On looking through a loophole, I discovered below a gloomy valley, or rather rent in the mountain, once traversed by a bridge, of which one arch remains. On one side, detached earth and rocks, on the other, water, apparently blackened by its basaltic bottom, seemed to precipitate themselves towards the ravine. A few stunted trees shaded a grass plot, rank as the verdure of a cemetery. I know not whether it was illusion or the effect of the shade and wind, but I thought I perceived upon the high grass enlarged circles, slightly defined, as if some mysterious nocturnal rounds had trampled it here and there. This valley is both solitary and gloomy; one might fancy it destined for sinister purposes, and that in the darkness evil and supernatural deeds are there perpetrated. Even in the noonday sunshine it seems stricken with sadness and horror.

In such a valley one discerns, even in the day-time, that the chill and gloomy hours of night have passed over its head, bequeathing to the very odor of the grass, to the color of the earth, and to the form of the rocks, their vague, dreary, and oppressive influence.


As I was about to leave the vaulted chamber, the angle of a tumular stone protruding from the rubbish fixed my eyes; I stooped, of course, to examine it—with what anxiety, you may


readily imagine. I was perhaps about to receive the explanation I desired concerning the origin and name of this mysterious castle.

Carefully removing the rubbish, I discovered a beautiful sepulchral slab of the fourteenth century, in red Heilbron freestone; upon which lay, in almost full relief, a knight armed *cap-a-pie*, with the head only deficient. Under the feet of this warrior were inscribed, in Roman capitals, these words, somewhat defaced, but not entirely erased :

VOX TACVIT PERIIT LVX NOX RVIT ET RVIT VMBA
VIR CARET IN TVMBA QVO CARET EFFIGIES.

After the perusal, I knew perhaps less than before ! The castle was an enigma, of which I wanted to find the solution ; and to which I had now obtained the key, in an inscription without date, an epitaph without a name, and a knight without a head : a confused and unpromising solution, you must allow.

To whom could this doleful and somewhat barbarous distich refer ? If one must believe the second line upon the sepulchral slab, the skeleton beneath, like the figure above, was also headless. What is the meaning of the three X's detached from the inscription in great letters ? On looking more closely, and wiping away the dust from the slab with a handful of grass, I discovered more strange characters ; three ciphers inscribed in three different places : the one on the right, XXX ; another on the left,  and the last,

 These three ciphers are but three different

combinations of the same monogram. Each is composed of the three X's which the engraver has made prominent in the inscription. Had this tomb been in Brittany, it might have alluded to the Combat of the Thirty ; had it been of the seventeenth century, the three X's might have referred to the Thirty Years' War ; but in Germany, and in the fourteenth century, what possible meaning could they have ? Or was the employment of this funeral cipher, rendering all problems insoluble, purely accidental. I confess I was thoroughly at fault.

I remembered, however, that this mysterious mode of alluding

to the memory of those who are decapitated, has been in use at all periods and with all people. At Venice, in the ducal gallery of the great council, a black frame fills the place of the fifty-seventh doge ; while above, the relentless republic has inscribed this sinister memento :

“ *Locvs Marini Falieri decapitati.* ”

In Egypt, when the weary traveller arrives at Biban-el-Molouk, he finds in the sand, among the ruined palaces and temples, a mysterious sepulchre, that of Rhamsés V., upon which is inscribed a hieroglyphic signifying to the people of the desert, “ who is without a head.”

But in Egypt, as at Venice—at the ducal palace, as at Biban-el-Molouk—one knows where one is ; and that the legend relates to Marino Faliero or Rhamsés V. But here I knew neither the place nor the man ! My curiosity was at the highest pitch ; and this dumb, mysterious spot put me almost out of temper. One cannot concede to a ruin or a tomb the privilege of such profound silence.

When about to quit the vault, enchanted to have discovered so curious a monument, but disappointed in deriving so little advantage therefrom, a sound of loud and mirthful voices suddenly assailed my ears. In their dialogue I distinguished the words, “ Fall of the mountain ; ” “ Subterranean passage ; ” “ Very ugly footpath ; ” and a moment afterwards, as I was quitting the tomb, three slim young ladies dressed in white, having lovely faces, with blue eyes and fair hair, stepped suddenly into the vault, and on seeing me halted in the sunbeam that struck across the sill. What more enchanting to the eyes of a man ruminating on a tomb, than such an apparition in such a light ! A poet had every right to behold in them angels and seraphs. I own, however, that I saw in them only English women. I must also confess that the very prosaic idea of inquiring of these angels the name of the castle suggested itself to my mind. I argued thus : “ These English ladies—for so they must be, being fair and beautiful—are probably come on a party of pleasure from some part of the surrounding neighborhood ; Bingen, or Rüdesheim. The castle is the object of their excursion, and they must have been pre-

acquainted with the spot thus selected." This reasoning decided me; there only remained to hazard the attempt at conversation, and I resorted to the most awkward pretext for the purpose. Having opened my sketch-book, in order to appear at my ease, I called to my aid the little English of which I am master, and looking through a loophole at the landscape, murmured, as if to myself, the following ejaculations: "Beautiful view! Very fine! Charming waterfall!" &c., &c. The young ladies, who had been at first alarmed at finding me there, now began to whisper and laugh among themselves. They appeared to be charming girls, though I was evidently the object of their quizzing. I therefore cut short all ceremony, and though pronouncing English like an Irishman, advanced towards the group, and addressing myself most courteously to the eldest of the three, "Miss," said I, correcting the laconism of the phrase by the prolongation of my obeisance, "What is, if you please, the name of this castle?"

The beautiful creature smiled. As I deserved and expected a shout of laughter, I was grateful for such mercy. Then looking at her two companions, and slightly blushing, she replied in legitimate French, "Sir, this castle is that of Falkenberg. So at least we have been informed by a goatherd, who is talking to my father in the great tower. If you like to go there, you will find them."

The fair strangers were French, not English! Her neat and well-expressed language had immediately so convinced me: but the beautiful girl added, "There is no need of our speaking English, for we are French, as well as yourself."

"How did you find me out to be a Frenchman?" was my next inquiry.

"By your English, sir," replied the youngest girl. But her eldest sister assumed a look of reproof, if beauty, grace, youth, innocence, and joy, can ever assume such looks. I was laughing, however, in my turn.

"But you yourselves were speaking English just now, ladies," said I.

"Only to amuse ourselves; or rather, to improve ourselves," observed the elder. This authoritative rectification was lost upon the younger lady, who ran towards the tomb, and raising her gown to avoid the stones, exhibited the prettiest feet in the world.

"Come hither," she exclaimed; "here is a statue on the ground without a head. It is a man." "A knight," observed the eldest, who had joined her; and again a kind of reproach modified the tone of voice in which it was uttered; as if implying, "Sister, a young person ought never to say 'a man.' It is more decent to say 'a knight!'"

This is the way with all women. They recoil from images which, when properly clothed with words, they accept without scruple. The naked word, however, does not suffice—the raw word disgusts them. There must be paraphrases, and the phrases of polished life must be brought into requisition. Later, *too late*, they find out how much signification may exist in the *all but*, which approaches the simple fact. Most women slide, and many fall, upon the dangerous ground of half-defined expressions.

The slight distinction made by the two sisters, between "it is a *man*,"—"it is a *knight*," expressed the state of their young hearts. The one was profoundly asleep; the other wide awake. The eldest of the sisters was already a woman; the younger a child. Yet there were but two years difference between them! The youngest of the three alone had the character of girlhood. Since they came into the vault she had blushed a great deal, smiled a little, and said nothing.

Meanwhile all three stooped over the tomb, and the fantastic reverberation of the sunbeams defined their beautiful profiles upon the granite. A moment before, I wanted to learn the name of the phantom below; now all I wished for was that of these beautiful girls: and I can scarcely describe my feelings, perplexed by these two mysteries; the one fraught with terror, the other with delight.

By dint of listening to their gentle whispers, I caught the name of one of them, that of the youngest and prettiest, a creation resembling the princess of a fairy tale. Her long fair eyelashes concealed deep blue eyes, without, however, veiling their lustre. There she stood, betwixt her elder and her younger sister, like modesty between grace and innocence—a soft reflection of both. She looked at me twice, but without a word; she was the only one of the three whose voice I had not heard, though the only one whose name I knew. For I had heard her younger

sister whisper to her, "Look, dear Stella!" and never till then recognized the beauty and charm of that name of the stars. The youngest made her observations aloud: "Poor man! (the reprimand was already forgotten) they seem to have cut off his head. In the olden time they had little scruple about cutting off heads." Then suddenly interrupting herself, "Oh! here is the epitaph; but it is Latin! *Vox—tacuit—perit—lux*. How difficult it is to read: I should so much like to know what it means!"

"Let us go to my father," said the eldest, "who will explain it:" and away they flew like three wild roes.

They did not deign so much as address themselves to me for the interpretation: my English having, no doubt, given them but an unfavorable idea of my Latin! There happened, however, to be some mortar left upon the tomb, levelled with a trowel; and having taken up my pencil, upon that opportune page I traced the following lines:—

" Dans la nuit la voix s'est tuée,
L'ombre éteignit le flambeau;
Ce que manque à la statue
Manque à l'homme en son tombeau!"

The young ladies had not been gone two minutes, when I heard exclamations of "This way, this way! father." I therefore hastily finished my last line, and escaped.

Whether they found my explanation, I know not. I wandered about the ruins, and saw them no more.

Neither did I discover the name of the decapitated knight. A cruel destiny his! What crime had he committed, that man should have doomed him to death, and providence to oblivion? Obscurity upon obscurity! His statue was deprived of its head—his name erased from the legend—his history from the memory of man! Doubtless the sepulchral stone itself will soon be reduced to atoms. Some vine-dresser from Sonneck or Rupertsberg will one day or other disperse in dust the bones which perhaps it still covers, and, cutting the tomb in two, convert it into the doorway of a public-house;—and the peasants will drink, the old women spin, and the children dance round the statue decapitated by the headsman and sawn asunder by the mason.

For in these times, in Germany, as in France, ruins are turned to account ; and out of old palaces they construct new hovels.

Alas ! old laws and old communities are subject to nearly the same species of transformation ! Let us look on, meditate, and be content ! There is a providence over the fall of a sparrow !

Still, I sometimes cannot choose but ask myself, Why is it that the poor wretch, not content with the superiority of being alive, always retains a sort of jealousy of the sovereign who lies dead and buried ?

But I am rambling away from Falkenberg. Let us return to our castle. It was delightful to find myself in this nest of legends, and to be able to address myself boldly to these tottering towers, still standing on their feet, though dead, and letting fall their mouldering limbs upon the grass. But as you may not know the various adventures of which this famous castle was the scene, I will relate them. I thought especially of Guntram and Liba. It was upon that very bridge that Guntram met two men bearing a coffin ; it was on those very stairs that Liba threw herself laughing into his arms. A coffin ? No, that coffin was a nuptial couch !

It was near yonder chimney, still adhering to the wall without flooring or ceiling, that stood the couch she pointed out to him. It was in the court, now overgrown with hemlock, that Guntram, leading his bride to the altar, saw before him, visible for *him* alone, a knight in black mail and a veiled lady. In that dilapidated chapel, where living lizards now creep over lizards carved in marble, at the very moment he was putting on her finger the consecrated ring, an icy hand seized his—the hand of the maiden of the castle, who used to comb her hair all night in the forest, singing beside an open grave. It was in that vault that Guntram expired, and that Liba died of witnessing his death. Ruins give rise to legends ; but legends confer on ruins immortality in return. I remained many hours amid all this desolation, seated under impenetrable verdure, indulging in a vague current of ideas. *Spiritus loci*. My next letter will perhaps convey them to you. About three o'clock, I grew hungry, and thanks to the goatherd of whom the fair travellers had spoken, reached a village on the Rhine ; I believe, Trechlingshausen, the ancient

Trajani castrum. I could find nothing but a beer-house, and, to appease my hunger, a tough leg of mutton, which a student who was there smoking assured me had been already abandoned as a hopeless case by a hungry Englishman. I did not answer, like Marshal Créquy before the Genoese fortress of Gavi, "That which Barbarossa (or red-beard) could not take, the Greybeard will!" But I set to work and conquered the mutton.

About sunset I set out again; the landscape, though rugged, was beautiful. Having left behind me the Gothic chapel of St. Clement, to my right was the right bank of the Rhine, all slate and vineyards; and the last rays of the sun cast their red reflections upon the far-famed hills of Assmanshausen, at the foot of which a cloud of smoke pointed out to me Aulhausen, the village of the potteries. Above the road I was following, stood in echelon, from hill to hill, three castles: Reichenstein and Rheinstein, demolished by Rodolph of Hapsburg, and rebuilt by the Count Palatine; and Vaugtsberg, inhabited, in 1458, by Kuno of Falkenstein, and lately restored by Prince Frederick of Prussia.

The Vaugtsberg played a prominent part in the feudal wars. The Archbishop of Mayence mortgaged it to the Emperor of Germany, for forty thousand livres of Tours. This reminds me that Thibaut, Count of Champagne, not knowing how to acquit himself towards the Queen of Cyprus, sold to his beloved lord, Louis, King of France, the counties of Chartres, Blois, Sancerne, and the viscounty of Châteaudun for the like sum—about the price a retired tradesman now pays for his retreat in the neighborhood of Paris.

I paid but little attention, however, to the landscape; and since the approach of evening, entertained only a single idea—that before arriving at Bingen I could see, at the confluence of Nahe, a curious edifice in ruins, standing solitarily among the rushes in the midst of the river, betwixt two high mountains. This ruin is the Matsethurm.

In my childhood there was an old woodcut suspended near my bed, hung up there by an old German nurse, which represented an ancient, mouldering, isolated ruin, amidst fogs and mountains. The sky was charged with black and threatening clouds,

and every evening, after offering up my prayers, and previous to closing my eyes, I used to gaze till the last moment upon the woodcut. In the night I saw it in my dreams, and connected it with terrible ideas. The tower seemed immense. Water poured, and lightning fell from the clouds, while the wind from the mountains seemed to groan heavily. One day I inquired of the nurse the name of the tower ; to which she answered, making the sign of the cross, "The *Maüsethurm* !" Then she related to me, how, in older times at Mayence, there was once a wicked archbishop named Hatto, also abbot of Fulda ; "a covetous priest," said she, "opening the hand to bestow benedictions rather than benefactions." In a year of scarcity he bought up all the corn, in order to sell it dear to the people. Then came famine, and the peasants along the Rhine were all dying of hunger, so that they crowded round the burgh of Mayence, crying aloud for bread, which the archbishop haughtily denied. The story now becomes dreadful. The starving people, refusing to disperse, thronged the archbishop's palace ; when, lo ! the enraged Hatto surrounded them with his archer guard, who, seizing the men, women, and children, shut them up in a barn, and set fire to it ; a scene, said the old lady, "that would have melted rocks of stone." Hatto, however, only laughed, and on hearing the wretched beings scream in the flames, remarked, "'Tis but the squeaking of rats !" The barn was now in ashes, and Mayence unpeopled and deserted ; when suddenly a multitude of rats swarmed forth from the barn, like worms from the sores of Ahasuerus, making their way through the fissures of the walls, defying the foot that spurned them, multiplying at every moment, inundating the streets, citadel, and palace, cellars and chambers ; in fact, a divine plague and visitation ! Hatto fled from Mayence, pursued by the rats into the fields, and took refuge in Bingen, which was surrounded by lofty walls. It was there the archbishop had built a tower in the middle of the Rhine, to which he proceeded in a boat, round which his archers beat the water. But, lo ! the rats also took to the river, crossed the Rhine, clambered up the tower, gnawed the doors, windows, roofs, ceilings, and floors, and finding their way to the lower ditch, in which the cruel bishop was hid, devoured him alive !

The malediction of heaven and indignation of man have laid the finger of scorn upon that fatal tower, now called the *Mäusethurm*. It stands deserted and decaying in the middle of the river, and a reddish vapor is sometimes seen at night issuing from the walls, like the smoke of a furnace; according to the superstition of the spot, the soul of Hatto returning to haunt its scene of condemnation.

Did you ever remark, that history is often immoral, while tales and fictions are moral, virtuous, and decent? In history, the law of the strongest is always good; tyrants are victorious, and headsmen prosper; the monstrous fatten; the Syllas become honest burghers, and Louis XI. and Cromwell die quietly in their bed. Fictions always command a view of the infernal regions; no delinquency but what has its chastisement; no crime but it ensures its penalty; no sinner but eventually becomes penitent, or meets with his fitting doom. This arises from history moving in infinite space, and fiction being restricted to the finite. The author of a fiction does not assume the right of laying down the facts without exposing the consequences: for he works in the dark; is sure of nothing; must teach, advise, expound; and would not dare invent incidents without an immediate conclusion. God, who creates history, divulges only what seemeth to Him good! The consequences of historical events often lie at too wide a distance from their origin to be readily retraceable.

Mäusethurm is an appropriate name. One finds there all that it promises. But there are minds which consider themselves matter of fact, and are simply barren; which would fain extinguish all the poetry of life, and say to the imagination as the gardener did to the nightingale, "Will you *never* be quiet, stupid beast?"

Such people as these pretend that the name of *Mäusethurm* comes from *Mäuse* or *Mauth*, signifying *toll*; and pretend that, in the tenth century, before the river was widened, the Rhine was only navigable on the left side, and that the town of Bingen exacted, by means of this tower, a toll from all the craft upon the river. They back this assertion by the fact of there being two such towers close to Strasbourg, devoted to such a purpose; and, in like manner, called "*Mäusethurme*." For such grave reasoners,

utterly inaccessible to legendary lore, the town must remain a toll-bar, and Hatto a custom-house officer!

For all well-thinking old women, myself among the rest, Mäusethurm derives its name from *mäuse*, which is derived from *mus*, which means a rat; and for *us*, the pretended toll and custom-house officer are mere vulgar fictions.

After all, the two opinions may be reconciled; for about the sixteenth or seventeenth century, after Luther and Erasmus, the municipal authorities may have utilized the tower of Hatto, and installed some tollage in the haunted tower. Why not? Rome established her custom-house in the temple of Antoninus; and the outrage she offered to history Bingen may have offered to tradition! By this rule, *Mauth* would be right, and *Mäuse* wrong. However it may be, ever since my old nurse related to me the story of Hatto, it has remained one of the familiar visions of my mind. Every man has his favorite phantoms, just as all have their hobbies. Night is the realm of dreams. Sometimes a gleam, at others a flame, brightens our souls. The self-same dream may bring "airs from heaven," and "blasts from hell!" Imagination throws up her Bengal lights, coloring all things with their fantastic hue.

I must observe that the Mause tower always appeared to me a tale of especial horror; and that when my fancy urged me towards the Rhine, my first thought was neither the Cathedral of Cologne, the dome of Mayence, nor the Pfalz, but the Mause tower! Imagine therefore the feelings of a poor credulous poet, as well as impassioned antiquary, when, twilight having succeeded the parting day, the hills became less defined, the trees black, with a few stars twinkling thereon, the Rhine murmuring unseen, and the road fore-shortened as night approached, losing itself, as it were, in mist a few steps before me. I walked slowly on, my eyes peering into the obscurity. I knew I was approaching the Mäusethurm, that mysterious ruin till now an hallucination, which was about to become a reality.

A Chinese proverb says, "Strain the bow, and the arrow swerves!" Such is the case with the mind. By degrees the vapor called reverie mounted into my brain. The rustle of the foliage was hushed. The faint ring of the distant forge clinked

in my ear from afar off; and, lost in the vague current of my ideas, I forgot both rats and mice, the toll and the archbishop, and listened, as I walked along, to the remote clang of the anvil, which, among the varying voices of evening, of all others wakes in my mind the wildest range of ideas. Even when it had ceased, I seemed to hear it still, and at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, I had composed the following effusion, as a sort of accompaniment to my measured march:—

L'Amour forgeait. Au bruit de son enclume,
Tous les oiseaux, troublés, rouvraient les yeux;
Car c'était l'heure où se répand la brume,
Où sur les monts, comme un feu qui s'allume,
Brille Vénus, l'escarboucle des cieux.

La grieve au nid, la caille en son champ d'orge,
S'interrogeaient, disant: Que fait-il là?
Que forge-t-il si tard?—Un rouge-gorge
Leur répondit: Moi je sais ce qu'il forge;
C'est un regard qu'il a pris à Stella.

Et les oiseaux, riant du jeune maître,
De s'écrier: Amour, que ferez-vous
De ce regard qu'aucun fiel ne pénètre?
Il est trop pur pour vous servir, o traître!
Pour vous servir, méchant, il est trop doux!

Mais Cupidon, parmi les étincelles,
Leur dit: Dormez, petits oiseaux des bois.
Couvrez vos œufs et répliez vos ailes,
Les purs regards sont mes flèches mortelles;
Les plus doux yeux sont mes pires carquois.

Just as I had strung my verses to an end, suddenly turning, I halted, when lo! at my feet lay the Rhine, crushing through the bushes, hoarse and impetuous; to the right and left were mountains, or rather dense masses of darkness, their summits vanishing in the clouds, which here and there were transpierced by them—the horizon forming a vast curtain of shade.

In the middle of the river, in the distance, rose from the still and dead waters a high black tower of hideous form; from the summit of which proceeded, by fits and starts, a reddened nebu-

losity. This gleam, resembling the reverberation of some red-hot pipe or furnace, threw out its glare upon the hills, setting forth on the right bank an isolated ruin,—the lengthening shadow of which was reflected in the water, even to my feet. Imagine, if possible, this sinister landscape, defined by such singular effects of light and shade. Not a voice or cry of bird intruded upon the chill and mournful silence, save the monotonous ripple of the Rhine.

The Mäusethurm was before me ! I had conceived it to be more imposing. All was there that I could require—the solemn night, the trembling reeds, the roar of the Rhine, as though hydras were hissing under its waters ; the fitful moaning of the wind, the red glare from the tower, the soul of Hatto ! And yet I was disappointed ! No matter ! I clung to the work of my fancy ; and a work of fancy it was fated to remain.

I felt inclined, in spite of the lateness of the hour, and without waiting for day-light, to visit the edifice. The apparition was before my eyes, the night dark, the pale phantom of the archbishop visible in the water. Surely this was the very moment to visit this formidable tower.

But how was I to proceed ? where to find a boat ? At such an hour, and in such a place, to swim across the Rhine was too great an effort for the sake of a spectre. Besides, had I been a first-rate swimmer, and rash enough for the attempt, within a few yards of the spot is the well known whirlpool of Bingerloch, which formerly swallowed up vessels with as much ease as a shark a herring, and to which the best of swimmers would prove a mere gudgeon. I was consequently somewhat perplexed !

On my road towards the ruin, I recalled to mind that the vibrations of the silver bell, and the ghosts of the donjon of Velmich, do not prevent excellent vines from flourishing near the walls, and that it was to be presumed the river, even here, must contain fish. I might therefore probably find the hut of some salmon-fisher at hand. As the vinedressers defy Falkenstein and its Mäuse, the fishermen may well confront the Hatto and his rats !

I was not mistaken. Nevertheless I proceeded some distance without success, reached the nearest point to the ruin, and, on passing it, found myself at the confluence of the Nahe. Already

I had begun to despair of my purpose, when, on approaching the willows on the bank, I perceived one of those spider-like nets I have already mentioned. A few paces off a boat was moored, in which lay a man enveloped in a blanket. I woke him up, and pointed to the tower, but he did not understand me. I then showed him a Saxon dollar, a sign which he understood in a moment; and some minutes afterwards we were gliding along like two spectres, in the direction of the Mäusethurm.

As we approached the tower from the middle of the river, it appeared to diminish in consequence of the breadth of the Rhine. This effect was of short duration. As I got into the boat above the tower, the current soon carried us thither; my eyes being fixed on the red glare still issuing from the summit of the tower, which I now saw increase in size at every stroke of the oar, so as to become really imposing.

On a sudden I felt the boat bend beneath me, and the shock jerked my cane from out of my hands. I looked towards my companion; who, steering coolly on by the sinister guidance of the glowing Mäusethurm, said aloud "*Bingerloch!*" We were passing the whirlpool!

The boat swerved, the man rose, and seizing a pole with one hand, and a rope with the other, plunged the first into the water, and leaning on it with all his weight, ran along the plank on the side; I felt the boat grate harshly against the rocks beneath!

This difficult manœuvre was executed with marvellous dexterity, and without uttering a word. Suddenly withdrawing his pole from the water, he held it up horizontally, and threw out a rope into the water. The boat immediately stopped. We were arrived.

There stood the lonely and formidable Mäusethurm, with its base deeply furrowed, as if the rats of the legend had gnawed through the very stones!

The glare had now become a fierce and brilliant flame, throwing forth its rays far and wide, and bursting from the crevices and fissures of the tower, as if through the holes of a gigantic magic-lantern. I seemed to hear within a harsh and continuous noise as if from grinding. I now landed, and bade the boatman wait for me, and approached the ruin.

I had at last then attained the object of my wishes. *This* was the rat-swarming tower of Hatto, close to me, before my very eyes. I was literally on the threshold, able to touch, feel, pluck the grass from the very stones of the nightmare of my youth! Yes! an embodied nightmare, real and genuine, was before me. What extraordinary sensations must arise from so strange a contact!

The front before which I was standing had a glazed loop-hole, and four windows of unequal sizes; two on the second, and two on the third story. At about the height of a man's head, under the lower windows, was a low wide door, open, and communicating with the ground by means of a heavy ladder with only three steps. From this door issued more light than from the windows. As I proceeded towards it with caution, over the sharp and pointed rocks, something round and black passed rapidly by me, almost between my feet, and I could have fancied it to be an enormous rat flying towards the reeds. I still heard the hoarse grinding within, and, in a few more strides, found myself before the door.

This door, which the architect of the wicked bishop had constructed high above the soil, to render the access more difficult to the rats, had formed the entrance to the lower room of the tower, when it had upper and lower rooms. But now both floors and ceilings have fallen in, and the tower of Mäusethurm has four high walls, rubbish for floor, and the sky for roof. I looked however into the space from which I had heard the grinding, and seen so strange a light; and there observed two men in an angle, their backs turned towards me; the one bending, the other leaning upon a kind of rod, which by a slight exercise of the imagination might have been converted into an instrument of torture. Their arms and feet were naked, covered with rags, with a leather apron to the knees, and a hooded jacket on their back. One was old and grey, the other young, with light hair, reddened by the reflection from a vast furnace in the opposite angle of the building. The hood of the old man inclined to the right, like a Guelph; that of the young man to the left, like a Ghibeline. But they were neither the one nor the other, nor even devils, but simply two smiths.

Their furnace, in which was a red-hot bar of iron, filled the

building with the glare and reddened smoke, constituting the soul of Hatto transformed by the powers of hell into fiery vapor. The grinding proceeded from a file. Near the door was an anvil with two huge hammers, the sound of which an hour before had prompted my poetical effusion.

And thus the Mäusethurm has progressed into a forge ! Why then might it not as well have been a custom-house ? Decidedly, my dear friend, *Mauth* was the true version !

Nothing can be more dilapidated than the tower, both within and without. The walls, from which once were suspended episcopal hangings, and afterwards, according to the legend, gnawed by the rats with the name of Hatto, are now naked, worn by the rain, covered by the moisture without with a green coating, and by the furnace within with a black.

The two smiths proved to be worthy people. Having ascended the ladder, they showed me into the building ; and near a chimney pointed out a narrow door leading into a turret without windows, and almost inaccessible, in which the archbishop is said to have sought refuge. They also lent me a lantern to visit every part of the diminutive island ; which is a long and narrow tongue of land, with a belt of reeds and rushes, and the *Euphorbia officinalis*. At every step in this island, the feet knock against hillocks, or sink into galleries ; for moles have succeeded to the rats.

The Rhine has left uncovered the eastern point of the island, which seems to stem like a prow the current. On lowering with my lantern, I found the tower to be built on red marble, which has the appearance of being veined with blood. The Mäuse tower is square. The turret, of which the smiths showed me the interior, presents a picturesque feature, looking towards Bingen. The pentagonal form of this lofty turret is evidently of the eleventh century, and the rats seem to have particularly wreaked their vengeance upon its base. The apertures in the tower have so completely lost their form, that it would be impossible to infer a date. The stone facings are so time-worn as to resemble hideous leprosy. The stones which once constituted embattlements might pass for the teeth of the walrus or mastodon cemented into the walls.

Above the tower floats a black and white rag—fit emblem, Heaven knows, of the decaying structure ; but, upon nearer inspection, I found it to be simply the Prussian flag. The duchy of Hesse terminates at Bingen, and Rhenish Prussia begins. Mind, I only speak thus disrespectfully of the effect produced, not of the flag itself. All national flags are glorious. Above all, the man who respects the flag of Napoleon must render due homage to that of Frederick II.

After gathering a sprig of euphoria, I quitted the Mause-thurm. The boatman was fast asleep. As we rowed away from the island, and the two smiths returned to the anvil, I heard the heated iron hiss aloud, as it was plunged into the water. Half an hour afterwards I reached Bingen, and after supper, though I was much fatigued, and all the people were in bed, by means of a dollar I managed to ascend to a dilapidated old castle, called the Klopp. I was rewarded with a scene worthy of closing such a day, having seen so much, and indulged in so many fancies. It was dead of night. Beneath me lay a mass of black houses, like a vast lake of darkness, there being but seven lights visible in the town. By a strange chance, these seven lights, like seven stars, exactly represented *Ursa major*, which at that moment shone pure and bright in the heavens, so that the majestic constellation, millions of miles above us, seemed reflected at my feet in an ocean of liquid jet.

LETTER XXII.

Legend of the handsome Pecopin and the beautiful Bauldour.

BREMEN, August.

I PROMISED you some of the famous legends of the Falkenberg, perhaps the most interesting, that of Guntram and Liba. But why relate a tale that you may find in any guide-book and probably better told than I could narrate it? Since you exact a wonderful story to amuse your children, here is one which you will find in no collection extant.

I send it in the state I wrote it down under the very wall of the old manor, with the fantastic forest of Sonn before my eyes, and as it were under the magic influence of the birds, trees, and winds of the ruins. I had been conversing with the veteran, now turned goatherd on the mountain side, grown wild and almost witch-like,—a singular destiny for a drum-major of the thirty-seventh light infantry; and this brave soldier of the republic seemed to have acquired as much faith in the fairies, sprites, and hobgoblins, as formerly in the emperor. Such is the influence of solitude upon the mind, developing the poetry innate in the soul of man. Shepherds are usually an imaginative race. As I said before, I wrote this wonderful tale concealed in the very ravine, seated upon a fragment which was once a rock, though in the twelfth century a tower, and now a rock again!—gathering from time to time some wild flower to refresh my spirit by inhaling its own—one of those ground-ivies that smell so sweet, and die so quickly—gazing by turns at the wild flowers and the glorious heaven, while the sweeping clouds, sailing gloriously past, seemed to tear their skirts against the jagged ruins of Falkenberg. And now to my story!

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

PART I.

THE handsome Pecopin was enamored of the fair Bauldour, and the fair Bauldour was enamored of the handsome Pecopin. He was the son of the Burgrave of Sonneck, and Bauldour daughter to the Lord of Falkenberg: one ruled the forest, the other the mountain, and what could be more natural than to unite the two dominions?

The fathers consequently agreed, and Bauldour and Pecopin were affianced: it was on an April day. The elders and hawthorns opened their blossoms to the sun in the forest; thousands of rippling cascades arose from the snows and rain, converted into streams; the asperities of winter became the graces of the spring, and bounded harmoniously along the mountains; and love, the April of life, rejoiced the throbbing hearts of the betrothed.

Pecopin's father, an old and valiant knight, the pride of the Nâhegau, died soon after the betrothing, giving his blessing to his son, and commending Bauldour to his love. Pecopin wept a little, but by degrees he raised his eye from his father's tomb, and gazing upon the soft and radiant face of his bride, became consoled. The moon once risen, who thinks of the sun that has set?

Pecopin possessed all the essential qualities of a man and a nobleman. Bauldour was a queen in her castle, a holy virgin in her chapel, in the forest a nymph, with her needle the adroitest of fairies.

Pecopin loved the chase, Bauldour her distaff, and there is affinity betwixt the spindle and the hunting horn. The hunter a-field, his lady-fair spins assiduously, the better to support his absence. The hounds cry, the spindle whirls. The distant

blast of the horn, with the far-off cry of the pack, faintly issuing from the thickets, breathe a gentle warning of "Think of thy lover!" The wheel, which compels the fair spinster to cast down her eyes, seems to murmur with its meek soft voice, "Think of thy husband!" and when the husband and lover are one, all is well! Unite, therefore, the spinster with the hunter, and it will be union indeed!

I must admit, however, that Pecopin was somewhat over-fond of the chase. When he was once mounted, his falcon on his wrist, or followed his greyhound with his eye, or heard the cry of his crooked-legged beagles, all else on earth was forgotten. Avoid excess, oh! man, for happiness consists in moderation! Weigh well your tastes, and restrain your appetites. He, who loves horse and dogs too well, affronts the gentler sex; and he, who devotes himself too much to the gentler sex, provokes the jealousy of heaven.

When Bauldour saw Pecopin about to mount his impatient steed, which stood snorting with pride, as if to bear the weight of Alexander the Great—when she beheld Pecopin caress its neck, and, sparing of his spur, indulge the animal with a handful of fresh grass—Bauldour became jealous of the horse. When this haughty and high-born damsel, this star of love, youth, and beauty, saw Pecopin caress his favorite hound and bring his fine bewitching face in contact with the flap-eared, broad-nosed favorite, Bauldour was jealous. Shut up in her chamber, sad and dejected, she wept, scolding her waiting women, and her dwarf; for woman's anger is like the shower in the forest, which hath a double fall, *bis pluit*.

In the evening Pecopin used to return dusty and wayworn. Bauldour, still resentful, had a tear in the corner of her bright blue eye. But when Pecopin kissed her tiny hand, she was appeased; when he kissed her ivory forehead, she smiled; for lo! the forehead of Bauldour was of ivory, glossy, and beautiful as that of Charlemagne's horn.

Each of them retired to their respective towers. She did not permit the valiant knight to approach her waist. One evening indeed he happened to touch her elbow, and she was covered with blushes: for Bauldour was betrothed, not wedded; and modesty in woman is essential, as chivalry in man.

PART II.

The bird Phœnix, and the planet Venus.

THE happy couple so adored each other that it was a pleasure to see them. Pecopin had in his armory at Sonneck a picture painted on a golden ground, representing the nine heavens, every planet with its peculiar color and name inscribed beside it in vermillion; Saturn in lead, white; Jupiter, clear, but inflamed and sanguine; Venus oriental, radiant with fire; Mercury sparkling; the Moon, with her silver ice; the Sun, with its dazzling rays. Pecopin effaced the name of Venus, and substituted that of Bauldour.

So also had Bauldour in her perfumed chamber, hangings of red tapestry, upon which was a bird the size of an eagle, with a golden neck, the body purple, the tail blue, interspersed with carnation plumes, and its head surmounted with a noble crest. Above this marvellous bird was inscribed the Greek word "Phœnix." Bauldour erased that word and substituted "Pecopin!"

Meanwhile the wedding day approached. Pecopin rejoiced at the thought, and Bauldour's heart was content. Amongst the huntsmen of Sonneck, there was a pricker, free of tongue and evil counsel, named Erilangus. This man, once a renowned bowman, had been an object of ambition to several rural heiresses of the country round Lorch. But he heeded them not, preferring the joys of the chase. Pecopin one day asked him the reason, when Erilangus replied, "My good lord, hounds have seven kinds of madness, women have a thousand." Another time, on learning the approaching wedding of his master, he came to him boldly, and said, "My lord, my lord, what tempts you to marry?" Whereupon Pecopin dismissed him his service.

This might have afforded cause of uneasiness to the knight, for Erilangus was of a subtle mind and good memory. But, unknown

to Pecopin, the pricker had already installed himself master of the hounds at the court of the Marquis of Luzace, and nothing more was heard of him at Sonneck.

The week preceding the marriage, as Bauldour was spinning in the recess of the window, her dwarf came to announce to her the visit of Pecopin; and she was about to fly to meet him, when, in rising from her chair, her foot became entangled in the thread of her spindle. She fell, but rose again unhurt. Remembering, however, that just such an accident had befallen the lady Liba, her heart sank within her.

But lo! when Pecopin entered and spake of their marriage and prospects, the clouds hovering over her soul dispersed, and all was joy.

PART III.

The difference betwixt the Ear of an old Man and the Ear of a young One.

NEXT day, Bauldour was again spinning in her chamber, and Pecopin hunting in the forest. He was alone, and accompanied by a single hound ; and in the course of the chase he accidentally found himself close by a farm, at the beginning of the forest of Sonn, which marks the limit of the domains of Sonneck and Falkenberg.

This farm was sheltered towards the east by four great trees, a beech, an elm, a pine, and an oak, known in the country as the four Evangelists. It appears that these trees were enchanted, for at the moment Pecopin passed four birds were perched upon their branches, a jay on the beech, a blackbird on the elm, a magpie on the larch, and a crow upon the oak. The chattering of these four birds seemed fancifully interminged, as if questioning and answering. But above them all, was audible a pigeon cooing in the thick of the wood, and a hen cackling unseen in the farmyard of the farm.

Further on, an aged man was stacking roots against the coming winter. On seeing Pecopin approach, he rose and said, "Dost thou hear, sir knight, the discourse of yonder birds?"

"The discourse of birds?" retorted Pecopin ; "What matters their noise to me?"

"Sir," resumed the old man, "to the ear of youth the blackbird whistles, the jay chatters, the magpie gabbles, the crow croaks, the pigeon coos, the hen cackles. But for the ear of age, birds have voices."

The knight laughed aloud.

"You are dreaming, old man!"

"It is rather you who dream, Sir Pecopin!" replied the old man.

"How come you to know my name!" cried the knight.

"The birds told it to met," quoth the old man.

"You are a greater goose than them all!" cried the knight; and, half jesting, half angry, he went his way.

About an hour afterwards, as he was crossing a glade, he heard the sound of horns, and suddenly there appeared a troop of knights, being the chase of the count palatine, comprising the Burgraves who are lords of the castles, and the Landgraves who are lords of the forest, and the Rhinegraves who are lords of the Rhine, and the Raugraves who are lords by the right of the strong-arm.

A knight-banneret of the Palsgrave, named Garfred, perceiving Pecopin, exclaimed—"Ho, there! sir knight! why hunt you not with us?"

"Whither are ye bound?" inquired Pecopin.

"We are going to attack a kite at Heimberg, which has committed havoc among our pheasants; a vulture at Vaugtsberg, which attacks our falcons; an eagle at Rheinstein, which destroys our sparrow-hawks. Come with us, and be of our company."

"When do you return?" inquired Pecopin.

"To-morrow."

"Then I am of your party!" was his stout reply.

Nevertheless the chase lasted three days. On the first, Pecopin killed the kite; on the second, the vulture; on the third, the eagle. The count palatine was amazed at his skill.

"Sir knight," said he, "I present you with the fief of Rheineck, a dependence of my castle of Gutenfels. Follow me to Stähleck to receive the investiture, and to proffer the oath of allegiance, in public mall and in presence of the pursuivants—'*in mallo publico et coram scabinis*,' according to the forms of our holy Emperor Charlemagne."

There was no choice but to comply. Pecopin made known to Bauldour that the gracious will of the Palsgrave compelled him to proceed to Stähleck for a serious and important affair.—"Be not alarmed, my dear love," added he, "I shall return for sure next month."

The messenger despatched, Pecopin followed the palatine, and went to repose, with the other knights in the suite of the prince, in the guard-rooms of the Castle of Bacharach.

That night he dreamed a dream. He beheld anew the en-

trance to the forest of Sonnech, the farm, the four trees, and the four birds. But this time, the birds neither whistled, croaked, nor sung, but spoke. Their jabber, still accompanied by the cackle of the fowl, and the cooing of the pigeon, became a strange dialogue, which Pecopin heard distinctly in his sleep. The jay, after distinctly pronouncing the name of Pecopin, asserted him to be a captive at Fez, among the Moors! The pigeon meanwhile repeated the name of "Bauldour—Bauldour!"

Pecopin awoke in an indescribable panic. The first thing he thought of was the strange old man, and his soul quaked within him, though he knew not why. When trying to recall and interpret his dream, he fell asleep again; and when again he woke, the sun was high in the heavens—the sun which drives away spectres, annihilates dreams, and gilds the mists of the sky. He thought no more, therefore, of the four trees and four birds, but prepared himself for the toils and pleasures of the day.

PART IV.

Of the divers Qualities essential to divers Embassies.

PECOPIN was a gentleman of fame, degree, wit, and accomplishments. Once installed at the court of the Palsgrave, and established in his new possessions, he pleased the palatine so well, that one day the worthy prince said to him, "Being about, my dear friend, to send a mission to my cousin of Burgundy, I have selected you on account of your prepossessing appearance, to be my messenger."

Pecopin was forced to obey. Arrived at Dijon, he made so favorable an impression, that the duke said to him one evening, after swallowing three large goblets of Rhine wine, "Sir Pecopin, you are our friend ! I am at variance with our Lord the King of France, and the count palatine has granted me permission to send you to him. For know that I have selected you on account of your lofty lineage, to represent me." Pecopin accordingly proceeded to Paris. The king, who was also charmed with him, one morning took him aside, in a most condescending mood, "By the Holy Rood, sir knight," said he, "since the count palatine lent you to the Burgundian, for the service of Burgundy, he cannot refuse to lend you to France, for the service of Christendom. I want some noble lord to remonstrate stoutly with the Moorish viceroy in Spain, and hereby name you my ambassador."

Now a man may refuse his vote to the emperor, or his wife to the pope, but nothing is to be refused to the King of France.

Away he sped therefore ; and at Granada he was invited to the Alhambra, and courteously welcomed by the viceroy. Day after day, fêtes were given in his honor ; tilts with the djereed, and hawking parties, in which Pecopin took a prominent part. Like most of the Moors, the chief had most excellent falcons, and finer sport could scarcely be seen.

Still Pecopin was not unmindful of the affairs of the King of

France, and having terminated his business with the Miramolin, the knight had his farewell audience.

"I accept your adieus," said the Viceroy ; "for I find you must instantly set off for Bagdad."

"For Bagdad ?" exclaimed Pecopin.

"Even so, sir knight," replied the Moorish prince, "for I cannot sign the treaty of alliance with the King of France, without the assent of the Caliph, the Commander of the Faithful ; I require some person of consideration to send to that mighty sovereign, and cannot lay my hand on a more presentable man than yourself."

Among the Moors, the Moorish will is law. Among the Moors, Christians are infidels and dogs. Pecopin accordingly proceeded to Bagdad. There he had a new adventure !

One day, as he was passing under the walls of the seraglio, the favorite sultana saw him, and being of a fierce and haughty disposition, became enamored of his noble deportment, and sent a black slave to him, who communicated with him in a garden of the town, under a fine linden tree, which exists to this very day ; making over to him a talisman, and saying, "Lo, and behold, this amulet comes from a princess who adores you, but on whose face you will never look. Keep it as the apple of your eye ; for so long as you retain it, will you enjoy perpetual youth. When in peril of your life, touch it, and you have nothing to fear."

Pecopin accepted the talisman, which was a beautiful turquoise, inscribed with hieroglyphics. He attached it at once to his neck-chain.

"And now, my lord," added the slave, on quitting him, "attend to my last words. So long as you wear this turquoise, time will have no power over your frame ; but if you lose it, in a single moment you will add to your life all the years you have left behind you. Farewell, beautiful giaour !"

Thus having said, the negress went her way.

The sultan, meanwhile, had seen the slave of his sultana address the knight ; and being jealous and a magician, he invited Pecopin to a feast, after which, night having set in, he conducted him to a high tower.

Pecopin inadvertently advanced towards the parapet, which was low, when the caliph addressed him thus, "Sir knight ! the

count palatine sent you to the Duke of Burgundy on account of your great fame ; the Duke of Burgundy sent you to the King of France on account of your high descent ; the King of France sent you to the Miramolin, on account of your unheard-of talents ; the Miramolin sent you to the Caliph of Bagdad, on account of your prepossessing appearance ; and I, on account of your looks, fame, race, and talents, will send you head-foremost to the devil !”

As he pronounced the last word, the caliph pushed Pecopin over the battlements, and he was precipitated to the earth.

PART V.

Fidelity rewarded.

WHEN a man falls in an abyss, it is, as it were, a flash of lightning, showing him at once the life he is leaving, and the death that awaits him. In that critical moment, Pecopin, bestowing his last thoughts on Bauldour, placed his hand upon his heart, and in so doing accidentally touched the talisman ! Scarcely had his fingers approached the precious jewel, when he felt as if borne upon wings. All night he flew, and flew ; and, at the dawn of day, the invisible hand which supported him laid him softly on a solitary spot upon the sea-shore.

PART VI.

. The Devil himself may sin in being a Glutton.

ABOUT that time a singular and disagreeable adventure had befallen the devil. The devil is in the habit of carrying off the souls belonging to him in a hod, as you may convince yourself by examining the portal of the cathedral at Fribourg; where he is represented with a swine's head upon his shoulders, a crook in his hand, and a ragman's hod upon his back, as though the devil picked up the souls of the wicked in the heaps of dirt, wherewith the human race defile the corners of divine truth.

Now the devil having a bad habit of neglecting to fasten his hod, thanks to the celestial aid of the angels, many souls escaped. But the devil, having found this out, secured the lid of the hod with numerous padlocks. Still the souls, little heeding such paltry precautions, found means to make their way by the interstices of the wicker-work; seeing which, the devil slew a dromedary, and with the skin of the hump, assisted by the demon Hermès, managed to make it soul-tight. When his new hod was full to the brim, he was merrier than a school-boy with a bag of golden sequins. It is generally in Upper Egypt, upon the shores of the Red Sea, that the devil, after beating for game the country of the pagans and heathens, manages to fill his hod.

The spot is quite deserted, being a sandy shore near a palm-grove, situated between Coma, the birthplace of St. Antony, and Clisma, where St. Sisoës gave up the ghost.

One day the devil, having made a more successful hunt than usual, was joyously filling his hod, when, lo! at a few paces distance from him, stood an angel, smiling. The devil shrugged his shoulders, and went on packing his souls, taking them as they came, great and small; all being fish that came to his net. Having finished his task, he was about to throw the hod over his shoulder, when, alas! he finds it impossible to raise his souls with

a single pull ; so many there were, and so overcharged with crimes. Having seized the fatal wallet with both hands, his efforts were still of no avail. He could no more move his burthen than if it had been a rock ! " A curse upon ye, oh souls of lead !" exclaimed Beelzebub ; and he began to swear like a trooper ; when, on turning round, he saw the beautiful angel laughing in his face.

"What are you at, pray ?" inquired the evil one, in an indignant tone. " Amusing myself at your expense, as you may perceive," replied the good angel. " I may make you laugh on the other side of your mouth," cried Beelzebub, in a passion. But the angel now assumed a severe countenance. " Listen, oh serpent ! and give ear !" said he, " in the name of Him who is above both thee and me. Never shalt thou carry off the prey thou holdest in thy hand, until a saint fallen from Paradise, or a Christian fallen from the sky, aid thee to lift the burthen upon thy shoulders." And as he spoke, the angel spread forth his wings, and was no more seen.

The devil was beside himself. " What the deuce is the meaning of all this ?" mumbled he between his teeth. " A saint fallen from Paradise, or a Christian from the skies ! I may wait long enough for such assistance ! What could tempt me so to overfill this wallet ?"

During this monologue, the inhabitants of Coma and Clisma began to hear the thunder groan frightfully towards the horizon, which was neither more nor less than the grumbling of the devil.

For a carter, sticking in the mud, to swear, is natural enough, though to struggle his way out be a wiser measure. The devil was at his wits' end. All-cunning, as when he deluded the weak mind of Eve, penetrating everywhere, and gliding into love, or into Paradise, as the case may be, he retains an acquaintance with St. Cyprian the magician, and knows how to ingratiate himself with other saints ; sometimes by rendering them little services, at others by saying agreeable things to them, knowing well how to suit his conversation to his company, and attacking every one on his weak side. To St. Robert of York he conveys buttered oat cakes ; with St. Elias he discusses jewellery, and culinary affairs with St. Theodotus. He talks to the holy Bishop Germain

of his friend King Childebert ; to the holy Abbot Wandrille of his friend King Dagobert, and to St. Ustarade of King Sapor ; to St. Paul the Simple of St. Anthony, and to St. Anthony of his pig.

He talks to St. Loup of his wife Piméniole, and does *not* talk to St. Gomer of *his* wife Gwinmarie. For the devil, if the prince of darkness, is the prince of flatterers ; his heart all gall, but his lips, in good sooth, a very honeycomb.

Meanwhile four saints, renowned for their reciprocal friendship, St. Nile the Solitary, St. Antremaine, St. John the Dwarf, and St. Medard, happened to be talking a walk that very day on the borders of the Red Sea. As they advanced towards the palm grove, the devil perceived them without being seen. Having hastily assumed the appearance of a decrepit old man, he began to utter moans of despair. "What is the matter?" inquired St. Nile, approaching him. "Alas ! alas ! my good gentleman !" exclaimed the devil, "come, I pray you, to my aid. I am a poor slave, and my wicked master is a merchant of the country of Fez ; nor need I tell you that the men of Fez, the Moors, Numidians, Garamantuans, and all the tribes of Barbary, Nubia, and Egypt, are worthless, perverse, corrupt, bold, and pitiless, from the influence of the planet Mars. Moreover my master is a victim to black bile, and the loose cough of Cicero ; hence, a deep melancholy, which renders him timid and reserved. Still his inventions are cruel towards his slaves, and"—"Will you be so obliging as to come to the point, my good friend," interrupted St. Antremaine.

"Let me tell you, my good sir," replied the devil, "that my master is a great traveller, and has strong manias. He has a fancy for raising in his garden a hill composed of the sand of the sea-shore of all the countries he visits. In Zealand, he heaped up a mound of filthy mud and sand ; Friesland afforded him sand mixed with red shells, among which you find the striped cone ; and in the Cimbric Chersonesus, now called Jutland, a heap of fine white sand, in which you find occasionally the beautiful shell of—"

"The deuce take all this rigmarole," cried St. Nile, "to the point ! to the point ! For the last quarter of an hour, at least, you have been making fools of us. I counted the minutes."

"The minutes, sir?" replied the devil; "you must be from the south, then. The southerners are apt to deal in horology, being nearer than others to the equator:" and he now began sobbing and beating his breast, crying aloud, "Alack, alack! good princes. To complete his mountain of sand, my tyrannical master compels me, aged man as I am, to fill this sack on the sea-shore, and I must bear it on my shoulders from morning till night, and ever commencing and re-commencing. Though tired and exhausted, I dare not rest myself, or I should be severely flagellated. I am sinking under infirmities and ill usage! Yesterday I made six trips, and in the evening was so exhausted that I could not raise the sack to my shoulder. I have tarried here all night in fear of the resentment of my master. Therefore, my good, good lords, in pity and for mercy's sake, help me to raise my burthen, that I may return home to my cruel master."

After listening to this pathetic appeal, St. Nile, St. Antremaine, and St. John the Dwarf looked full of sympathy, and St. Medard wept, which caused it of course to rain for forty days.

St. Nile, however, said to the demon, "I cannot help you, my friend; it is against my articles of faith to touch a dead substance such as yonder skin. 'Touch not the unclean thing,' said Moses, and St. Paul confirmed the interdiction." St. Antremaine, on the other hand, observed, "To assist you, friend, might be a good action. But good actions lead to vain-glory, and I therefore abstain, for the better security of my humility."

St. John the Dwarf added, "It is out of my power to come to your aid. I reach only to your waist, and could not possibly lift the sack upon your shoulders."

St. Medard, still in tears, exclaimed, "My feelings are too much unhinged, old gentleman, to be of the least assistance." And away went the four saints, to pursue their walk. Beelzebub, might as well have wished them at the devil, for he was now beside himself. But this charitable wish, so frequent among Christians, was in his case out of the question; and he had consequently only to chew the cud of his own ill-humor. As his fiendish eyes were glaring out malignantly towards the sky, he descried a small black speck in the heavens, increasing as it approached, till at length he saw that it was a man—a knight armed

and helmed—a Christian with the red cross on his breast, and literally falling from the clouds.

"I am safe!" cries the demon exultingly. "Here is my Christian, in the nick of time. I failed with the four saints, but the devil is in it if I cannot prevail over a man." Pecopin now set foot on earth, and perceiving the old man reposing beside his burthen, went up to him, saying, "Who art thou, friend, and, prythee, where am I?"

The devil, recommencing his piteous moan, replied, "You are by the Red Sea, sir knight, and you behold the most wretched of beings!" He then implored him, as he had done the saints, to lift the burthen upon his back.

Pecopin shook his head, saying, "Old man, this story of yours is I fear stranger than true."

"My good sir," replied the devil, "who would believe yours, were you to tell them you had fallen from the sky?"

"This time you certainly say true," quoth Pecopin.

"It is not my fault," quoth the devil, "if truth be strange, stranger than fiction. I am forced to tell my own story in its own way."

"You may let it have its own way, if you will, but permit me to go mine," replied Pecopin sharply.

"And yet," remonstrated the demon, "it would do you no harm to give a lift to a poor devil!"

This was unanswerable, and Pecopin, quietly stooping, raised the sack without difficulty, and placed it upon the back of the old man, who was waiting for his burthen.

Beelzebub is apt to indulge in his evil propensities, and play the devil; one of his favorite vices being that of gluttony. At that moment, he hungered ravenously after the soul of Pecopin. The first step towards obtaining it was to part it from his body, to achieve which, he summoned to his aid, by certain mutterings, an invisible spirit, to whom he issued his commands.

Everybody knows that the language spoken by the devil in his private life is half-Spanish, half-Italian, intermixed with a little dog Latin; a fact clearly established on the trial of Dr. Eugenio Torralva, begun at Valladolid, Jan. 10th, 1528, and terminated the 6th of May by the *auto da fê* of the doctor.

Now Pecopin was far from an ignoramus—on the contrary, he was a knight fully entitled to benefit of the clergy. Among other branches of polite letters, he was a proficient in diabolical dialect.

As he was placing the camel-skin on the old man's shoulder, he distinctly heard him utter the following words:—" *Bamos, non chierra occhi verbera, frappa, y echa la piedra.*" A flash of lightning seemed to strike Pecopin; and a luminous idea instantly suggested itself. On raising his eyes, he beheld an immense rock, suspended by some giant over his head.

To throw himself back, touch his talisman with his left hand, and seize hold of his poniard with his right, so as to stab the camel-skin sack with impetuous violence, was the work of a second!

The devil uttered a cry of despair. The imprisoned souls were escaping in all directions, leaving behind them in the sack their crimes and wickedness, a hideous heap, which, by natural sympathy and attraction, attached itself like a wart to the devil, struck root into his back, and remained there, fixed to all eternity, between his shoulders. It is to this singular incident we are to attribute the humpback of the evil one.

At the moment Pecopin threw himself back, the invisible giant let fall his rock upon the devil's cloven feet, and ever since he has gone lame.

There is a thunder which emanates from the regions below, as well as a thunder from above; but the former roots up trees, and reverses the order of nature. Pecopin trembled when a black smoke seemed to envelope him, and an astounding noise overpowered his senses; a moment afterwards he seemed to be skimming the surface of the earth, like a dead leaf driven by the winds. He had fallen into a deep swoon!

PART VII.

A pleasing Proposition from an old Scholar living in a Hut of Leaves.

ON coming to himself, he heard a gentle voice exclaim "*Phi sma*," which means in the Arab tongue, "he is in heaven!" A hand was softly laid upon his bosom, and he now heard a graver voice reply: "*Lô! lô! machi mouth*," meaning "no, no, he is not dead!" and on opening his eyes, he beheld an old man and a young maiden kneeling by his side.

The old man was black as night, with a long white beard plaited in small tresses, in the fashion of the ancient magi, and was dressed in a tight-fitting wrapper of green silk. The young maiden was of a copper complexion, with large eyes of porcelain, and lips of coral. She had also rings of gold at her nose and ears, and was exceeding fair to look on.

Pecopin was no longer upon the borders of the sea. The breeze of hell had accidentally borne him into a valley of rocks and strange-looking trees. He rose: the old man and young maiden gazed calmly into his face. When he approached the trees, the leaves curled up, the branches withdrew, the flowers, which were of a delicate white, became red. The trees seemed to retire as he advanced!

By this sign, Pecopin recognized the mimosa, or tree of shame, and knew that he had quitted India, and was in the famous country of Pudiferan.

The old man now made him a sign, Pecopin followed him, and some minutes afterwards, all three were seated upon a mat in a cabin covered with palm-leaves, the interior of which glittered with precious stones. The old man, turning towards Pecopin, addressed him in German.

"My son," said he, "I am the man of universal knowledge, the great Ethiopian lapidary, the Taleb of the Arabs. Mankind call me Zin Eddin; the genii know me by the name of Evilme-

rodach. I am the first man who ever penetrated into this valley, you the second. I have devoted my life to the study of nature, the science of things, to the endowment of things with the science of the soul. Thanks to me, thanks to my lessons, to the rays which have fallen from my eyes during a century, here the stones live, and the plants think, and the animals are endowed with intellect. It is I who have taught a system of true medicine to the animals, such as is still unknown to man. I taught the pelican to bleed itself, and cure its young of the bite of the viper; the blind worm to eat fennel for the recovery of its sight; the bear suffering from cataract to incite the bees to sting his eyes; I furnished the eagle with the bezoar stone, which facilitates the laying of their eggs. If the jay purge himself with the laurel leaf, the tortoise with hemlock, the stag with dittany, the wolf with mandragora, the boar with ivy, the dove with helxine; if the horses, too full of blood, open the vein of their thigh; if the lizard, at the period of changing its skin, swallow it to cure its epilepsy; if the swallow cure the ophthalmia of its young with the calidoine, which it seeks beyond the seas; if the weasel make a weapon of rue in its struggles with the snake—it is I, my son, I who taught them these lessons of wisdom.

“Till now, my instructions have been turned to animals. Long have I waited for a human scholar; you are come, and I am content. I am old, and will bequeath you my hut, my jewels, my valley, and my learning. You shall also marry my daughter Aissab, who is passing beautiful; I will teach you to distinguish the ruby from the chrysolampis; to steep the mother-of-pearl in the salt-pot; and revive the fire of the ruby by steeping it in vinegar. Every day in vinegar adds a twelvemonth to their beauty. We will pass our lives together in picking up diamonds, and digging for roots. Be my son, and I will be to thee as a father.”

“Thanks, venerable man, I accept your offer,” said Pecopin. But when darkness came over the land, he fled from the dwelling of Zin Eddin.

PART VIII.

The wandering Christian.

PECOPIN wandered long in various countries; to relate his travels in detail, would be too much. He journeyed sometimes with naked feet, sometimes in sandals, sometimes upon an ass, a zebra, mule, camel, or elephant. He sailed everywhere, in all kinds of ships; the round vessels of the ocean, and the long ones of the Mediterranean; *oneraria et remigia*; galley, frigate, felucca, polacca and canoe, bark and yacht. He ventured into the Indian galleys of Bantam, and the hide covered craft of the Euphrates, mentioned by Herodotus. He was rocked by every wind—the Levant, sirocco, and the sirocco mezzogiorno, the tramontano, and the monsoon. He journeyed through Persia, Peru, Bramaz, Tagatai, Transiana, Sagistan, and the Hasubi. He saw Monomotapa, like Vincent le Blanc; Sofala, like Pedro Ordenez; Ormus, like Fines; the savages, like Acosta; and the giants, like Malherbe de Vitre. He lost four of his toes in the desert, like Jerome Costilla. Like Mendez Pinto, he was sold seventeen times; was a galley-slave like Texeus, and had nearly shared the fate of Parisol. He suffered the plague of the scurvy, so fatal to the negroes; and sea-sickness, to which Cicero declared death was preferable. He clambered mountains so high, that upon reaching their summits he vomited blood. He made the island, which, when sought, is never found, and pronounced its inhabitants to be good Christians. In Midelpalia, which is northward, he remarked an isolated castle in a place where there could be none; still the illusions of the northern regions are so miraculous, that travellers should never be astonished. He dwelt several months with the King of Mogor Ekebas, made much of that prince, of whose court he related all which has since been written by the Dutch, English, and the holy Jesuits. He became learned, thanks to the great agents, adversity and travel. He studied the butter-

flies, and flowers of all climates, observed the winds by the migrations of birds, and the currents by the migrations of the cephalopodes. In the submarine regions, he saw the passage of the *ommastrephes sagittatus*, going towards the north pole, and the *ommastrephes giganteus* going towards the south. He saw monstrous men and monstrous monsters, like Ulysses of old. He made acquaintance with all the wonderful brutes, the sea-cow, the royl, the solan goose, the sea-vulture, the adjutant, the emu, the albatross, the capercailzie of Scotland, the fish manares which has the head of an ox, the bird chaki, which grows out of decayed wood; and the boranet, or animal plant of Tâtary, which has a root in the earth, and browses on the grass round its own feet.

He killed a sea triton of the yapiara sort, and inspired with a tender passion a triton of the genus *Baëpapina*. One day, being in the island of Manar, about two hundred leagues from Goa, he was hailed by fishermen, who showed him seven men-bishops, and nine sirens taken in their nets. He heard the anvil of the sea forge, and partook of the hundred and fifty-two kinds of fish which are in the sea, and which were seen in the miraculous draught of the apostles.

In Scythia, he killed a griffin, against whom the Arimaspes waged war to lay hold of the gold he guarded. This tribe would fain have made him their king, but he fled in disgust. Lastly, he was all but wrecked near Cape Gardafu, called by the ancients *Promontorium aromatorum*; and amidst so many adventures, dangers, fatigues, feats, and miseries, our knight Pecopin had but a single object, to make his way to Germany—one hope, to return to Falkenberg—one desire, that of once more beholding his beloved Bauldour.

Thanks to his talisman, he could neither grow old nor die; which was a great comfort. Yet he counted the years, for, at the time he reached the frontier of France, five years had elapsed since he had seen Bauldour. Sometimes, towards evening, his spirits would fail; when, having journeyed since morning, he used to sit down by the wayside and melt into tears.

After all this, however, he cheered up again, saying, "What

are five years? I shall soon see her again! She was then fifteen, and is now only twenty."

Though in tatters, and his naked feet bleeding and wayworn, he gallily summoned up his strength, and journeyed on till he reached the mountains of the Vosges—the threshold of his native land.

PART IX.

How a Dwarf manages to amuse himself in a Forest.

ONE evening, having journeyed all day among the rocks, seeking a path that might lead him towards the Rhine, Pecopin approached a forest of fir, beech, and maple, which he did not hesitate to enter. He had proceeded more than an hour, when he struck into a thicket of holly, juniper, and wild raspberry, close beside which was a marsh. Exhausted by thirst, and attenuated by hunger, he looked out eagerly for a cottage, a charcoal furnace, or shepherd's cabin; when suddenly a flock of sheldrakes passed near him, flapping their wings. Pecopin trembled upon seeing these strange birds, who build their nests under ground, and which are called by the peasants of the Vosges the rabbit-ducks.

Putting aside the hollies, he discovered stonecress, angelica, hellebore, and the larger gentian. As he was stooping to gather some, a mussel shell, falling at his feet, arrested his attention. He picked it up, and found it to be one of those mussels of the Valogne which contain pearls.

Pecopin began to be ill at ease; on raising his eyes, a bustard was hovering over his head.

These hollies, raspberry bushes, sheldrakes, magical herbs, the mussels,—all these produced some emotion in his mind, and he was beginning to marvel where he was, when a distant strain struck his ear. He listened: it was a hoarse, gruff, angry voice, at once subdued and shrill. The following was the purport of the song:

Mon petit lac engendre, en l'ombre qui l'abrite,
La riante Amphitrite et le noir Neptunus;
Mon humble étang nourrit, sur des monts inconnus,
L'Empereur Neptunus et la reine Amphitrite.
Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants,
Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Je verse de mes rocs, que n'effleure aucune aile,
Un fleuve bleu pour elle, un fleuve vert pour lui ;
J'épanche de ma grotte, où jamais feu n'a lui,
Le fleuve vert pour lui, le fleuve bleu pour elle.
Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants,
Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Une fine émeraude est dans mon sable jaune,
Un pur saphir se cache en mon humide écrin ;
Mon émeraude fond et devient le beau Rhin,
Mon saphir se dissout, ruisselle et fait le Rhône.
Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants,
Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Pecopin could no longer doubt, poor exhausted traveller as he was, that he had attained the fatal forest of the lost footsteps, full of labyrinths and mazes, and inhabited by the dwarf Rollo, a native of a lake of the Vosges country, situated on the summit of a mountain ; and because he thence despatches one brook to the Rhone, and another to the Rhine, this boastful dwarf conceives himself to be father of the Mediterranean sea, nay of the ocean itself ! His delight is to wander in the forest, and mislead travellers. The man who enters the wood of the lost footsteps is rarely known to escape.

The voice and song were clearly those of the mischievous dwarf ; and Pecopin, sorely distressed, threw himself upon the ground.

"Wo is me !" exclaimed he ; "never again shall I behold my beloved Bauldour."

"*Nil desperandum !*" said a mysterious voice beside him. "Such true lovers will meet again."

PART X.

Equis Canibusque.

UP he started, and saw an old gentleman in a superb hunting dress, standing a few steps off, completely equipped for the chase. A gold-handled cutlass hung upon his thigh, while at his waist-belt was slung a horn composed of buffalo horn inlaid with pewter.

There was something strange and vague, though luminous, in his pale countenance, something resembling the last gleam of twilight. This old hunter, appearing alone in the forest at such an hour, must, under any circumstances, have excited surprise; but in the Wood of the Lost Footsteps he inspired awe. But this old man not being a dwarf, Pecopin felt satisfied that, for the present, he was safe from the acquaintance of Rollo.

The old hunter possessed a courteous and prepossessing countenance, and, though evidently an inveterate lover of the chase, and well accoutred, his hands were so wrinkled, and his legs so shrunk, that it would have been absurd to entertain alarm. His smile, when closely scrutinized, appeared like the superficial and official smile of a foolish old king.

"What do you want with me?" inquired Pecopin.

"To restore you to Bauldour," replied the old gentleman, smiling.

"When, oh when!" was the instant rejoinder of the young lover.

"Pass a single night hunting with me in the forest, and on the morrow you shall be at her feet. Our chase finished, I will leave you in the morning at the gates of Falkenberg."

"Hunt at night?" retorted Pecopin.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because it is too absurd, and too fatiguing."

"How you do know, *you*, who have never tried?"

"Why, do *you* try,—*you*, who are too old for such exploits?"

"Make yourself easy—you will find me young enough!" replied the old sportsman.

"At all events, being tired, hungry, and thirsty, after a long day's work, it is out of my power to mount my horse."

The old lord unbuckled from his side a silver mounted gourd, and presented it to Pecopin. "Drink this!" said he. Pecopin raised the gourd to his lips, and scarcely had he tasted a few drops, when he felt quite revived. He was strong and alert, as if he had slept, eaten, and drank. He was almost of opinion that he had drunk a drop too much.

"Come," cried he, "let us start and hunt the livelong night. I desire no better. But I am sure, you say, of seeing Bauldour in the morning?"

"After spending the night with me, you shall see her at dawn of day."

"But what guarantee do you give me for the fulfilment of your promise?"

"My presence, and the succor I have given you. I might have left you to die of hunger, exhaustion, and wretchedness, in the power of the dwarf Rollo; but I took pity on your case."

"Let us away, then!" replied Pecopin. "And at sunrise, I am to find myself at Falkenberg."

"Ho! there! Come on there!" cried the old Nimrod loudly to his suite. And having turned round while he was thus spouting, Pecopin discovered that he had a hump on his back; and no sooner did he attempt to move, than he proved to be lame as Vulcan.

At the summons of the old man, a troop of splendidly attired knights and princes rushed from the thick of the wood, and stationed themselves at a respectful distance round the aged hunter, all armed with boar knives, he alone having a horn. Night was set in, but two hundred attendants with flaming torches were in waiting.

"*Ebbene!*" said the master of the hunt, "*ubi sunt los perros?*"

This ominous admixture of Latin and Italian was displeasing to Pecopin.

But the old man called out impatiently, "The hounds! the hounds!"

Immediately a diabolical barking re-echoed through the wood,

and a pack of hounds appeared, such as was fit for an emperor; the prickers in yellow liveries and red hose, the kennelmen with ferocious faces, and aided by naked negroes, holding the hounds in leash. Such a marvellous pack perhaps was never before assembled, comprehending every known breed, divided into sets, according to their race and instinct. The first was from England, together with one hundred brace of greyhounds, twelve couple of striped mastiffs, and the same number of stag hounds. The second set were Barbary mastiffs, white and red, of undaunted courage, and fit for the chase of beasts of prey. The third group was of Norwegian blood, yellow and wire-haired, verging upon red, with a white spot upon the neck and head—staunch of scent, bold and forward for the stag—grey dogs, with spotted backs, and legs furred like the feet of a hare, or streaked with red and black, being all of the most undeniable breed.

Pecopin, well versed in such matters, could not detect a blemish among them. The fourth pack was formidable indeed, consisting of the large black powerful dog of the Abbey of St. Hubert, in the Ardennes, short-legged and slow, but which produces such excellent hounds for the chase of the wild boar, fox, and game of evil scent. Like those of Norway, they were all well-born gentlemen, and had evidently been nurtured near the heart. Their head was of a moderate size, rather long than flat, the mouth black, the ears wide, the loins curved, the shoulders broad, the legs thick, the thighs well set, the tail well hung, and taper towards the end, the coat rough under the belly, the feet hard and sure as those of a fox.

The fifth pack was of oriental origin, and must have been of exceeding value, being derived from Palimbotra—a race trained to attack wild bulls, as the dogs of Cintiqui to hunt the lions; besides the dogs of Monomotapa, which figure in the royal guard of the Emperors of the East. All these dogs, whether Indian, English, or Norwegian, howled together in accordant discordance, like certain parliamentary assemblages of the present time. Pecopin, enraptured by this display of venery, could scarce suppress his ardor for the field.

He could scarcely, however, account for their sudden presence, as he certainly ought to have heard their cry previous to their

appearance. The head pricker stood with his back turned a few steps from Pecopin, who went up to him, and put his hand upon his shoulder : when lo ! as he turned round, his face was masked ! Pecopin was struck dumb ! He hesitated whether to join a chase so mysterious ; when the old man came up and accosted him.

“ Well, sir knight,” said he, “ what think you of our hounds ? ”

“ That it requires good steeds, sir, to follow such dogs ! ” was the reply.

Without answering, the old man applied a silver whistle, fixed upon his little finger, to his mouth ; on blowing which, a rush was heard among the trees, the attendants drew up, and four grooms in scarlet came forth, leading two magnificent steeds. One was a beautiful Spanish jennet, jet black, and of exquisite carriage and shape ; the other, a Tartar barb, with a slightly arched neck, from which streamed down a thick and frizzled mane. The tail, also, swept the ground ; his eyes were large and fiery, his mouth wide, his ears restless, his forehead starred ; in the full force and vigor of seven years old. The first had a head and breast piece, and was equipped for feats of arms. The second was less formidably, but more splendidly caparisoned, with a silver bit, a gold embroidered bridle, with royal saddle, and brocaded housings. The one snorted, plunged, champed, and pawed, as if impatient for the fight. The other gazed around, as if eager only for admiration, slightly neighing, scarcely deigning to touch the earth, and assuming all the airs of royalty. Both were black as ebony, and Pecopin fixed his eyes with admiration of two such wondrous animals.

“ And which do you choose, pray ? ” inquired the old gentleman, still smiling. Pecopin instantly vaulted into the saddle of the jennet.

“ Are you well in your saddle ? ” inquired the old man ; and Pecopin having answered in the affirmative, his aged companion, laughing heartily, began to tear away the trappings and housings of the Tartar, and seizing his mane, sprang up like a tiger, and bestrode the magnificent animal, which trembled under him in every limb ; then, grasping his horn, he sounded such a blast, that Pecopin, almost stunned, could have fancied that his decrepit chest contained claps of thunder !

PART XI.

What one may risk by mounting a Strange Horse.

At the sound of the horn, thousands of strange lights flickered through the forests, shadows danced among the bushes, and shouts echoed in the distance. When the horses neighed, the trees shook as with a storm. At that moment a cracked bell struck twelve, and lo! at the twelfth stroke, the old man gave another blast from his ivory horn, and away went the dogs like shot, the yells redoubling, and the whole troop, including Pecopin and his patron, were off at a gallop!

The rapid, startling, and supernatural pace which bore off Pecopin so fiercely that every stroke of the horse's hoof told upon his brain as if it were upon the pavement, inebriated him as if with wine, and excited him as if on the field of battle. It was a gallop which began like the wind, but ended in a whirlwind!

The forest was immense, the hunters innumerable. Glade succeeded glade. The wind was howling, the hounds were in full cry, when the colossal black outline of a huge sixteen-horned stag was seen bounding here and there. The knight's horse was terribly blown. The trees bent down to witness the mysterious chase, and bent back again after having seen it. Supernatural blasts of horns were heard at intervals, and louder than all, the clarion of the old hunter. Pecopin knew not where he was, but on galloping near some ruins standing amidst a clump of firs, he perceived a cascade tumbling from a wall of porphyry, which induced him to suppose that he was near the castle of Nideck. To his left he saw mountains resembling the lower Vosges, and at last recognized the four summits of the Ban de la Roche, the Champ du Feu, the Climont, and Ungensberg. A moment afterwards he was in the higher Vosges. In less than a quarter of an hour, his horse had traversed Giromagny, the Rotobac, the Sultz, the Barenkopf, the Graisson, the Bressoir, the Haut de Honce, the

Mont de Lure, the Tête de l'Ours, Donon, and the great Ventron ; these high peaks appeared confusedly and without order, as they might to some giant overlooking at a glance the great chain of Alsace.

At times he fancied he could discern the lakes these mountains bear on their summits, as if his horse were above them ; and in this guise he saw himself reflected in the Pagan's Bath, the White and the Black Lakes. But he beheld himself as transiently as a swallow skimming over a stream. Still, strange and hopeless as this chase appeared, he felt secure on touching his talisman, and knowing he could not be far from the Rhine. Suddenly he was enveloped in a mist, the darkness became darker, and his Spanish jennet set off more furiously than before. Barely could he distinguish the ears of his horse. At such a moment, great must be the effort and great the merit to turn your thoughts towards Heaven and your heart towards its liege lady. Our valiant knight, however, thought of both, but most of Bauldour perhaps, for he almost fancied that the moving winds murmured the name of "Heimburg."

Just then a pricker bearing a torch flew through the mist, and by its light, Pecopin beheld a hawk flying above his head, transpierced by an arrow, yet still it flew on. As he paused to look at this bird, his horse plunged violently, the bird disappeared, and the torch vanished in the wood ; Pecopin was again in darkness !

Presently the wind moaned anew, pronouncing "Vaughtsberg," and another light appearing in the mist showed a vulture, whose wing was pierced by a javelin, but which still flew on.

Pecopin would fain have opened his eyes to see, and his mouth to cry aloud, but in a glimpse both torch, vulture, and javelin vanished from his sight. His steed had not slackened its pace for all these phantoms, more than though it were the blind horse of the demon Paphos, or the deaf steed of King Sisy-mordachus.

The wind moaned a third time, and Pecopin clearly distinguished in its murmurs the name of "Rheinstein," while a third light illumined the trees in the mist, and another bird flew past ;

this was an eagle, with a shaft through its heart, but still firm upon the wing.

Pecopin now recalled to mind the chase of the Palsgrave, in which he had performed such prodigies : but the pace of the jennet now became so rapid, the trees and other objects in the nocturnal landscape flew past him so rapidly, that, amid the awful velocity, he could scarcely fix his thoughts. The furious clamor of the horns was undiminished, and now and then the monstrous stag brushed past through the wilderness of thickets. By degrees, the fog cleared away ; the air became warm, the ilexes, cork trees, Aleppo pines, and pistachio trees re-appeared among the rocks. A broad moon, with a splendid halo, lit up the trees. But the calendar marked no moonlight for that night of mystery. While rushing through a hollow, Pecopin stooped to snatch up a handfull of herbs ; and on looking at them, found with despair that they were the vulnerary anthylla of the Cévennes, the filix form veronica and common ferula, of which the hideous leaves terminate with claws. Half an hour afterwards, the wind became warmer, marine mirages glimmered through the openings of the forest ; and lo ! he stooped again and plucked more herbs. This time it was the silver cytissus of Cette, the starred anemomy of Nice, the marine lavatera of Toulon, the blood red geranium of the Pyrenees, with its cinq-palmed leaf ; and the *astrantia major*, the flower of which shines sunlike through a ring, like the planet of Saturn.

Pecopin now perceived that he was leaving the Rhine behind him ; having progressed two hundred leagues betwixt the gatherings of the flowers. Having traversed the Vosges and Cévennes, he was now on the Pyrenees !

"Rather let me die !" thought he ; and he was about to fling himself from his horse, when he felt his legs confined as if by a grasp of iron ; and found that his stirrups held him prisoner. They were a pair of gaolers endowed with instinct of life !

Still did the distant cries, neighing, and yells continue as loud as ever ! The old man's horn preceded the chase afar off, sounding mournful blasts ; and in the openings of the forest, Pecopin beheld the hounds swimming through lakes abounding in magical reflections.

The knight closed his eyes and proceeded, resigned to his fate. Once, indeed, he opened them, when a heat almost tropical flushed his face, and on looking up, he beheld ruins of pagodas, upon the summits of which were seated rows of vultures, philosophers, and storks. The trees were of the strangest forms. He recognized the banyan and baobab, and saw that he was in an Indian forest. And once more, he closed his eyes in despair. A quarter of an hour afterwards, to the scorching breath of the equator had succeeded an icy chill. The cold was intense. The horse's hoofs crushed the rime, and bears and satyrs passed like shadows through the fog. The aspect of the scenery was forlorn and savage; and towards the horizon were stupendous rocks, round which hovered flocks of penguins and sea-gulls; and through the black vegetation, white waves spouted up their clouds of foam to heaven, which showered down flakes of snow in return. They had reached the eternal pine-forest of Biarmia, adjoining the icy region of Cape North.

Darkness came over the land, and Pecopin saw no further; but a fearful roar convinced him he was near the Maelstrom, the *Tartarus* of the ancients, the navel of Oceanus the immortal! What could be the meaning of this never-ending forest, which seemed to encircle the globe? The huge stag appeared now and then, ever flying—ever pursued; while the horn of the old man prevailed over all, even over the uproar of the Maelstrom!

Suddenly the jennet halted. The noise ceased. Pecopin opened his eyes once more, and beheld a gloomy and colossal edifice, whose windows seemed to contemplate him, like living eyes. The façade was black as a mask, but animated as a human face.

PART XII.

Description of an unpleasant Lodging.

THE nature of this edifice it would be difficult to define. It was a house strong as a citadel, splendid as a palace, yet having the sinister look of a cavern, and the silence of the grave.

Not a voice was heard, nor a shadow seen amid its precincts. This mysterious castle was surrounded by a boundless forest. The moon had vanished, and in the sky there were only a few stars, as red as blood.

The horse stopped short before a flight of steps leading to a wide but closed door. Pecopin looked to the right and left, and seemed to distinguish along the whole range of this immense edifice other knights standing silent and motionless as himself, at the foot of other flights of steps leading to other doors. He now drew his dagger, and struck the marble balustrade; when instantly he heard the blast of the old man's horn, powerful and astounding, like the stormy trumpet of an angel of darkness. This horn, the blast of which bent the trees, re-echoed like an infernal howl amid the universal darkness.

On the sounds ceasing, the double doors of the castle flew open as if forced by an internal gust of wind, and a flood of light burst forth. The jennet dashed up the flight of steps, carrying the knight into a splendidly illuminated hall, of which the tapestry represented subjects taken from the Roman history, the intervening frame-work being of cypress-wood and ivory. Above was a gallery full of flowers and shrubs, and in an angle, a rotunda paved with agate, devoted to the women. The remaining parts of the pavement represented in mosaic the siege of Troy. The hall, however, was deserted. Nothing could be more depressing than all this blaze of magnificence combined with such profound solitude.

The jennet proceeded unurged, his hoofs resounding solemnly

on the pavement, till he entered another hall, as splendid as the first, but equally lonely. Immense pannels of cedar, richly carved, covered the walls ; in which an ingenious artist had inserted some marvellous pictures, glittering with mother-of-pearl and gold. The subjects were battles, hunts, castles, and fâtes, representing castles full of fireworks, besieged by fauns and wild men ; tourneys and marine fights, with all kinds of vessels sailing upon a sea of turquoise, emeralds and sapphire, which imitated the swell and color of the ocean.

Above these pictures was an admirably executed frieze, representing the three species of terrestrial beings endowed with intelligence, viz., giants, men, and dwarfs ; in which the giants and dwarfs were made to humiliate man, who is inferior in size to the giants, and in intellect to the dwarfs.

The fresco on the ceilings seemed to affect a malicious homage to human genius. It was composed entirely of medallions, in which, by the lustre of a gloomy light, and crowned with infernal crowns, were represented the portraits of all the authors of useful discoveries, for that reason called " benefactors of humanity." Every man figured there in virtue of his particular invention ; Arabus for the science of medicine, Dædalus for labyrinths, Pisistratus for books, Aristotle for libraries, Tubal-cain for the forge, Architas for engines of war, Noah for navigation, Abraham for geometry, Moses for the trumpet, Amphictyon for the expounding of dreams, Frederick Barbarossa for falconry, and one Bachou of Lyons for the squaring of the circle. In the angles and encoignures figured, like the principal constellations of heaven, many illustrious faces ; Flavius, who invented the sea-compass ; Christopher Columbus, who discovered America ; Botargus, who invented sauces ; Mars, who invented war ; Faustus, who invented printing ; Schwartz, who invented gunpowder ; and Pope Pontian, who invented cardinals. Many of these illustrious personages were unknown to Pecopin, owing perhaps to the startling fact of their non-existence till after the date of this history !

Following the guidance of his steed, the knight passed on through successive galleries ; in one of which he remarked, or the eastern side, an inscription in letters of gold :—" The caoué of the Arabs, sometimes called ' cavé,' is a herb which abounds

in Turkey, and in India is called miraculous. It should be prepared in the following manner:—Take an ounce of this herb, pulverize it, and steep it for four hours in spring water. Then boil it until reduced to a third. Drink it leisurely, by degrees. Those who can afford it, add sugar or ambergris.”

Opposite to this, on the western side, another inscription bore as follows:—“The Greek fire is made of charcoal of willow, salt, spirit, sulphur, pitch, incense, and camphor. It burns even in water, and consumes all it touches.”

In another hall there was nothing but a portrait of the lackey who, at the feast of Trimalcion, went round the table singing the praises of sauce made with gum benjamin.

In all directions lustres, candelabra, and girandoles reflected by enormous mirrors of steel and copper, lit up these rich apartments; in which Pecopin could not discern one living soul, though he wandered with haggard eyes and troubled mind, overcome by those depressing ideas which agitate our reveries in the sombre recesses of the woods.

At length he found himself in face of a door of metal, in which was set, encircled by a wreath of jewels, a huge apple. On this was written—

“ADAM FOUND THE MEAL;
EVE MET WITH THE DESSERT.”

PART XIII.

Such as the Inn is, so is the Dinner.

As he was attempting to decipher the ironically hidden sense of this inscription, the door gently flew open, and the horse entered.

Pecopin felt like one who passes from the mid-day sun into a cellar ! On his first entrance he thought himself suddenly gone blind ; but still he perceived at a distance a faint bluish light. By degrees, as his eyes, dazzled by the surpassing light of the splendid halls he had quitted, modified their powers to this obscurity, he began to distinguish, as if through a vapor, thousands of monstrous columns in a Babylonian hall. A blue light in the centre served to define the outlines ; and the knight soon perceived, amid a multitude of twisted columns, a long table lit by a seven-branched candlestick, in the holders of which glimmered seven blue trembling flames.

At the head of this table sat a brazen giant, Nimrod the Great. At his right and left sat upon iron stools, pale and silent, guests, some wearing the Moorish turban, and others headgear, more covered with pearls than the King of Bisnagar.

Pecopin here recognized all the famous hunters who have left a name in history :—The King Mithrobuzane ; the tyrant Machanidas ; the Roman consul, Æmilius Barbula II. ; Rollo, king of the sea ; Zuentibold, the unworthy son of the great Arnulphus, King of Lorraine ; Haganon, the favorite of Charles of France ; Herbert, Count of Vermandois ; William the Flaxen Headed, Count of Poitiers, founder of the illustrious house of Rechignevoisin ; the Pope Vitalianus ; Pandulphus, Abbot of St. Denis ; Athelstan, King of England ; and Aigrold, King of Denmark.

By the side of Nimrod sat Cyrus the Great, who founded the great Persian empire, two thousand years before the Christian era, bearing his escutcheon upon his bosom, which, as every one knows,

represents a silver lion, crowned with a laurel, *or*, on a ground of *or* and *gules*, surmounted by eight trefoils with the stem *argent*.

This table was served according to the rules of imperial etiquette ; and at the four angles sat four distinguished hostesses : Queen Emma, Queen Ogive, mother of Louis d'Outremer, Queen Gerberga, and Diana, who, in her quality of a goddess, had a canopy and a saltcellar of gold, like the three queens.

Neither of the guests ate, spoke, or even looked at each other. A large space in the middle of the cloth seemed to await the repast ; but there were numerous bottles on the table, sparkling with the palm-wine of India, the rice-wine of Bengal, the distilled water of Sumatra, the arrack of Japan, the pampis of the Chinese, and the pechmez of the Turks.

Here and there, in richly enamelled pitchers, foamed the beverage called by the Norwegians *wel*, by the Goths *buska*, by the Corinthians *bo*, by the Esclavonians *oll*, by the Dalmatians *bieu*, by the Hungarians *ser*, by the Bohemians *piva*, by the Poles *pwo*, by the French *bière*, and by the Great British *beer*.

Negroes resembling devils, or devils resembling negroes, it is all one, served at table, with napkins on their arm, and a ewer in their hand. Every guest had a dwarf by his side, except Diana, who had her greyhound. The eye of Pecopin, gradually penetrating the mysterious and vaporous atmosphere of this hall, discovered among the forest of columns a multitude of spectators, all, like himself, mounted and equipped for the chase. Shadows, from their mistiness ; statues, from their immobility ; spectres, from their silence. Among the nearest, he thought he recognized some of the knights who had accompanied the old man in the forest of lost footsteps. As I have already stated, the most awful silence prevailed ; you might as well have expected a voice from the very stones of which it was composed, as from the grisly assemblage.

It was icy cold in this utter darkness. Pecopin was frozen to the marrow, yet a cold dew started from all his pores. Suddenly the yells of the chase were renewed, distant, but violent as ever ; amid which the horn of the old man sounded in triumphal splendor a call or *hallali*, which, some centuries afterwards, was recovered by Roland de Latre, in a nocturnal inspiration ; and which pro-

cured to that great musician the 6th of April, 1564, the honor of being created by Gregory XIII. knight of the golden spur, *de numero participantium !*

At the sound the mighty Nimrod rose from table ; the Abbot Pandulphus half turned round ; and Cyrus, who was leaning upon his right arm, suddenly transferred his attitude to the left.

PART XIV.

A new mode of falling from a Horse.

THE cry of the hounds and horn approached. A double door, opposite to that by which Pecopin had entered, was thrown open ; and he saw two hundred varlets bearing upon an immense gold trencher the sixteen-horned stag, smoking in a sea of gravy.

In front of the varlets, bearing their flaming torches, came the old man, horn in hand, mounted upon his Tartar steed, white with foam. He no longer blew his horn, but smiled courteously in the midst of the bellowing hounds, still led on by the pricker in the black mask.

The moment the procession entered the hall, the torches turned blue, and the dogs became mute. These hideous animals, with their lion jowls and tiger roar, followed at the heels of their master, their heads depressed, and tails betwixt their legs, their bodies shivering, and eyes supplicating, towards the table, at which, in statue-like immobility, presided the silent and mysterious guests.

On approaching the table, and surveying his joyless companions, the old man shouted with laughter.

"*Hombres y mugeres*," said he, "*or ça, vosotros belle signore, domini et dominae, amigos míos, comment va la besagne ?*"

"You are late," said the brazen guest, in a brazen voice.

"I had a friend with me, to whom I wanted to show something of hunting," replied the old man.

"It is time, however, that you came !" replied Nimrod ; and at the same moment he pointed with his thumb over his brazen shoulder, towards the further extremity of the hall.

Pecopin's eye followed the indication of the giant ; and he saw, vaguely defined upon the black walls, luminous arches, like windows, which seemed to receive the first light of the dawning day.

"Well, well !" resumed the hunter, "we must fall to in better earnest." And lo ! the varlets bearing the stag, assisted by the

negroes, prepared to set the dish upon the table, at the foot of the seven-branched candlestick.

Pecopin now put spurs to his jennet, which, strange to say, obeyed the hint: no doubt on account of the approach of day, which is not favorable to the interests of magic. Passing betwixt the varlets and the table, he stood up, sword in hand, in the stirrups, looking sternly and straight into the sinister faces of the guests and the aged hunter, exclaiming, with a voice of thunder: "Whoever you be,—demons, ghosts, spectres, or emperors,—I charge ye, move not a step; or, by the saints! I will teach you all, even you, oh! man of bronze, the weight of the iron heel of a living knight, upon the pale visage of a phantom. I am perhaps in a cavern of shadows; but I will do real and terrible deeds! As for you, old man, you can doubtless draw your weapon who so bravely wind a horn. Defend yourself, then! for were you Pluto, the lord of hell, I would cleave you from head to heel."

"Softly, softly, my noisy friend!" replied the old man. "We will talk over business after supper."

This insolence exasperated the knight. "Defend yourself, old man," cried he. "Promise-breaker, I say, defend yourself!"

"*Hijo!* a little patience, if you please," retorted the old gentleman.

"Draw, I say!" persisted Pecopin.

"Pho, pho! my excellent friend, you are over-hasty."

"Give me back Bauldour, then!" said the knight, "give me back Bauldour, as you promised."

"How know you that I mean to disappoint you? But what will you do with her, pray, when you see her again?"

"She is my betrothed, and must become my bride!" answered Pecopin.

"A fine couple you would make, truly," said the old man, shaking his head. "After all, what matters it to me? All is decreed. A bad example is offered to man and womankind by the sun and moon above, who live separate, and are a most disunited couple!"

"A truce to jesting, I say, or I exterminate both devils and

goddesses!" cried Pecopin. "Another moment, and your cavern shall be unpeopled."

The old man chuckled in reply; and the infuriated Pecopin rushed upon him, sword in hand. But suddenly his horse trembled and crouched: the cold rays of daylight had penetrated the cavern, and, excepting the old man, all began to vanish. The lights and torches became gradually extinguished. The pupils of the spectres' eyes, for a moment vivified by the threats of Pecopin, became dim as ever; and he began to see through the brazen mass of the giant, as through a veil, the columns at the extremity of the hall.

His horse became impalpable under him, and sinking to the earth, the feet of Pecopin nearly touched the ground. And lo! a cock crew, with a shrill metallic sound, which penetrated the ear of Pecopin like a blade of steel.

At the same instant a chilling gust blew through the hall, and his horse fell under him. He tottered and fell. When he rose up again, the whole scene was changed! All had disappeared. He found himself alone, with a drawn sword in his hand, in a ravine overgrown with briars, close beside a bubbling spring. The door of an old castle was close at hand. Day was dawning around him; and, on raising his eyes, he shouted for joy.

That castle was the Castle of Falkenberg!

PART XV.

The figure of rhetoric most in favor among the powers that be.

THE cock crowed again, and this time the sound proceeded from the barnyard of the castle. The bird, whose voice had dissolved the enchanted palace, with its nocturnal hunters, had perhaps pecked crumbs from the blessed hands of the beautiful Bauldour.

Oh! power of love! generous energy of the heart! glorious expansion of sentiment and passion! Scarcely had Pecopin beheld his beloved home, when the fresh and dazzling image of his bride seemed to shine out before him. The woes of the past, the illusions, the mysterious and diabolical abyss of visions through which he had passed, vanished in a moment from his remembrance.

Of a surety it was not thus, with a haughty mien and flashing eye, that the crowned priest, alluded to by the *speculum historiale*, emerged from among the phantoms, after having visited the splendid interior of the brazen dragon. And since this redoubtable spectre has just appeared to the writer of this story, he must needs vent his imprecations on, as well as stigmatise, this double-faced impostor, whose eyes were directed at once toward light and darkness; and who divided his allegiance between God and Sylvan II., and the devil, in combination with Gerbert the magician. Towards traitors and hypocrites, hatred becomes a virtue. Every well-thinking Parisian owes a stone to Perinet Leclercq, a Spaniard to Count Julian, a Christian to Judas, all men living to Lucifer. Let us not forget that God places day by the side of night, good near evil, the angels of light confronting the power of darkness. The austere teaching of providence results from this sublime and eternal antithesis. The Eternal Voice cries aloud eternally, "Choose!"

In the eleventh century, he opposed to the cabalistic priest Gerbert the pure and erudite Emuldu. The magician became

Pope, the holy sage a physician, so that men were enabled to examine, by the self-same light, the fair science attired in robes of black, the black art in robes of honor. Meanwhile, Pecopin had sheathed his sword, and was proceeding towards the castle, the windows of which, glittering in the sunshine, seemed to exchange smiles with the dawning day.

As he neared the bridge, a voice behind him whispered, "Sir knight of Sonneck! say, have I kept my promise?"

PART XVI.

Debating whether a Man can recognize a Man he hath never seen.

PECOPIN turned round, and saw two men among the bushes ; one being the masked pricker, Pecopin trembled. He carried under his arm a large red portfolio. The other was a little old man, humped, lame, and hideous. It was he who was so familiar to Pecopin. But Pecopin vainly attempted to recall his face.

"Sir knight!" inquired the humpback, "have you forgotten me?"

"You are surely the slave from the Red Sea?" said Pecopin.

"Say rather the hunter of the wood of Lost Footsteps," replied the man. He seemed reluctant to announce himself as the devil!

"Be what you will, since you have kept your word, and I am at Falkenberg, and about to see Bauldour again," replied the knight, "I am your humble servant, and thank you in all sincerity."

"What did I answer last night, when you took me to task?"

"You bade me take patience."

"So say I again! You were too hasty in reproving me; perhaps you are as much in thanking me."

So speaking, the devil assumed an inexpressibly cunning look. Irony is the favorite cast of countenance of the devil!

"What means all this?" said Pecopin, beginning to quake.

The devil pointed to the masked pricker. "Dost thou remember that man?"

"I do!" said he.

"Dost know him?"

"I do not!"

The pricker unmasked, and discovered the face of Erilangus. Pecopin stood confounded!

"Pecopin!" resumed the devil, "You were my creditor; I owed you two things—this hump and this club foot. I am fond of paying my debts like a gentleman, and sought out Erilangus in order to ascertain your tastes. He told me you were passion-

ately fond of hunting. On learning this, I said that it were a pity but you should see the famous Black Hunt. At sunset I met you in the thicket, and in the wood of Lost Footsteps. I arrived in the nick of time. The dwarf Rollo was about to take you for himself; and I therefore made free with you."

Pecopin was now trembling in every limb.

"Had you not possessed your talisman," added the devil, "I should have kept you for my own. But I am well satisfied that things should be as they are. To be palatable, vengeance ought to be dressed with a variety of sauces."

"To the point, demon!" cried Pecopin, scarcely able to speak.

"To reward Erilangus for his revelations," resumed the fiend, "I have made him my secretary of state. The place is worth something."

"Trifles!" exclaimed Pecopin, in utter despair.

"I promised you," gravely resumed the devil, "that after this night's chase, at sunrise I would take you back to Falkenberg. Here you are!"

"One word more! Is Bauldour still among the living?"

The devil nodded affirmatively.

"Is she married?"

"No!"

"Has she taken the veil?"

"No!"

"Does she still love me?"

"As much as ever!"

"In that case," cried Pecopin, "whoever you be, and whatever happens, I repeat my thanks!"

"So much the better!" exclaimed the devil. "We are both satisfied with our bargains."

So saying, he seized Erilangus in his arms, though bigger than himself, and twisting his deformed leg round the other, raised himself on the point of his toes, spun rapidly round, and penetrated the earth with the action of a screw.

As the ground closed over the devil, a little bluish flame issued forth, mingled with green sparks, which flew gaily off towards the forest; flickering about the trees, and sending forth thousands of luminous hues, much like a rainbow, gradually losing itself among the thick foliage.

PART XVII.

PECOPIN shrugged his shoulders.

"Bauldour is alive, Bauldour is free," thought he, "Bauldour adores me! What have I to fear? It was exactly five years last night since I saw her last; and it is now five years and one day more. I shall find her lovelier than ever.

"Twenty is the crowning age of female beauty! In those days of universal good faith, five years were a trifle, scarcely worth speaking of, in the separation of lovers."

Thus soliloquising, he approached the castle, and joyfully recognized every ornament of sculpture, every spike of the portcullis, every nail of the drawbridge. He felt elated in knowing himself to be welcome. The threshold of the door on which we played as children, seems to welcome us as men, with the loving smile of a mother!

As he crossed the bridge, he noticed near the third arch, a superb oak, whose summit towered above the parapet.

"It is odd enough," thought he. "No oak used to stand there of old!"

He then remembered that previous to the day he had met the hunt of the Palatine, in playing with Bauldour, he had scattered some acorns on the spot.

"Wonderful," thought he. "In five years the acorn has become an oak. The ground must be excellent!"

Four birds were chattering in this tree, a jay, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow. Pecopin scarcely remarked them, any more than he did a pigeon and a fowl in the farmyard hard at hand. He only thought of Bauldour, and hastened on his way. The sun was on the horizon, and varlets had just lowered the drawbridge.

As Pecopin passed over, he heard in his rear a shout of laugh-

ter, distant, but distinct. He could not discover any one. It was the devil, laughing a chuckle in his caverns below.

Under the arch was a reservoir of the most mirror-like smoothness : the knight leaned over it as over a glass. After the toils of such a journey he expected to find himself in rags ; and after the emotions of that supernatural night, feared to behold his own disturbed countenance. But either by virtue of the talisman, or through the effect of the elixir administered by the devil, he found himself looking handsomer and younger than ever !

What astonished him most, was the magnificence of his dress. In the confusion of his ideas he could not make out how he came to be so splendidly equipped ; he looked like a Prince or Genius.

While thus contemplating himself, he heard a still louder and more joyous laugh than before, but still he saw no one. The devil was laughing in his sleeve. Pecopin traversed the courtyard of state, and the men-at-arms leaned over the walls to look at him, but he recognized none of them, nor they him. The maidens wringing out the linen also turned round to gaze, but there was not a familiar face in the group. He was so good-looking, however, that no one interrupted his progress ; good looks are the credentials of good birth and breeding.

Knowing his way, he turned straight towards the winding staircase leading to Bauldour's chamber. In passing through the court, the walls had struck him as unusually time-worn, and he fancied that the ivy growing upon the northern tower had thickened beyond all measure, as well as the vines on the southern side. But a true and loving heart does not pause at such a moment, to ruminate on trifles !

Arrived at the turret, he with difficulty recognized the door. The vaulting of these stairs was screw-cut, and geometrically suspended, and at the departure of Pecopin, Bauldour's father had reconstructed the entrance with the beautiful white stone of Heidelberg. This entrance, though only built five years, was now dark and moss-grown, while under the archway several swallows had established their homes. But was it a time for a man in love to ponder upon the construction of swallows' nests ?

Could flashes of lightning ascend a staircase, I should compare them to the movements of Pecopin. In the twinkling of an eye

he was on the fifth story, near the chamber of Bauldour, the door of which was still the same, neither black nor changed, but gay, neat, and spotless; the brass work brilliant as silver; and the knots of the wood sparkling as a maiden's eye. All was evidently carefully looked to by the waiting-women of Bauldour.

The key was in the door, as if Pecopin had been expected. He had only to turn it and enter. Nevertheless, he paused, for he was breathless with joy and happiness, to say nothing of having mounted five stories! Rosy flames flashed across his brow, while his head throbbed violently, and his heart heaved high within him. All these emotions having gradually subsided, and silence being restored in his soul, he listened.

In what words are we to describe the condition of the poor heart so intoxicated with delight?

Nevertheless, all he heard within was the monotonous humming of a wheel!

PART XVIII.

Where serious Minds may find out which is the most Impertinent of
Metaphors.

THE wheel was probably the wheel of Bauldour ; still it was possibly that of one of her attendants ; for Bauldour's oratory was close to her chamber, and there she often passed the day, and though she span much, she prayed more.

Thus cogitated Pecopin, yet still he listened to the whirl of the wheel with delight. Such is the weakness of a man in love ; above all, when possessed of an expansive heart and a great mind.

The state of mind of Pecopin was composed of the ecstasy which dwelt upon its joy, and the eagerness which would bring it to an issue.

Pecopin, finally summoning courage, placed his hand upon the key, the door yielded, he opened and entered the chamber. "Alas !" he exclaimed, "I was mistaken, it was not Bauldour I heard, it was an old woman, nay, an old fairy, for fairies alone attain such fabulous age and centenarian decrepitude."

The duenna appeared to be in her hundredth year, Imagine, if you can, a human being bent, broken, tanned, freckled, wrinkled, and withered ; with white hair and eyebrows, black lips and teeth, yellow, palsied, and hideous. Even such a venerable and horrible creature as this was seated crouched beside the window, her eyes fixed upon her wheel, and holding her spindle like one of the destinies. She was doubtless deaf, for, on Pecopin's opening the door, she seemed not to heed him. Still, the knight made her an obeisance, as is due to such prodigious age. "Good mother," said he, approaching her, "where, I pray you, is Bauldour ?"

The centenarian raised her eyes, let fall her thread, trembled in all her members, uttered a feeble shriek, half raised herself upon her chair, extended her skinny hand to the knight, and said

with a weak and reedy voice, as if proceeding from a tomb, "Sir Pecopin ! what are you in need of ? Masses for the repose of your poor soul ? Oh holy saints ! what has brought you up from the dead ?"

"My good woman," replied Pecopin, laughing and talking loud in order that, if at hand, Bauldour might hear him, "I am not dead. It is not my ghost you see, but Pecopin himself, in his own flesh and blood. I want no masses, but a kiss from my beloved Bauldour, whom I love more tenderly than ever. Do you hear, old lady ?"

As he pronounced these words, she threw her withered arms round his neck. It was Bauldour herself ! The devil's hunt had lasted one hundred years !

Bauldour was alive, thanks to God or the devil ; but, at the moment Pecopin saw her again, the poor girl had just attained one hundred and twenty years and a day !

PART XIX.

Divine Philosophy of Four Sages on Two Legs.

HORROR-STRUCK and afraid, Pecopin fled down stairs, crossed the court and bridge, scaled the precipice, leaped the torrent, rushed through the bushes, and took refuge in the forest of Sonneck.

He ran all day like a madman escaped from durance. He still adored Bauldour, but abhorred her spectral representative, and could not disentangle the perplexities of his mind, memory, and heart. Evening approached, and seeing before him the towers of his ancestral castle, he tore off the rich garments given him by the devil, and threw them into the torrent of Sonneck. He then tore his hair, and found that he held a handful which was grey.

Suddenly his knees gave way under him, and he was forced to support himself against a tree. But lo! his hands were completely wrinkled. In his impatience, he had unfortunately torn off his talisman, and thrown it into the torrent with his clothes! The menaces of the slave of the sultana were instantly accomplished. He had aged by a hundred years in the space of a moment! And thus, in the morning he had lost his love, and in the evening his youth. Again the hideous laugh resounded in his ears; yet he saw no one. The devil was enjoying his solitary fun.

How was he to act in this utter extremity? Having picked up a stick to support himself, he proceeded to the castle, which was happily not far off. As he arrived, he saw by the last gleam of twilight a jay, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow, perched upon the roof among the weathercocks, as if waiting for him. The hen cried, "Pecopin! Pecopin!" the pigeon, "Bauldour! Bauldour!" and instantly he recalled to mind his dream at Bacharach, and the warning addressed to him by the old man, the other day, one hundred years ago. "For the young man, the blackbird whistles, the jay chatters, the magpie yelps, the crow

croaks, the pigeon coos, the hen chuckles. But for the old man, birds have a number of instructive things to say."

He listened, and heard the four birds jesting merrily together, over the inconstancy of a certain young gentleman who goes out to enjoy a day's hunting, and cannot find his way back again till the close of a hundred years!

Lest he should entertain any doubt concerning the personality of their allusions, throughout the whole dialogue the hen kept cackling the name of "Pecopin!" while the pigeon replied, by gently cooing that of "Bauldour!"

LETTER XXIII.

Bingen—Mayence.

September.

BINGEN is a charming and pretty town ; solemn, like a town of ancient date, and yet exhibiting the gaiety of a modern one ; which, from the time of the consul Drusus to that of the Emperor Charlemagne, from Charlemagne until Archbishop Willigis, from the archbishop till the merchant Montemagno, from Montemagno to the visionary Holzhausen, and from him to the notary Fabre, now ruling and reigning in the castle of Drusus—has increased and crept on, house by house, in the Y of the Rhine and the Nahe, just as the dew accumulates in the corolla of a lily. Excuse the comparison, but it has the merit of being true, and faithfully describing, in all cases possible, the mode of formation of a town situated upon a confluence of rivers.

Everything contributes to render Bingen a kind of antithesis, built in the midst of a landscape, which is another antithesis. The town, hemmed in to the left by the river, to the right by the stream, develops itself in the form of a triangle ; in the midst of which is a Gothic church backed by a Roman citadel. This last is of the first century, and, after having served as a stronghold to marauding knights, now contains the garden of the curate. In the church, which is of the 15th century, stands the tomb of the reputed sorcerer Barthélemy of Holzhausen, whom the Elector of Mayence would have burned as a magician, if he had not preferred to hire him as an astrologer. In the direction of Mayence, commences the verdant and fertile country of the Rheingau, and in that of Coblenz, the mountains of Leyden knit their savage brows. Here nature laughs like a beautiful nymph frolicking upon the grass ; while there, on the contrary, she scowls like a reclining giant.

Numerous remembrances, represented in one instance by a forest, in another by a rock, in another by an edifice, present

themselves in this corner of the Rheingau. Lower down, yonder green hill is the joyous Johannisberg, at the foot of which stands the formidable square fort flanking the angle of the strong town of Rudesheim, for some time the advance-post of the Romans. On the summit of the Niederwald, opposite Bingen, on the borders of a fine forest, upon a hill commencing the stricture of the Rhine, and which in the olden time barred up its passage, stands a small temple with white columns, not unlike the rotunda of a Parisian coffee-house, on the site of the superb and gloomy Ehrenfels, constructed in the twelfth century by Archbishop Siegfried, once a formidable citadel, now a superb ruin. The baby-house predominates, and humiliates the fortress.

On the other side of the Rhine, upon the Rupertsberg, which looks towards Niederwald, among the ruins of the convent of Disibodenberg, is the holy well dug by St. Hildegarde, adjoining the infamous tower built by Hatto. The convent is buried in vines, the tower surrounded by gulphs. The latter is used as a forge, while the Prussian custom-house is established in the convent. The spectre of Hatto listens to the clang of the anvil, and the shade of Hildegarde is privy to the gauging of spirits.

By a curious contrast, the insurrection of Civilis, which destroyed the bridge of Drusus; the war of the Palatinate, which destroyed the bridge of Willigis; the legions of Tutor, the quarrels of the Burgraves, Adolph of Nassau and Didier of Isembourg, the Normans in 890, the townsmen of Creuznach in 1279, the Archbishop Baldwin of Trèves in 1334, the plague in 1349, the inundation in 1458, the Palatine bailiff Goler de Ravensberg, in 1496, the Landgrave William of Hesse in 1504, the Thirty Years' war, the revolutionary and imperial armies;—all these devastations have successively swept over this happy and serene plain; while the most captivating personages of the liturgy and legend, Gela, Jutta, Liba, Guda; Gisela, the lovely daughter of Brœmsen; Hildegarde, the companion of St. Bernard; Hiltruda, the penitent of Pope Eugene; have by turns abided among these gloomy rocks. The smell of blood is still on the plain; the odor of sanctity and perfume of loveliness still linger among the mountains.

The more you examine this beautiful spot, the clearer to look and thought becomes the antithesis. It assumes a thousand forms.

Just as the Nahe clears the arches of the stone bridge, upon the parapet of which the Hessian Lion turns its back upon the Prussian Eagle, which the Hessians say is a sign of contempt, and the Prussians, on the contrary, of fear ; at the moment, I say, that the Nahe, which flows gently on from Mont Tonnerre, passes under this frontier bridge, the bronze-green arm of the Rhine seizes upon the languid river, and carries it straight off into the Bingerloch. That passes in the gulf into which it is there plunged, is known only to the gods ; but certain it is, that never did Jupiter of old bestow a more sleepy nymph upon a more impetuous monster.

The church of Bingen is plastered without and within with a grey color ; this is absurd enough. But the abominable restorations now going on in France will end by reconciling me with plaster and whitewashing. The most deplorable instance I know of this kind is the reparation of the abbey of St. Denis, now, alas ! complete ; and that of Nôtre Dame de Paris, at this time in progress. I shall return some day to these two acts of Vandalism, feeling a personal shame in thinking that the first was accomplished in the heart of our metropolis, and the second in the eyes of all Paris. By our silence, our endurance, our indifference, we are all guilty of this double architectural crime, and we shall all justly merit the condemnation of posterity, when, in the presence of these defaced, mutilated, and degraded edifices, they call our century to account for these two admirable monuments, beautiful among the beautiful, illustrious among the illustrious of temples ; the one, the metropolitan church of royalty, the other of France !

Let us hide our faces ! Such restorations are tantamount to demolition.

To wash or plaster is only an act of stupidity ; it does not destroy, but merely soils, smears, tattoos, disfigures, and renders buildings ridiculous and frightful. It travesties the bright idea of Cæsar Cæsariano, or Herwyn de Steinback, into the mask of Gautier Garguille ; beflowering the face of a fine building like that of a clown—nothing more. Scrape off the offending plaster, and you will find the aspect of the venerable church pure and dignified as ever.

To repose upon the summit of the Klopp, about the approach of sunset, and gaze upon the city beneath, and the immense horizon around you, watch the hill-tops darken, the curling smoke, the extending shadows, the verses of Virgil vivified in the landscape; inhaling the united breezes of the river and the mountains, when the air is genial, the season mild, and the day fine, is an exquisite and inexpressible sensation, replete with a mysterious charm, derived at once from the grandeur of the scenery, and the depth of contemplation it engenders. Beside the open attic windows, young girls are sitting, with their eyes fixed upon their work; the birds chirp gaily in the ivy on the walls; the streets re-echo with industry and happiness; you hear the splash of the oars from the boats upon the Rhine, and watch the fluctuations of the sails. The pigeons hover round the steeples, the river subsides into a mirror, the sky grows clear and pale, a horizontal sunbeam in the distance penetrates the clouds of dust afar off upon the ducal road from Rüdesheim to Biberich, showing the brilliant equipages, which seem to glitter in its light, as if drawn by four flying stars. The washerwomen on the banks are drying their linen on the bushes; those on the Nâhe beating it with their naked feet, upon rafts of fir, moored at the river's edge, and laughing heartily as they work at the tourist, who stands near them, sketching the Ehrenfels. The Matse-thurm, amidst this general joy and sunshine, smokes on in silence, under the sombre shade of the mountains.

The sun sets, and night usurps its place; the roofs of the city appear to form but one. The mountains become confounded into one gloomy mass, amid which vanishes the white lustre of the Rhine. Crape-like mists rise slowly from the horizon to the zenith. The diminutive steamer from Mayence to Bingen takes up its station for the night before the Victoria Hotel. The washerwomen return home with bundles on their heads. All noise ceases. A last rosy gleam, like the reflection of a better sphere upon the face of a dying person, still colors, on the summit of the rocks, the pale visage of Ehrenfels, marked with haggard traces of decay. Even this disappears, and the tower of Hatto, almost imperceptible two hours before, now becomes a prominent feature in the landscape. Its smoke, black during the day, be-

comes luminous at night with the fire of the forge ; and like the revengeful soul of the wicked, seems to rejoice in the general gloom.

Some days ago I was on the towers of the Klopp, and while indulging in these reveries, and my mind wandering I know not where, a window suddenly opened in a roof beneath me ; and I heard the pure fresh voice of a young girl singing the following plaintive and mournful words :—

Plas mi cavalier Frances,
E la dona Catalana,
E l'ouraz del Ginoes,
E la court de Castelana.
Lou cantaz Provençales
E la danza Trevisana,
E lou corps Aragones,
La mans a Kara d'Angles,
E lou donzel de Toscana.

I recognized the joyous verses of Frederick Barbarossa, and cannot describe to you the effect they produced upon me, in that Roman ruin transformed into a notary's villa, amid the darkness brightened only by the candle of my pretty songstress, two hundred yards from the Maïse tower, now a smithy ; close to the Victoria hotel, and with a steam omnibus moored before its door. This imperial song, accented by the lips of a German peasant, this outburst of the Provençal gaiety of times of yore, subsided into a melancholy ditty ; this ray of the time of the Crusades, piercing the darkness of ages, and awaking me, a poor wandering dreamer, from my reveries, was a curious and striking trait of the pertinacity of life of immortal verse. As I have alluded to the music I heard on the Rhine, why should I scruple to relate to you that at Braubach, as the steamer stopped to set some passengers on shore, a band of students, seated upon the trunk of a tree detached from some raft of the Murg, were singing in chorus, with German words, that beautiful air of Quasimodo, which forms one of the remarkable beauties in Mademoiselle Bertin's opera of the "Esmeralda." Some day or other, justice will be done to that remarkable composition, which at its first appearance was so harshly and unjustly treated. The public, too often mis-

led by cabals fatal to the efforts of genius, will eventually revise a condemnation fomented by the malice of political party, professional envy, and the venom of literary coteries ; and admire, as it deserves, that truly beautiful music, so pathetic, so graceful, yet at moments so melancholy ; a creation combining all that is most tender and most grave in the heart of woman, and all that is earnest in the soul of man. Germany has done justice to this work : so will France, *in time* !

Having little faith in guide-book curiosities, I confess that I did not go to see the horn, the nuptial bed, and iron chain of old Brœmsen. But I visited the square donjon of Radesheim, now belonging to an intelligent proprietor, who fully understands that, in order to remain a palace, it must remain a ruin. Mansions, like gentlemen, are the nobler for their antiquity.

How perfect is this donjon ! Roman crypts, Gothic walls ; a banquet room, of which the table is lit by a chandelier formed like a fleural crown, similar to that of Charlemagne ; stained glass of the period of the revival of the arts ; watchdogs of Homeric size, which guard the court ; iron lanterns of the thirteenth century hooked to the wall ; winding staircases ; bottomless oubliettes ; sepulchral urns ranged in a kind of ossuary ; thousands of fearful things, on the summit of which extends a beautiful terrace of flowers and verdure.

The present proprietor of the ruin bestows his attention entirely upon its floral embellishments ; which consist of the natural vegetations of the spot cultivated into richness. There are walks intersecting this monstrous bouquet ; which, on the spot, proves to be a garden ; and, at a distance, looks like a crown of flowers.

The acclivities of Johannisberg shelter these venerable remains, which the genial air of the south reaches through windows opening on the Rhine. I know no breeze more grateful or literary, than that self-same south wind. It inspires ideas which are profound, cheering, and ennobling. While warming the body, it seems to enlighten the mind. The Athenians, who knew everything, have expressed this idea in their ingenious sculptures. In the relievos of the Temple of the Winds, the north winds are hideous and hairy, have a look of stupidity, and are

dressed like barbarians; while the soft and genial winds are attired in the garb of the philosophers of Greece

At Bingen, I saw, at the extremity of the public-room, two tables differently served. At one sat a fat Bavarian major, speaking more or less French; who every day saw set before him a regular German dinner of five courses, which he scarcely ever touched. At the other table sat a poor devil before his solitary dish of sauerkraut, which having devoured, he passed the remainder of his time in feasting his hungry eyes upon the pantagruelic display of his neighbor. Till then I never understood the saying of d'Abancourt: "Providence gives to one man meat, to the other appetite."

The poor devil was a young scholar, pale, serious, much addicted to entomology, and a little in love with the chambermaid; a common characteristic of learned men; though, by the way, a learned man in love is to me a problem. How is it possible to reconcile the crosses, jealousies, angers, and lost time of love, with the solitudes and unceasing meditations essential to the life of a scholar? How, for instance, could the learned Huxham, who, in his fine treatise, "*De aëre et morbis epidemicis*," has calculated, month by month, from 1724 to 1746, the quantity of rain fallen at Plymouth, during twenty-two years consecutively, find leisure for the exactions of a tender passion?

Imagine Romeo counting through a microscope the seventeen thousand facets of a fly's eye; or Don Juan, with an apron, analysing the paratartrate of antimony, and the paratartrovinat of potash; or Othello, leaning over a lentile, attempting to detect vegetable mysteries, by means of decomposition, in the fossil farina of the Chinese.

Nevertheless, my young entomologist was decidedly in love; spoke French better than the major; and had an original system of the universe—but not a penny in his pocket. I love systems, though I have little faith in them. Descartes was a visionary; Huygens modified the dreams of Descartes; and Mariotte modified the modifications of Huygens. Where Descartes saw stars, Huygens saw globules; and Mariotte, needles. What has been proved by all these hypotheses? Nothing but the insignificance of man and the greatness of God. This, however, is something.

As I said before, I love a system. Systems are the ladders by which we ultimately scale the altitudes of truth.

My young scholar sometimes came, about the hour of the table d'hôte, to drink a bottle of beer; when I used to take up a newspaper and watch him, as I sat in the recess of the window. The table d'hôte of the Victoria was ill composed and inharmonious, as is the case with most things which chance brings into juxtaposition. At the upper end, there sat an elderly Englishwoman, with three beautiful children; a duenna rather than a nurse, an aunt rather than a mother. I pitied these little creatures; for the bony fingers of the old woman were ever ready for reproof. The Bavarian major occasionally sat by her side, in order to improve his appetite. He usually conversed with a Parisian lawyer, who said he was going to Baden, because "everybody seemed to go there." Near the lawyer sat an old gentleman, more than octogenarian, his hair white, and having that look of goodness which often precedes the close of human existence. He was fond of quoting from Horace; and, being toothless, the word "*mors*" became "*mox*;" which, in the mouth of so aged a man, sounded melancholy enough.

Opposite the old man, was a gentleman who indulged in French versification; and read us some verses upon Holland, in which he alluded to the "*harangues*" which swarm in their seas!—I confess I never heard of any other fishy fry there than *harengs*.

To complete the party, we had two Alsatian tradesmen, enriched by the smuggling of weasel skins; who have now votes, and are eligible for juries. They sat smoking their pipes, and relating their adventures—the same old stories, told over and over again, of which, having invariably forgotten the names of the *dramatis personæ*, one was sure to be called Mr. Whatdoyecall-him, and the other, Mr. Thingumee.

The versemonger was one of those erudite, philosophical, constitutional, Voltairian fellows, who, as he was always boasting, delighted in the mining of prejudices; indulging in commonplace sneers upon all established usages, and disparaging those holy and grave institutions which are respected by decent minds. He liked, as he said, to thrust his lance into the focus of human errors; and though he seldom selected the real windmills of the

century, chose to nickname himself, in his facetious moments, Don Quixote.

Now and then the lawyer and the poet, though well suited to each other, chose to dispute. The poet, to complete his portrait, was a man of incomprehensible comprehension ; a man of chaotic understanding ; one of those men who stammer in conversation, and scribble when they write. The lawyer, on the other hand, was triumphantly fluent; and could triumphantly spout on, for two hours together, like a water-pipe opened by a turncock.

“ In one weak, washy, everlasting flood.”

Upon this, the entomologist, who was really clever, used in his turn to annihilate the lawyer. He spoke admirably, and generally with applause ; but ever and anon kept looking askance, to ascertain whether the “ *magd* ” were listening.

One day, he was perorating upon the virtue of resignation and self-abnegation. But as he was fasting, and philosophy is a supper without dessert, I asked him to dinner. Though he could scarcely infer to what country I belonged from the words I uttered, he accepted my proposal ; and we entered into conversation, and made friends.

We made several excursions to the Matsethurm and the right bank of the river together, for which I hired the boat.

Such were my adventures at Bingen. The town, though not large, is remarkable for its incessant demands upon your purse. A perpetual remembrance of the words “ something to drink,” leaves the traveller, at the close of his sojourn, reduced almost to extenuation.

By the way, at Bacharach, I left the realm of dollars, *silber-grossen* and *pfennings*, for that of kreutzers and florins. Darkness invisible !

Here is about the manner of proceeding in making a purchase.

“ How much is this ? ” you inquire.

The shopkeeper replies, “ one florin, fifty-three kreutzers.”

“ I do not understand.”

“ Sir, it makes in Prussian money a dollar, two groschen, and eighteen pfennings.”

“ I beg your pardon, but I do not exactly understand.”

"Sir, a florin is worth two francs, three sols, and a centime; a Prussian dollar is worth three francs and three quarters; a silbergrossen, two sous and a half; a kreutzer three quarters of a sou; a pfenning three quarters of a liard."

To all this I can only answer, like Don Cæsar, "clear as daylight;" open my purse, and trust to the proverbial honesty which is probably the Ubian altar alluded to by Tacitus; "*Ara Ubiorum*." Moreover, the Hessians pronounce kreutzer, "*creusse*," the Badeners "*criche*," and the Swiss "*cruche*,"—confusion worse confounded to a traveller.

LETTER XXIV.

MAYENCE, September.

MAYENCE and Frankfort, like Versailles and Paris, now form but a single town. During the middle ages, there were eight leagues between the two cities, or two days' journey; now-a-days, it is only an hour and a quarter.

Between the imperial and electoral cities civilisation has established that auspicious means of junction, a railway, which now and then coasts the river Main, and crosses a vast and fertile plain, without viaducts or tunnels, without clearings or fillings up, but merely composed of rails placed upon sleepers, patriarchally shaded with fruit trees, like a village road. The whole is open and unprotected; and an invisible hand seems to conduct you through gardens, orchards and fields, which vanish from your eyes like the rejected roll of a pattern-book.

Frankfort and Mayence, like Liège, are beautiful cities, sacrificed by a pretension to taste. I know not what corrosive and destructive property is inherent in that flimsy architecture, with plaster colonnades, theatrical churches, and palace-like public houses; but certain it is, that wherever this prevails, the ancient city disappears amidst piles of lath and plaster. I hoped to have found at Mayence the Martinsburg, a feudal residence of the archiepiscopal electors till the seventeenth century. But the French turned it into an hospital, and the Hessians demolished it to enlarge the free port. As to the Guildhall, built in 1347 by the famous League of the Hundred Towns, superbly embellished with statues of the seven electors, with their escutcheons, above which two colossal figures upheld the crown of empire,—it is now demolished, to form a public square. I meant to lodge opposite, in the Inn of the Three Crowns, established in 1360 by the Clee-mann family, the most ancient inn in Europe; trusting to find one of those houses described by the gifted Grammont, with an

immense chimney, a spacious hall with beams and pillars, of which the wall is one continued leaden trellised window, at the gate a stepping stone to mount your mule. But on arriving, I turned from the door with disgust. The old inn is become a kind of Hotel Maurice, with pasteboard festoons and friezes ; while at the windows is perceptible the prodigality of draperies, and want of curtains, characterizing the German inns.

Some day or other Mayence will do with the houses *Bona Monte* and *Zum Jungen*, what Paris has done with the old House of Pillars at the Halles. They will demolish, to make way for some stupid edifice, surmounted by some stupider bust, the birth-place of John Gensfleisch, chamberlain of Adolph of Nassau, whom posterity knows under the name of Gutemberg ; just as it recognizes by that of Molière, Jean Baptiste Poquelin, valet-de-chambre of Louis XIV.

The old churches, however, still stand their ground, and protect all that surrounds them. It is adjacent to the cathedral of Mayence you must look for Mayence, in the same manner as you must seek Frankfort in its collegial precincts.

Cologne is a Gothic city still loitering in the epoch of the Gauls. Frankfort and Mayence are also Gothic, but trenching on the revival of the arts, and in some respects corrupted by the rusticated and Chinese. There is consequently something Flemish about Mayence and Frankfort, which distinguishes them from the other Rhenish cities. One perceives at Cologne, that the austere projectors of the cathedral, Master Gerard, Master Arnold, and Master Jean, long controlled with their authority the taste of the city. These four great shadows have watched over Cologne for the lapse of four centuries ; protecting the churches of Plectrude and Hanno, the tomb of Theophania, and the gilt chamber of the Eleven Thousand Virgins ; intercepting the influx of spurious taste ; slow to tolerate the almost classical imagination of the revival of the arts ; maintaining the purity of Gothic architecture ; weeding the endive work of Louis XV., wherever they made their appearance ; maintaining, in all the sharpness of their outline, the carved gables of the structures of the fourteenth century ; and overawed only (like the lion by the

braying of the ass) by the monstrous innovations of the Parisian architects of the present century.

At Mayence and Frankfort the architecture of the Rubens school prevails; the vigorous and flowing outline, the rich fantasies of Flanders; a superabundance of iron trellis-work, overcharged with flowers and animals; an endless variety of angles and turrets; indications of a florid complexion and plethoric temperament, possessing more health than beauty; a profusion of masks, tritons, naiads, fleshy exaggerations of pagan sculpture, overwrought embellishments, and hyperbolical designs,—all that is exorbitant and magnificent in bad taste, have invaded the city since the commencement of the seventeenth century; feathering and festooning, according to their poetic fancies, the ancient and solemn Germanic architecture of the city. Seen as the birds fly, Mayence and Frankfort, the one on the Rhine, the other on the Main, having the same position as Cologne, partake necessarily of the same plan. Upon the opposite bank, the bridge of boats of Mayence has created Castel, just as the stone bridge of Frankfort created Sachshausen, and the bridge of Cologne Deutz.

The Cathedral of Mayence, like those of Worms and Trèves, has no front, but terminates at the two extremities by two choirs. They consist of two Roman apses, each having its transept, opposite each other, connected by a great nave, as if two churches were united by their façades. The two crosses touch at their lower extremity. From this geometrical formation, results six towers, *viz.*, one large one between two lesser, like the priest between the deacon and subdeacon; a symbolism I have already mentioned as producing in our own cathedrals the structure of our Gothic windows.

The two apses, whose conjunction forms the Cathedral of Mayence, are of different periods, and though identified in the same geometrical line, with respect to dimensions, present, as edifices, a striking contrast. The first and lesser of the two is of the tenth century; begun in 978, and terminated in 1009; since which, every successive century has added its stone.

A hundred years ago the prevailing taste of the day assailed the cathedral, and the Pompadour florid style, with its exuberant frippery, degraded the Lombard lozenge and Saxon arch; and the

ancient apsis is now disfigured by these fanciful and unmeaning embellishments. The great tower, with its ample cone, three diminishing diadems, rose and facet-cut ornaments, seems built rather with gems than stone. Upon the other tower, which is severe, simple, Byzantine and Gothic, modern architects have erected a sharp pointed cupola, probably from economy, resting at its basis upon a circle of sharp gables, not unlike the iron crown of the Kings of Lombardy. It is in zinc, plain and unornamented, reminding one of the pontifical mitre of the primitive times. One might fancy it the severe tiara of Gregory VII. looking at the splendid tiara of Boniface VIII. ; a grand idea placed there by time and chance—great architects in their way.

The whole of this venerable edifice has been smeared over with pinkish plaster, from top to bottom. The act has been perpetrated with much taste and discernment ; the Byzantine tower being of a delicate pink, the Pompadour of a vivid red !

Like the Chapelle of Aix, the Cathedral of Mayence has its bronze gates, ornamented with lions' heads. Those of Aix are of Roman origin ; and when I visited the city, I vainly searched for the hole said to have been made by the devil's foot,* in his indignation at finding he had swallowed a wolf's soul instead of that of a citizen paying scot and lot.

The doors of Mayence can boast of no legendary history. They are of the eleventh century, and were given by Archbishop Willigis to the church of Nôtre Dame, now demolished ; from whence they were taken to embellish the majestic portal of the cathedral. Upon these doors are inscribed, in Roman characters, the privileges granted to the city in 1135 by the Archbishop Adalbert, second Elector of Cologne. Underneath is inscribed a still more ancient legend.

If the interior of Mayence reminds one of the Flemish towns, the interior of the cathedral also reminds one of the Belgian churches : the nave, chapels, two transepts, and two apses, without stained glass, being whitewashed from top to bottom, though

* The valets-de-place of Aix usually show the holes through the lions' noses, made to contain handles, the rings being defunct, as the work of the devil !

sumptuously furnished. On all sides abound frescoes, pictures, carved wood, gilt and twisted columns.

But the real ornaments of the Cathedral of Mayence are the tombs of the archbishop electors! The church is literally paved with them, altars are made of them, the pillars propped by them, the walls covered with them. They are of the most costly marble, and more splendid from sculpture and carving than the plates of gold that covered the temple of Solomon! I verified in the church, as well as in the capitulary hall of the cloister, a tomb of the eighth century, two of the thirteenth, six of the fourteenth, six of the fifteenth, eleven of the sixteenth, eight of the seventeenth, and nine of the eighteenth; in all, forty-three sepulchres. Among these I do not include the altar-built tombs, difficult of access, nor the flat tombs of the pavement; a confused mosaic of chronicles of the dead, gradually obliterated by the footsteps of the living. I also omit a few insignificant tombs of the nineteenth century.

All these tombs, five excepted, are sepulchres of archbishops! and of the thirty-eight cenotaphs, dispersed without chronological order, and, as if by chance, amidst a forest of Byzantine columns with enigmatical capitals, the art of six centuries develops itself, with ramifying branches, from which falls a double fruit, the history of romance, and the history of reality.

There Liebenstein, Homburg, Gemmingen, Heufenstein, Brandebourg, Steinburg, Ingelheim, Dalberg, Eltz, Stadion, Weinsberg, Ostein, Leyen, Hennenberg, Tour-and-Taxis, almost all the great names of Rhenish Germany, appear, amid the shining light which tombs create in the solemn obscurity of a church. The prevailing fancies of the period, both of the artist and the dead, prevail in the epitaph. The mausoleums of the eighteenth century are half open, discovering a skeleton with its long fleshless fingers, carrying away archiepiscopal mitres and electoral hats.

The archbishops, contemporaries of Richelieu and Louis XIV., recline upon their sarcophagi, leaning on their elbow. The Arabesques of the revival throw out their tendrils, amongst the exquisite foliage of the fifteenth century, displaying endless and charming complications, escutcheons, statuelings, and Latin distiches, and heraldic emblazonments. Great names, such as Mathias

Burhecg, and Conradus Rheingraf (Conrad, Count of the Rhine), figure between the tonsured monk, who represents the church, and the mailed warrior, representing the chivalry of the country, beneath the groined ceilings of the fourteenth century. Upon the gilt and painted slab of the thirteenth, lie gigantic archbishops, with apocalyptical monsters under their feet, who used to crown with their two hands emperors and kings, their inferiors. In this haughty attitude, you behold Siegfried, who crowned two emperors ; Henry of Thuringia, and Wilhelm of Holland ; and Peter Aspeld, who crowned two emperors and a king—Louis of Bavaria, Henry VII., and John of Bohemia.

Coats of arms, heraldic mantles, the mitre, crown, the electoral cap, and cardinal's hat, abound on all sides, serving to impress the spectator with the power of that great and formidable personage who presided over the nine electors of the empire of Germany, and was styled Archbishop of Mayence : a chaos, already half hid in obscurity, of august and illustrious images, of venerable and redoubtable emblems, by which these powerful princes labored to create an idea of their grandeur, but which produces an impression of the nothingness of the great.

It is a remarkable fact, proving to what extent the French Revolution was a providential fact, a necessary, and one might almost say, algebraical result of the old European system, that what it tended to destroy was destroyed for evermore. It came at the very hour, like a woodman in haste to finish his work, to fell all the old trees mysteriously marked out by the Lord. It had, as I have already stated, the *quid divinum*. Nothing that it overthrew has started up ; nothing it condemned has survived ; nothing it disturbed has been recomposed.

The existence of states is not suspended by the same thread as that of individuals. To destroy an empire, it does not suffice to strike. Cities and kingdoms perish only at their appointed time. With the French Revolution fell Venice, the German Empire, and the electorates. The same year, the awful year, saw swallowed up that demigod, the King of France, that demi-king, the Archbishop of Mayence.

The Revolution did not destroy Rome, because Rome has not foundations, but roots ; which ramify under all nations, and pene-

trate every quarter of the globe—even China and Japan, at the other extremity of the globe.

The Jean de Troyes of Cologne, Guillaume de Hagen, bailiff of the city in 1270, relates in his Chronicle (unfortunately torn during the French occupation, and of which there only remain a few leaves in the library of Darmstadt), that in 1247, under the reign of this said Archbishop Siegfried, whose tomb is such a remarkable object in the cathedral, an old astrologer named Mabu-zius was condemned, as a sorcerer, to die at the stone gibbet of Lorchhausen, which marked the frontier of the electorate, facing another gibbet belonging to the Elector Palatine.

Arrived on the spot, as the astrologer refused the crucifix, and persisted in calling himself a prophet, the monk sneeringly asked him in what year would end the Archbishopric of Mayence.

The old man begged in return that they would unleash his right arm, which was done ; and having picked up a nail, and thought for a moment, he engraved upon the gibbet facing Mayence a singular polygram. After which he resigned himself to the executioner, while the assistants laughed at his folly. By adding these three mysterious numbers together, they form the awful figure 93 ! (four twenties and thirteen.)

Observe that this gibbet, from the thirteenth century till the eighteenth, bore the sinister date of its fall, and the declension of monarchy. But the gibbet was part of the old system. The French Revolution no more respected the stability of gibbets, than that of the throne. The edifice of stone and the edifice of marble were overthrown together.

In the nineteenth century both thrones and gibbets have lost something of their dignity, both being now of deal.

Mayence, like Aix, has had but one bishop, named by Napoleon ; a worthy and respectable pastor, who sat there from 1802 to 1818 ; and lies buried, like his predecessors, in the cathedral. It must be admitted, however, that by the side of the pompous tombs of the archiepiscopal electors, that of M. Louis Colmar, bishop of the department of Clermont-Tonnerre, makes but a poor figure. On the other hand, it would be an admirable model for a Gothic clock for a shop in the Rue St. Denis, if there were only a dial affixed instead of the medallion of a bishop. This

unassuming prelate, though emanating from our revolutionary system, was the last link in the chain of archiepiscopal sovereignty. Since M. Louis Colmar there has been no bishop in Mayence, which is simply the capital of Rhenish Prussia.

Here also I found an Arcadian couple of brothers, archbishops, buried opposite one another, after having reigned over and governed the same souls, the one in 1390, the other in 1419. John and Adolph of Nassau stand opposite to each other in the Cathedral of Mayence, as do Adolph and Antony of Schauenberg in the choir of Cologne.

I stated that one of the forty-three tombs was of the eighth century. This monument is not that of a church dignitary. I sought it eagerly, and examined it curiously, as being associated in my mind with the sepulchre of Aix-la-Chapelle. It is the tomb of Fastrada, wife of Charlemagne; a plain white slab, fixed in the hall. I deciphered the following epitaph, written in Roman characters, with Byzantine abbreviations:—

“FASTRADANA PIA CAROLI CONIUX VOCITATA
CHRISTO DELECTA JACET HOC SUB MARMORE TECTA
ANNO SEPTENGENTESIMO NONAGESIMO QUARTO.”

Then follow these three mysterious verses:—

“QUEM NUMERUM METRO CLAUDERE MUSA NEGAT
REX PIE QUEM GESSIT VIRGO LICET HIC CINERESCIT.
SPIRITUS HERES SIT PATRIÆ QUÆ TRISTIA NESCIT.”

And above, the date of the year, in Arabic:

٤٥٤

It was in 794, in fact, that Fastrada, first interred in the church of St. Alban, was deposited under this stone. One thousand years afterwards, for history sometimes imprints on great events a geometrical precision, almost awful—in 1794—the partner of Charlemagne was disturbed from her rest. Her ancient city of Mayence was bombarded, her church of St. Alban reduced by fire to ruins, her tomb opened, and it is not known what became of her bones. The slab of her tomb was removed to the cathe-

dral ; and an old beadle in a bob wig, in a sort of veteran's jacket, now gravely relates the event to the lovers of the marvellous.

Besides the tombs, shrines with figures, gold-grounded oil paintings on wood, and altars adorned with basso-relievos, each of the two apses has its especial embellishments. The old apsis of 978, in addition to two beautiful Byzantine flights of steps, has in the centre a splendid baptismal urn in bronze, of the fourteenth century ; upon the exterior of which are represented the Twelve Apostles and St. Martin. The cover was smashed in the bombardment of the city. During the empire, an epoch of fine taste, they substituted for the cover of this Gothic gem a kind of saucepan lid !

The other apsis, the largest and least ancient, is all but choked with wood-work and stalls, in black oak, carved in the confused and complicated style of the eighteenth century, rebelling against the straight line, with such frenzy as almost to attain the beautiful. Never was a more delicate chisel, a more powerful fancy, or a more varied invention, degraded by the control of a taste so vile. Four statues, Crescentius, first Bishop of Mayence, A. D. 70 ; Boniface, first Archbishop, in 755 ; Willigis, first Elector, in 1011 ; and Bardo, founder of the Cathedral in 1050, stand around the choir ; while above the Asiatic canopy of the archbishop presides the equestrian group of St. Martin and the beggar. At the entrance of the choir stands, in mysterious pomp, the Hebrew high-priest Aaron, who represents the spiritual bishop, and Melchisedech, who represents the temporal. The Archbishop of Mayence, like the Prince-bishops of Worms and Liège, the Archbishops of Cologne and Trèves, and like the pope himself, united in his person the double pontiff. He was both Aaron and Melchisedech.

The capitulary hall, next to the choir, is grand and impressive, and with its Pompadour wood embellishments, repeats the antithesis of the two great towers. There is nothing but a high naked wall ; a pavement in which are interspersed tombs in relief ; the remains of a stained glass window ; a colored pediment representing St. Martin, not as a Roman knight, but a Bishop of Tours ; three sculptures of the sixteenth century, *viz.* : the Crucifixion,

Resurrection, and Ascension: stone seats round the hall for the monks, and at the further end a broader stone seat for the president archbishop; reminding one of the marble chair of the early popes, kept at Nôtre Dame des Doms, at Avignon. On leaving this hall, you enter a cloister of the fourteenth century; which must have ever been, and is, an austere and lugubrious place. The bombardment of 94 is everywhere written upon its walls. Amid the rank verdure, lie stones silvered over by the slime of reptiles. The groining of the windows is destroyed, and the tombs are broken by shells, as if made of glass. Knights armed cap-à-pie have been smitten on the face by a petard, and the rags of old washer-women are drying upon lines across the cloister; and planking is here and there substituted for the shivered granite. A solitude, only interrupted by the cawing of the rooks, now prevails in the cloister of Mayence! The havoc of the bombs is seen in fact in all directions; while two or three abandoned statues in a corner seemed to survey with dismay the scene of desolation.

Under the galleries of the cloisters, there is a basso-relievo of the fourteenth century, of which I vainly tried to discover the origin. On one side are men bound in chains, in every attitude of despair; on the other, a bishop surrounded by a triumphal group. Does it represent Barbarossa?—Louis of Bavaria?—the revolt of 1160?—or the war of Mayence against Frankfort in 1332? What it may be I know not, so I passed and went my way. As I was leaving the galleries, I perceived in the shade a stone head, half protruding from the wall, with a crown, *à fleurons*, of the eleventh century. It was one of those mild yet severe faces, on which is portrayed the august beauty conferred on the face of man by the sublimity of thought. Above it was inscribed by some visitor, "Frauenlob!" a name recalling to my mind that Tasso of Mayence, so calumniated in his lifetime, so venerated after death. When Henry Frauenlob died in 1318, the women of Mayence, who had insulted and sneered at him while alive, chose to bear his coffin to the grave. The women and coffin, loaded with flowers and crowns, are chiselled in the stone a little below the head. The head is superb, and the sculptor has represented him with his eyes open. Amid the multitude of

bishops and princes reposing in this church, the poet alone appears to keep watch with untiring intelligence.

The market-place, which surrounds two sides of the cathedral, is fanciful and pretty. In the centre stands a fountain, of the date of the German revival of the arts, a charming composition of arms, mitres, naiads, croziers, cornucopiæ, angels, dolphins, syrens, the whole forming a pedestal for the statue of the Holy Virgin.

Upon one of the fronts is this pentameter—

“Albertus princeps civibus ipse suis,”

reminding one of the dedication inscribed by the last Elector of Trêves upon the fountain near his palace, in the new town of Coblentz: “CLEMENS VINCESLAUS, ELECTOR, VICINIS SUIS.” “To his fellow-citizens” is constitutional; to his “neighbors” is charming.

The fountain at Mayence was built by Alfred of Brandenburg, who reigned towards 1540, and whose epitaph I had just read in the cathedral. “Albert, Cardinal-priest of St. Pierre-aux-Liens, Archchancellor of the holy Empire, Marquis of Brandenburg. Duke of Stettin and Pomerania, ELECTOR.” He erected, or rather re-erected, the fountain in remembrance of the prosperity of Charles V. and of the captivity of Francis I., as is confirmed by the following inscription in letters of gold, lately restored:—

“DIVO KAROLO V. CÆSARE SEMP. AVG. POST VICTORIA GALLICAM REGE IPSO AD TICINUM SVPERATO AC CAPTO TRIVPHANTE FATALIQ. RYSTICORVPER, GERMANIA COSPIRATIONE PROSTRATA ALBERT. CARD ET ARCHIEP. MAG. SANTE HVNC VETVSTATE DILAPSV AD CIVIV SVORVM POSTERITATISQVE VSVM RESTITVI CVRAVIT.”

Viewed from the citadel, Mayence presents sixteen redoubts, from which are graciously pointed the cannon of the Germanic Confederation; the six steeples of the cathedral, two fine belfries, and the dome of the Carmelites in the Rue de Cassette, thrice repeated, which is more than enough.

Upon the declivity of the hill, crowned by the fortress, one of these ignoble domes crowns an ancient Saxon church, beside which is a charming cloister of florid Gothic, where the Imperial horse drinks out of the Roman sarcophagi.

The beauty of the Rhenish women maintains its reputation at Mayence, only, like the Flemings and Alsations, they exhibit the sad defect of curiosity.

Mayence is the point of junction between the spy-glass of the windows of Antwerp and the watch-turrets of Strasburg.

The city, whitewashed as she is in some parts, still retains her ancient physiognomy, of the commercial marts of the Upper Rhine. On one of the gates you still read—

‘PRO CELERI MERCATURE EXPEDITIONE.’

In two or three years you will read, “Goods forwarded on the shortest notice.” Thanks to the Rhine, a degree of activity, issuing from its waters, prevails in this city. She is not less crowded with ships and merchandize, nor is there less bustle of trade, than at Cologne. They walk, talk, push, drag, buy, sell, cry, and sing in every house and every street. At night all is silent, and nothing heard but the murmur of the Rhine, and the eternal strokes of the seventeen mills moored to the sunken piles of the bridge of Charlemagne.

Thanks to the different congresses, the void left by the triple domination of the Romans, archbishops, and French, is not yet filled up. There is no country for Mayence, and no one feels at home there. The Grand Duke of Hesse reigns but in name. On the fortress of Castel he reads, “CURA CONFEDERATIONIS CONDITUM,” and there he may also see a blue soldier and a white soldier, belonging to Prussia and Austria, pacing to and fro before the gates of his fortress of Mayence. Nor are Austria and Prussia at their ease. They elbow one another, and form a mutual obstacle. This can be but a temporary state of things.

In the wall of the citadel there is a ruin included in the lines of the new rampart—a kind of truncated pedestal, still called the “Stone of the Eagle,”—Adlerstein. This is the tomb of Drusus! An eagle, an Imperial and all-powerful eagle, perched there for the space of sixteen hundred years, and then vanished. In 1804 it re-appeared, and 1814 flew away for the second time.

At this very hour, however, a black spot is discernible on the horizon, towards the French frontier. What can it be but the eagle hovering in the air, on her way back to her ancient realm!

LETTER XXV.

Frankfort-on-the-Main.

MAYENCE, September.

I WAS at Frankfort on a Saturday. Long had I been seeking my old Frankfort in a labyrinth of ugly new houses and fine gardens ; when suddenly I found myself at the entrance of a singular-looking street—two parallel rows of houses, black, gloomy, lofty, and sinister, possessing however those trifling distinctions which characterize the better periods of architecture. Between these contiguous and compact lines of houses, huddled together as if in a panic, runs an obscure narrow street, every door of which, surmounted by a curious iron grating, is scrupulously closed. The windows on the ground-floor are protected with shutters, stoutly lined with iron, and invariably shut.

In the upper stories the same precautions are visible ; the windows being barred like a prison. A deep silence prevailed ; neither voice, song, nor breath was audible ; but now and then the sound of some muffled step in the interior of the houses. By the side of the door a judas-wicket, half open, leading into a gloomy alley ; everywhere dust, cinders, cobwebs, mould, and misery, more affected than real ; an air of despair and fear imprinted upon the fronts of the houses ; one or two passers-by watching me with a look of suspicion, while, in the windows of the first floor, sit beautiful and richly attired girls, with dark complexions, furtively exhibiting themselves ; or else old ladies, with owl-like noses, in marvellous caps, pale and motionless behind the clouded glass. In the passages of the ground-floors I noticed heaps of bales of merchandize. The street contained, in short, fortresses rather than houses, caverns rather than fortresses, spectres rather than human beings : for it came to pass that I had wandered into the Jews' quarter of the town, and on their Sabbath-day !

At Frankfort, there are still genuine Jews and Christians, mutually hating and despising each other. On either side there is detestation and avoidance ; civilisation, which tends to hold all ideas in equilibrium, and suspend all prejudices, cannot comprehend looks of execration, interchanged betwixt strangers. The Jews of Frankfort live in retired and gloomy houses, to avoid the contagious breath of Christians. Twelve years ago, this street of the Jews, rebuilt in 1662, had two iron gates at its extremities, well secured. At night, the Jews were locked up, like people infected with the plague, while they also took the precautions, against the citizens, of a besieged town.

The Jewish quarter is a city within a city. On emerging from the Judengasse, I discovered the ancient town. It was there I made my entry into Frankfort. Frankfort is the city of caryatides. Never did I behold such a multitude of robust porters. Impossible to have tortured or twisted wood, marble, and bronze, with more copious invention, or more diversified cruelty. Whichever way you turn, figures of all periods, styles and sexes, ages, and phantasmagories, writhe under the weight of enormous masses. Horned satyrs, nymphs with Flemish busts, dwarfs, giants, sphinxes, dragons, angels, devils, supernatural beings, selected by some magician who fearlessly dived into every mythology at once, are imprisoned under entablatures, imposts and architraves, half sealed into the wall. Some support balconies, others towers, while some, less puissant, have horses on their shoulders.

A few are fated to bear aloft some audacious negro of bronze, with a gilt tin toga ; or some Roman Emperor in stone, with all the pomp of costume of Louis XIV., including his wig, armchair, estrade, the table with the crown, the canopy with sumptuous draperies, a colossal embodiment of an engraving by Audran, carved in relief upon a monolithe, twenty feet high.

These immense monuments are signs for inns ; and under such Titanic burthens, the caryatides groan in all possible postures of rage, grief, and fatigue. Some bend their heads, others half turn round, others rest their hands upon their hips, or compress their chests about to burst. Here some disdainful Hercules supports a six-storied house upon one shoulder, while with the arm that is

free he dares the gaping public. There a hump-backed Vulcan aiding himself with his knee ; or wretched syrens, whose scaly tails lie crushed by the remorseless stone ; exasperated chimeras, furiously devouring each other ; some crying, some laughing bitterly, others making grimaces at the passers-by. I remarked that the wine-houses, re-echoing with the ring of glasses, rested upon caryatides. It seems to be the custom of the old free-burgers of Frankfort to pile their goods and chattels upon the shoulders of agonized statues.

The most horrible nightmare one could have at Frankfort is neither the invasion of the Russians, the irruption of the French, nor European war crossing and ravaging the country ; nor the old civil wars pillaging the sixteen quarters of the town ; nor the typhus, nor the cholera ; but the sudden revolt and liberation of the caryatides.

One of the greatest curiosities of Frankfort will shortly disappear, I mean the public slaughter-houses. They occupy two antiquated streets. It is impossible to see older or blacker houses lean over a more abundant supply of meat. An air of jovial gluttony is impressed upon these curiously carved and slated fronts, while the ground offices seem like a profound and ever-yawning gullet, ready to swallow up herds of oxen and flocks of sheep. The sanguinary slaughterers and their rosy help-mates chat peacefully and agreeably under garlands of legs of mutton. A blood-red stream, unaltered by two unceasing fountains, flows in the middle of the street.

Just as I passed, there was a shout of horror. The butcher-boys, with their Herod-like faces, were slaughtering a litter of sucking pigs, with which the market-girls standing by seemed highly diverted. There are certain absurd emotions one had better suppress ; but I must confess that had I known before the poor little pig, which the butcher's boy was carrying before me by the legs, was on the verge of martyrdom, I would have bought and saved him. A pretty little girl close by me, who likewise betrayed some compassion, seemed to encourage the idea. I did not obey the imploring eye of childhood, and I deeply repent it.

A superb and gilded sign, suspended from an iron holder, composed of all the implements of the trade, and surmounted by the

Imperial crown, presides over this splendid establishment of blood and slaughter, worthy of Paris in the olden time.

On leaving this quarter, you enter into a moderate sized Place, worthy of Flanders, which may be admired even after seeing the old Market-place of Brussels.

It is one of those trapezia-formed Places, round which all the styles and fancies of the domestic architecture of the middle ages are richly displayed; and in which, according to the different periods, every kind of embellishment has been resorted to, whether in slate, wood, or stone. Every front has its peculiarity, yet contributes to the general harmony of the whole. At Frankfort, as in Brussels, two or three newly-constructed houses, which look like so many fools intruding in a meeting of wits, impair the general effect; while they serve to enhance the beauty of the adjoining old edifices. A decayed building of the fifteenth century, devoted now to I know not what purpose, but composed of the nave of a church and an old belfry, fills up, with its graceful and elegant outline, one side of the trapezium.

In the midst of the Place, having risen as if by accident, are two fountains; one of the revival of the arts, another of the eighteenth century. Upon the summit of these two fountains are statues of Minerva and Judith; the Homeric virago, and the Biblical virago; the one with the head of the Medusa, the other with the head of Holophernes. Judith, haughty and beautiful, standing in the midst of four syrens, who blow trumpets at her feet, is an heroic maiden of the revival of the arts; she has lost the head of Holophernes, which she used to carry in her left hand, but still holds the sword with her right, and her robe, yielding to the wind, exhibits her marble knee, and the most beautiful and finished leg that can well be seen.

Some assert that this statue represents Justice, and that she held in her hand the scales, and not the head of Holophernes. I do not believe it! A figure of Justice holding the scales in the left and the sword in the right hand, would be *injustice*. Besides, —Justice is not so pretty, and wears longer petticoats.

Opposite to this figure, stand the three gables of the Rœmer, with their black dial and five grave windows. It was there that the emperors were elected, and proclaimed in former centuries.

In this Place are held the two far-famed fairs of Frankfort, one in September, instituted in 1240, by letters patent of Frederick II.; the other at Easter, established, in 1330, by Louis of Bavaria. The fairs have survived both the emperors and their empire!

I now entered the Rœmer, and wandered about without meeting a soul, in a hall with an arched roof, in which stalls for the fair were already erected. It had a spacious staircase, with a balustrade of the style of Louis XIII., decorated with mean paintings. By groping along the dark passages, and knocking at all the doors, I at last found a woman, who, upon my pronouncing the word "*Kaisersaal*," took a key off a nail in the kitchen, and led me to the hall of the emperors!

First, however, I went into the hall of electors, which is now used, I believe, by the high senate of the city of Frankfort. It was there that the electors, or their delegates, decided the election of the Emperor of the Romans. The Archbishop of Mayence presided in an armchair betwixt the windows. Then came every elector in his order, seated round an immense table, covered with yellow leather, each under his escutcheon, painted upon the ceiling. To the right of the Archbishop of Mayence, Trèves, Bohemia, and Saxony. To the left, Cologne, the Palatinate, and Brandenburg. In front, Brunswick and Bavaria. The looker-on receives the impression ever conveyed by trifles which in themselves contain great things, when he touches the worn and dusty leather of this table, upon which was signed the election to the Imperial crown. With the exception of the table, removed to an adjoining room, the council room of the electors is the same now as during the seventeenth century. The nine escutcheons on the ceiling, surrounding ill-executed fresco; red damask hangings; old plated candelabra, representing figures of Fame; a huge old-fashioned mirror, opposite which is suspended a portrait of Joseph II.; above the door a portrait of the last of the grandsons of Charlemagne, who died in 910, on the point of ascending the throne, and whom the Germans name "*The Child*." Such are its adornments. The general effect is austere, grave, and calm; inducing you to dream rather than contemplate.

After the hall of the electors, I visited that of the emperors.

About the fourteenth century, the Lombards, who left their

names in the Roemer, and who had their counters in the hall, thought proper to surround it with recesses, in order to exhibit their merchandize. An architect, whose name is lost, constructed forty-five. In 1564, Maximilian II. was elected at Frankfort, and showed himself to the people from the balcony of that room; which from that period was called the *Kaisersaal*, and served for the proclamation of the emperors.

It was then thought necessary to embellish it, and the idea suggested itself of installing, in the niches constructed round the halls, the portraits of all the German Cæsars crowned and elected since the extinction of the race of Charlemagne; reserving to future emperors the vacant niches. From Conrad I., in 911, to Ferdinand I., in 1556, thirty-six emperors had been crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle. Adding the new King of the Romans, there only remained eight niches empty for future emperors. Few enough certainly, nevertheless the thing was executed, and the hall was to be enlarged if wanted. The vacant places were filled at the rate of four emperors in the century; and in 1764, when Joseph II. ascended the Imperial and Cæsarean throne, there remained but one niche empty! They then seriously thought of prolonging the *Kaisersaal*, as well as adding to the niches constructed by the Lombard merchants five centuries before. In 1794, Francis II., forty-fifth King of the Romans, filled up the forty-fifth niche, which was the last. But it was fated to be the last in request! The hall complete, the German Empire fell to pieces!

The unknown architect must have been destiny.

The mysterious hall, with its forty-five niches, forms an abstract of the history of Germany. The race of Charlemagne extinct, it was fated to contain exactly forty-five emperors.

In that oblong hall, vast, cold, and gloomy, with one of the angles occupied by lumber (among which I was shown the leather-covered table of the electors); scarcely admitting light at its eastern extremity from the five unequal windows, built pyramidally to suit the external gables; between four high walls covered with half effaced frescoes, under an arched roof, with groinings formerly gilt; alone, in a kind of penumbra resembling the beginning of oblivion; coarsely painted and represented in

busts of brass, of which the pedestal bears the dates which begin and close their reign, some crowned with laurels like the Roman Cæsars, others wearing the Germanic diadem ; there gaze upon each other in silence, each in his gloomy niche, the three Conrads, the seven Henrys, four Othos, one Lothaire, four Fredericks, one Philip, two Rodolphs, one Adolph, two Alberts, one Louis, four Charleses, one Wenceslas, one Robert, one Sigismond, two Maximilians, three Ferdinands, one Mathias, two Leopolds, two Josephs, two Francises ; constituting the forty-five phantoms, who, during nine centuries, from 911 till 1806, traversed the history of the world, the sword of St. Peter in one hand, and the orb of Charlemagne in the other.

At the extremity, opposite the five windows, near the roof, is a decaying but indifferent painting of the judgment of Solomon.

When the electors had decided upon their emperor, the senate of Frankfort used to assemble in that hall ; which the burghers divided into fourteen sections, according to the fourteen districts of the city, assembled without. The five windows of the Kaisersaal were then thrown open ; the centre one was surmounted with a canopy, and remained unoccupied. At the lesser window on the right, before which was a black iron balcony, upon which I perceived the wheel of Mayence, the emperor appeared, alone, in his Imperial crown and robes. To his right, was assembled in the same window the three electors, Archbishops of Mayence, Trèves, and Cologne. At two other windows, to the left of the principal one, were, in that of the centre, Bohemia, Bavaria, and the Palatine of the Rhine ; in the other and lesser, Saxony, Brunswick, and Brandenburg. In the space before the front of the Rœmer, in the midst of a square, surrounded with guards, was placed in a heap of oats, an urn filled with gold and silver coin, a table upon which stood a silver-gilt ewer and bottle, and another table, upon which was an ox roasted whole. On the emperor appearing, the trumpets and cymbals clashed, and the archmarshal of the Holy Empire, the archtreasurer and archcupbearer and archcarver entered the square with pomp. Amid the roar of trumpets and acclamations, the archmarshal pushed his steed into the heap of oats up to the saddle-girth, and filled a silver vessel ; the archchancellor took the ewer on the table, the

archcupbearer filled up the gilt bottle with wine and water ; the archtreasurer took money from the urn and flung it to the people, and the archcarver cut off a slice of beef.

Next, the high referendary of the empire rose up, proclaiming the new Cæsar, and read aloud the formula of the oath. When he had finished, the senate in the hall and the people on the Place cried aloud, " Yes ! " During the tendering of the oath the new emperor took off his crown, and held his sword in his hand.

From 1564 to 1794, this Place, now overlooked, and the now deserted hall, witnessed nine times this imposing ceremony of election.

The great offices of the empire, belonging hereditarily to the electors, were discharged by their deputies. In the middle ages the secondary monarchies held to the honor of filling the offices of the two empires succeeding the Roman period. Every prince gravitated towards the Imperial centre nearest to him. The King of Bohemia was chief cupbearer of the Empire of Germany ; while the Doge of Venice was protospatary of the Empire of the East.

To the proclamation at the Rœmer succeeded the coronation at the church ; and, observing with due deference the order of the ceremony, I proceeded there at once.

The collegiate church of Frankfort, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, is composed of a double crossed nave of the fourteenth century, surmounted by a fine tower of the fifteenth, unfortunately incomplete. The church and tower are of a red gritstone, darkened and impaired by time. The interior only is stuccoed.

Another Belgian specimen ! White walls, no stained glass, but an ample collection of sculptured altars, colored tombs, paintings, and basso-relievos. In the aisles are frowning knights and mustachioed bishops of the time of Gustavus Adolphus, looking like lansquenets ; sculptured niches of the most fairy-like elegance ; magnificent copper lamps, recalling that of the alchemist of Mieris ; a Christ at the tomb, painted in the fourteenth century, and a virgin on her death-bed, sculptured in the fifteenth.

In the choir are some frescoes ; horrible with St. Bartholomew, but charming with the Magdalen ; a rude and unskilful wood-carving, given about 1400, by the knight of Ingelheim, who

is himself represented kneeling in a corner, and whose arms were chevrons of *gules* on *or*. On the walls figures a complete collection of those frightful helms and crests so common in the German chivalry, hanging to the walls on nails, like so many saucepans. Near the door is an enormous clock, like a two-storied house, a book in three volumes, or a poem in twenty cantos, a world in itself. At the top, in a wide Flemish fronton, is the diurnal dial; underneath mysteriously revolves that of the year. The hours revolve above, the seasons below. The sun, with his golden rays, the pale moon, and stars upon a blue ground, effect the most complicated evolutions, which act upon a succession of little pictures at the other extremity of the clock, in which little boys slide, and old men warm themselves; the reapers cut the corn, and the lasses gather flowers. Maxims and sentences, not the brightest in the world, shine out in the sky, illumined by the stars, which are wretchedly in want of guiding. Every time the hands point to the hour, doors open, and figures issue forth armed with hammers, which strike the hours on a bell, and instantly disappear. All this mechanism palpitates in the wall of the church; making a noise such as might proceed from a whale floundering in the tun of Heidelberg.

The collegiate church has an admirable picture of the Crucifixion by Van Dyck, and Holy Virgins by Albert Durer and Rubens. Rubens has placed upon the knees of the divine mother an infant Jesus, Albert Durer a Christ crucified. Nothing can surpass the grace of the first painting, except perhaps the anguish of the second. Rubens has triumphed in life, Albert Durer in death!

Another picture, painted on leather, in which grace and anguish are displayed, represents the interior of the sepulchre of St. Cecilia. The frame is composed of the principal events of the life of the saint. In the midst of a gloomy vault, the saint lies upon her face, in robes of gold, with a gash of the axe upon her neck, which resembles a beautiful mouth, to which you could wish to press your lips. You imagine that you are about to hear her holy voice sing "*por la boca de su herida.*" Above the open coffin is written, in letters of gold, "*En tibi sanctissimæ virginis Cecilia in sepulcro jacentis imaginem, prorsus eodem corporis situ*

expressam." In the sixteenth century a Pope, Leo X., I believe, had the tomb of St. Cecilia opened; and this exquisite picture is said to be a faithful portrait of her lifeless remains.

It was in the centre of the collegiate church, at the entrance of the choir, at the point of intersection of the transept and the nave, that, from the time of Maximilian II., the emperors used to be crowned. I saw in the corner of the transept, wrapped up in brown paper, the immense gilt crown which was suspended over their heads during the ceremony. I remember to have seen, two years ago, the lilied carpet of Charles X. tied up and forgotten in a hand barrow, in the lumber room of the Cathedral at Rheims.

To the right of the gate of the choir, exactly on the spot where the emperor was crowned, the Gothic carving in wood complacently displays this antithesis of St. Bartholomew flayed alive, carrying his skin upon his arm, and looking with disdain over his left shoulder at the devil, perched upon a magnificent pyramid of crowns, sceptres, diadems, tiaras, swords, and helmets!

Further on, the new Cæsar could discern, under the tapestries with which they doubtless covered it, upright against the wall, like an ominous apparition, the stone spectre of that unfortunate pseudo-emperor Gunther of Schwarzberg, his eyes scowling with hatred, holding in one hand his shield emblazoned with the lion rampant, and in the other his imperial morion; a proud and awful tomb, which, for two hundred years, witnessed the Imperial enthronizations; and whose stern granite figure has survived the flimsy materials used in the ceremony. I wished to ascend to the steeple. The verger who conducted me through the church, and knew not a word of French, left me at the foot of the stairs, and I went up alone. Having made my way high up, I was intercepted by a barrier with iron spikes. I called, but no one answered, so I decided upon climbing over, which having accomplished, I found myself upon the platform of the *Pfarrthurm*.

A splendid spectacle presented itself. Under a brilliant sunshine, beneath me lay the city; to my left, the square of the Rœmer; to my right, the long street of the Jews, and here and there, gables of antique churches in decent preservation; two or three tower-flanked belfries, embellished with the eagle of Frankfort, and repeated by the three or four watch towers formerly

marking the limits of the little free states. The Main was in my rear, a silver sheet, streaked with gold, by the ploughing of the boats, the old bridge with the roofs of Sachshausen, and the red walls of the ancient Teutonic hall. The city is belted by beautiful and well planted gardens ; and the adjacent country, richly cultivated, terminates with the blue ridges of the Taunus. As I stood, lost in thought, leaning against a fragment of the mutilated steeple of 1509, the heavens became overcast, and the clouds, driven by the wind, covered and uncovered every moment large patches of azure, shedding upon the earth corresponding allotments of light and shade.

Both city and horizon were beautiful in this guise. Nature is never fairer than when arrayed in her striped tiger-skin. I thought myself alone upon the tower, and would fain have stayed there the rest of the day ; when suddenly, hearing a slight movement, I turned about, and found a young girl close to me, half protruding from a trap, and smiling at me.

Turning an angle of the Pfarrthurm, I found myself surrounded by the inhabitants of the steeple, a small but happy world. The young girl, who occupies herself with knitting ; an old woman, with her spinning-wheel ; doves cooing upon the waterspouts of the church ; a facetious monkey, who from his hutch courteously extends his hand ; the clock weight rising and falling with a deadened noise, to give life to a set of puppets in the church, where the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire were crowned ; the whole enveloped in the profound calm peculiar to such lofty places, composed as they are of the whispers of the breeze, the rays of the sun, and the splendor of nature. What can be more pure or charming ? The old bell-room has been converted into the sleeping-room of the young girl ; there she has placed her bed in the shade, and sings her life away, like the chimes before her, but with a softer voice, for she sings only for herself and God. Beside one of the unfinished buttresses, the poor widow makes the thrifty fire by which she prepares her frugal fare.

Such is the steeple of Frankfort. Why these people live there, I know not. What may be their occupation, I cannot guess ; but still the little household pleased me. 'This old Imperial city,

which has figured in so many wars, received so many shots, and enthroned so many Cæsars—whose walls were once like a coat of mail, whose eagle held in its talons the diadems which the Austrian eagle placed upon her double head—is now dominated by the humble hearth of an old woman, which puts forth its meagre smoke, high above all—whenever she can afford to have a fire.

LETTER XXVI.

The Rhine.

MAYENCE, 1st October.

A BROOK issues from the lake of Toma, upon the eastern declivity of St. Gothard, another from a lake at the foot of Lukmanierberg ; a third distils from a glacier, and descends among the rocks from a height of a thousand toises ; and at fifteen leagues from their several sources, the three intermingle in a ravine near Reichenau. By what simple though powerful means does Providence bring about the grandest results ! Three shepherds meet and form a nation ; three torrents meet and create a river. The nation was born the 17th Nov., 1307, at night, on the border of a lake, where three shepherds met and embraced each other. It rose from the earth, calling upon that God who is the creator of emperors and serfs, to protect its infancy, and then seized upon flails and forks for self-defence. A rustic giant, it grappled, arm to arm, with the giant emperor !

At Kussnacht it crushed the tyrant Gesler, who would fain have had it worship the empty cap of his empty head ; at Sarnen, the bailiff Landenberg, who put out the eyes of aged men ; at Thaleweyl, the bailiff Wolfenschiess, who hewed down women with his axe ; at Mongarten Duke Leopold, at Morat, Charles the Bold. Under the hill of Buttisholz it buried the three thousand English of Enguerrand de Coucy ; keeping in check the four formidable enemies advancing from the four cardinal points. At Sempach, it beat the Duke of Austria ; at Grandson, the Duke of Burgundy ; at Chillon, the Duke of Savoy ; at Novarre, the Duke of Milan ! Remark also, that at Novarre, in 1513, the Duke of Milan was duke by right of the sword, and called himself Louis XII., King of France. The Swiss nation has appended to a nail in its arsenals, over his peasant attire, and by the side of the fetters destined for him, the splendid comparisons of the con-

quered duke ! Its archives boast the names of great citizens : first, William Tell ; three champions of liberty, Pierre, Colin and Gundoldingen, who shed their blood upon the banner of their native town. Conrad Baumgarten, Scharnackthal, and Winkelried, who threw themselves upon the pikes of the enemy, like Quintus Curtius into the gulph. These men fought at Bellinzona for the inviolability of the soil ; at Cappel, for the inviolability of their conscience. They lost Zwingli in 1534, but delivered Bonnivard in 1536, and have ever since maintained their ground, amidst the four great colossi of the continent, firm, solid, impenetrable—a focus of civilisation, affording an asylum to science, a refuge to thought, a barrier against unjust aggression, a prop to legitimate resistance. For six hundred years, in the centre of Europe, in an austere climate, but under the eye of a divine Providence, these mountaineers, the worthy produce of such mountains—like them, grave, cold, serene, submitted to necessity, jealous of their independence—have asserted, in the teeth of absolute monarchies, lazy aristocracies, and envious democracies, the first of rights, liberty, and fulfilled the first of duties, labor.

The river 'springs from between two walls of granite ; and at Andeer, a Gaulic village, soon connects itself with the name of Charlemagne ; at Coire, the ancient Curia, with that of Drusus ; at Feldkirch, with that of Massena. Then, as if consecrated for the destinies awaiting it by this triple baptism, German, Roman, and French, leaving the mind hesitating between its Greek etymology *Ῥῆν*, and its German etymology *Rinner*, both which signify to "flow," it clears both the forest and the mountain, attains the Lake of Constance, leaps down at Schaffhausen, and, touching the hindmost declivities of the Jura, coats the Vosges, pierces the volcanic formation of the Taunus, traverses the plains of Friesland, bathes the low countries of Holland ; and, having worked its toilsome way through rocks, highlands, lowlands, lavas, sands, and reeds, to the extent of two hundred and seventy-seven leagues,—having murmured its way through the great European ant-hill, cementing, as it were, the eternal quarrel between north and south,—having received twelve thousand estuaries, watered one hundred and fourteen towns, separated or divided eleven nations ; with the history of thirty centuries min-

gled in its foam and murmuring in its waters; it discharges itself finally into the sea; a Protean river, the belt of empires, the limit of ambitions, the curb of conquerors, the serpent entwining a gigantic caduceus; suspended over Europe by the god of commerce; the grace and ornament of the globe; a long and verdant tress, trailing from the Alps even to the shores of the great deep.

Thus, then, by the ministry of these three herdsmen and three streams, Switzerland and the Rhine have their beginning and origin in the same manner, and the same glorious mountains.

The Rhine assumes every aspect in turn; it is sometimes broad, sometimes narrow, sometimes muddy, sometimes transparent; rapid, and joyous with that boisterous joy which becomes all that is powerful. At Schaffhausen, it is a torrent; at Lanfen, a gulf; at Sickengen, a river; at St. Goar, a lake; at Leyden, a marsh.

Towards evening, as if about to rest for the night, it composes itself: a phenomenon rather apparent than real, and noticeable in all great bodies of water.

I have already stated that unity in variety is the principle of all perfect art. In this respect nature is the most accomplished of artists. Never does she abandon a form without having worked it through all its logarithms. No two things can be less similar than a tree and a river, but still they originate in the same generative principle. Examine in winter a tree deprived of leaves, and think you lay it flat on the ground. You will have the outline of a river, as seen by a bird's-eye view. The trunk will be the river, the main branches the estuaries, the lesser the rivulets, the lateral the torrents, brooks, and springs, the extension of the root the embouchure. All rivers, seen upon a geographical map, are trees which sometimes bear their fruits or cities at the extremity of their branches; sometimes in their forks, as nests; while their confluents and affluents imitate, according to the inclination of their currents, or nature of the ground, the different branchings of various vegetable species, which have their shoots more or less wide from their stem, according to the special form of their sap, or thickness of their wood.

It is remarkable that, considering the Rhine in this manner,

the idea of royalty attached to that magnificent river is perfectly justified.

The Y of almost all the tributaries of the Rhine, the Murg, the Neckar, the Main, the Lahn, the Moselle, and the Aar, have an angle of ninety degrees : Bingen, Niederlahnstein, Coblenz, are in right angles. If in your mind you raise up on the soil the immense geometrical outline of the Rhine, with all its rivulets and estuaries, it describes the configuration of the oak ; the innumerable rivulets into which it breaks, as it reaches the sea, being so many roots or fibres.

The portion presenting the greatest cause for admiration of this far-famed river, for the geologist, the historian, and the poet, is between Bingen and Königswinter, where it traverses from east to west the black mass of volcanic formations, which the Romans designated as the Alps of the Catti.

This is the famous journey from Mayence to Cologne, which most tourists "get through" in fourteen hours in long summer days. In this manner, the eye scarcely dwells upon the Rhine. To see river scenery to perfection, you should go against the stream. I was exactly one month going from Cologne to Mayence.

From Mayence to Bingen, as from Königswinter to Cologne, there are seven or eight leagues of beautifully cultivated plains, with happy villages on the banks of the river. But as I told you before the great enthrallment of the Rhine begins at Bingen, by the Rupertsberg and Niederwald, two mountains of schist and slate, ending at Königswinter, at the foot of the seven mountains.

There all is beautiful. The perpendicular ridges of the two banks are reflected in the deep mirrors beneath. The vine is cultivated on every spot of available ground, like the olive in Provence. Wherever the most trifling prominence can catch the rays of the sun, thither does the peasant carry up baskets of earth, which he secures by uncemented stones, to retain the soil, and allow the water to ooze away. By way of precaution, that the rains may not wash away the soil, the vinedresser covers it with broken slate, so that the vine on these cliffs, like the olive in the Mediterranean, grows suspended in projecting consoles, above the head of the traveller, like flowerpots out of an attic window. Every declivity is clothed with vines.

On the whole it is an ungrateful culture. For ten years past the vintage has been spare. In many places, more particularly at St. Goarhausen, in Nassau, the cultivation of the vine is abandoned.

The projecting rocks which follow the varying undulations of its banks, generally of a crescent form, and fringed with the vines stretching from rock to rock, seem so many garlands suspended along the iron-bound walls of the Rhine.

In winter, when the vines and the soil assume the same black hue, these small terraces, of a dirty grey color, seem like large spiders'-webs, suspended one above the other, across the angles of deserted buildings, a species of unseemly hammock for the collection of dust.

At every turn of the river, you find a group of houses or villages, and above them some decaying donjon or citadel. The cities and villages, with their sharp gables, turrets, and steeples, resemble at a distance a barbed arrow, the point towards the base of the mountain.

Sometimes the villages lengthen out along the shore like a tail, with groups of laughing washerwomen, and children gambolling on the banks; and here and there the goats browse upon the willow shoots. The houses on the Rhine appear like slated helmets, placed on the edge of the stream: the frame-work picked out in red and blue upon the white stucco, is the prevailing ornament. Several of these villages, such as those of Bergheim and Mondorf, near Cologne, are inhabited by salmon-fishers and basket-makers; and on fine summer days present an animated spectacle. The basket-maker sits weaving his willows before his door, the fisherman mending his nets in his boat, and the purple grapes cluster over their heads upon the vines. Everything in the universe accomplishes the task allotted for it by the Creator: the stars above—mankind below. The towns have a more stirring and complete aspect; among them are Bingen, Oberwesel, St. Goar, Neuwied, Andernach, Linz, with its square towers, besieged by Charles the Bold in 1476, having, opposite, Zinzig, built by Sentius to defend the embouchure of the Aar. Then Boppard, the ancient Bodobriga, a fort of Drusus, a royal fief of the Frank kings, an Imperial burgh, proclaimed at the same time as Ober-

wesel, of the bailiwick of Trèves, a charming old city, possessing an idol in its church, above which two Roman steeples, connected by a bridge, resemble two huge oxen yoked together.

I remarked at the gate of the town, as you go up the river, an interesting ruined apsis. This is Caub, the city of the Palatines. Then comes Braubach, named in a charter of 933, fief of the Counts Arnstein of Lahngau; an Imperial city under Rodolph in 1270, a domain of the Counts of Katznellenbogen in 1283; accruing to Hesse in 1473; to Darmstadt, in 1632, and in 1802 to Nassau.

Braubach, communicating with the baths of the Taunus, is charmingly situated at the foot of a high rock, crested by Marksburg, the castle of which is now a state prison. No marquis but must have his page: and the Duke of Nassau has the impertinence to pretend to prisoners of state! A royal luxury!

Twelve thousand six hundred habitants, in eleven hundred houses; a bridge of thirty-six boats, built in 1819, across the Rhine; a stone bridge of fourteen arches upon the Moselle, upon the very foundations raised about 1311, by the Archbishop Baldwin, by means of an ample sale of indulgences; the celebrated fort of Ehrenbreitstein, surrendered to the French the 27th January, 1799, after a blockade during which the besieged paid three francs for a cat, and thirty sous per pound for horseflesh; a well one hundred and eighty feet deep, dug by the Margrave John of Baden; the square of the arsenal, where formerly stood the famous culverine the Griffin, which carried one hundred and sixty pounds, and weighed twenty thousand; an old Franciscan convent, converted into an hospital in 1804; a Roman Nôtre Dame, restored in the Pompadour style, and painted pink; the church of St. Florin, converted into a magazine for forage by the French, and now a Protestant church, which is likewise painted pink; St. Castor, a collegiate church, embellished with a portal in 1805; and with all this no public library; such is the town which the French writers call *Coblentz*, out of politeness to the Germans, and the Germans *Coblence*, out of courtesy to the French.

In the first instance a Roman camp; a royal court under the Franks; an Imperial residence until Louis of Bavaria; a city be-

longing to the Counts of Arnstein until 1250, and dating from Arnold II. to the Archbishops of Trèves ; vainly besieged in 1688 by Vauban and Louis XIV. in person ; Coblenz was taken by the French in 1794, and surrendered to the Prussians in 1815. For my part I did not enter the town. I was dismayed by so many pink churches. As a military point, Coblenz is important ; its three fortresses showing fronts in all directions. The Char treuse sweeps the road to Mayence ; the Petersberg protects the road of Trèves and Cologne ; while the fort of Ehrenbreitstein watches over the Rhine and the road to Nassau.

As a landscape, Coblenz has been too much extolled, especially if compared with other cities on the Rhine, which few either visit or speak of. Ehrenbreitstein, once a splendid ruin, is now a gloomy citadel, forming a sorry crown to a magnificent rock. The real crowns of the mountains were the ancient strongholds, of which every tower represented a fleuron. Some of these Rhenish cities possess inestimable treasures of art and archeology. The most ancient and greatest masters abound in their galleries. Domenichinos, Carracci, Guercinos, Jordaens, Snyders, Laurente Sciarpellonis are to be seen at Mayence.

The works of Augustin Braun, William de Cologne, Rubens, Albert Durer, Mesquida, are at Cologne. Holbein, Lucas of Leyden, Lucas Cranach, Scorel, Raphael, and the sleeping Venus of Titian, are at Darmstadt. Coblenz possesses the complete works of Albert Durer, four pages excepted. Mayence has the psalter of 1439 ; Cologne had formerly the famous missal of the castle of Drachenfels, illuminated in the twelfth century, but it is now lost. She has, however, preserved the precious letters of Leibnitz addressed to the Jesuit de Brosse.

These beautiful cities and charming villages are mingled with the wildest features of nature. Mists hover in the valleys, while the clouds, suspended on the hills, seem to be waiting for the choice of a breeze. Gloomy Druidical forests recede into the mountains, amidst the distant haze, and huge birds of prey soar under a fantastic sky, pertaining to the two climates separated by the Rhine ; now dazzling with sunshine like an Italian sky, then foggy and overcast like that of Greenland. The bank rugged, the lava blue, the basalt black, the dust of mica and quartz pre-

vails everywhere. Violent and sudden fissures abound, while the rocks inspire one with the idea of flat-nosed giants. Ridges of slate, in leaves as thin as silk, glitter in the sun, or resemble the huge backs of wild boars. The aspect of the whole river is striking and extraordinary. It is evident that nature, in forming the Rhine, had premeditated a desert, which man has converted into a street. In the time of the Romans and the barbarous ages, it was the *street* of soldiers. In the middle ages, as the river was hemmed in by ecclesiastical states, from its source to its embouchure, by the Abbot of St. Gall, the Prince-bishop of Constance, the Prince-bishop of Basle, the Prince-bishop of Strasburg, the Prince-bishop of Spire, the Prince-bishop of Worms, the Archbishop-elect of Mayence, the Archbishop-electors of Trèves and of Cologne, Rhine was called the street of the priests. In the present day, it has become the street of the merchants. The traveller who ascends the river sees all as it were advancing towards him, and the spectacle is much finer. Every moment some new object passes you, sometimes a barge so crowded with peasants that it is frightful to behold; especially if on a Sunday, when these right good Catholics, governed by Hugonot rulers, must travel far in search of mass. Then the steam-boat, with its streamers, or one of the two-masted craft, with its cargo piled in the centre, descending the Rhine; the pilot with his vigilant eye, the active sailors, a woman chattering at the cabin-door; and in the midst of the merchandize the sailors' chest, blue, green, or red. Or you see strings of horses on the bank, towing heavily-laden barges, or a little high-arched boat, bravely dragged by a single horse, just as an ant carries off a defunct beetle.

Suddenly the river doubles upon itself, and you discover an immense raft from Narny, majestically descending. Three hundred sailors man this monstrous craft; long oars, fore and aft, simultaneously strike the waters; a slaughtered ox hangs hooked to the stern, while a living one turns round the post to which he is lashed, lowing to the herd he sees grazing on the shore. The padron nimble mounts and descends from his station, the tri-colored flag floats above, the smoke circles out of the sailors' huts, in fact, a whole village floats upon this prodigious platform of wood. Yet these immense rafts are, in comparison with the

ancient craft of the Rhine, as a three-decker to a sloop. The drags or rafts of former times,—made up, like those of to-day, of ship-building timber, bound together at their extremities by joists called *bunds-parren*, and secured together with osier twists and iron cramps,—carried fifteen or eighteen habitations, ten or twelve boats laden with oars and rigging, were manned with a thousand rowers, drew eight feet of water, were seventy feet broad, and nine hundred long, viz. the length of ten first-rate pines of the Murg, that are tied end to end.

Around the central raft, and moored to it by means of a trunk of a tree, serving at once as a bridge and cable, floated, in order to steady her course, as well as to diminish the chances of stranding, ten or twelve small sized rafts, about eighty feet long, called by some *kniese*, by others *anhänge*.

On one side of the great raft there was a clear way, leading from a spacious tent to the house of the padroon, a kind of wooden palace. The kitchen smoked incessantly, and a vast cauldron bubbled night and day. Morning and evening, the pilot hoisted up a basket suspended from a pole, which was the signal for meals, and the crew, to the number of one thousand, assembled with their wooden spoons. These drags or rafts consumed in one voyage eight tuns of wine, six hundred hogsheads of beer, forty sacks of pulse, twelve thousand pounds of cheese, fifteen hundred pounds of butter, ten thousand of smoked meat, twenty thousand fresh, and fifty thousand pounds of bread. They took with them a flock of sheep and a butcher. Each of these rafts was worth about eighty thousand pounds sterling.

It is difficult to imagine how such an island can float from Narny to Dordrecht, dragging its archipelago of islets through all the rapids, rocks, and gulfs abounding in the Rhine. The wrecks were frequent, and the proverb ran, that the speculator in rafts should have three capitals; one on the Rhine, the second on shore, and the third in his pocket. The art of piloting these monsters was rarely possessed by more than one man in a generation; and at the end of the last century, it was the secret of a master bargeman of Rudesheim, called the old "Jung." Jung having departed this life; the secret seems to have died with its master. At the present day, twenty-five steamers navigate the Rhine;

nineteen boats of the Cologne Company, known by their black and white chimneys, sail betwixt Strasburg and Dusseldorf; and six boats of this latter city, with tri-colored chimneys, between Mayence and Rotterdam. This immense navigation communicates with Switzerland by means of the steamers from Strasburg to Basle, and with England by those of Rotterdam.

The old Rhenish navigation, by means of sailing vessels, still remains in contrast with that of steam. The rapid and elegant steam-boats, bearing the colors of ten nations, England, Prussia, Nassau, Hesse, Baden and Holland, dash along under the names of *Ludwig*, *Gross Herzog von Hessen*, *Königin Victoria*, *Herzog von Nassau*, *Prinzessin Marian*, *Gross Herzog von Baden*, *Stadt Mannheim*, and *Stadt Coblenz*. The sailing vessels have less proud and assuming names; i.e. *Pius Columbus*, *Amor*, *Sancta Maria*, *Gratia Dei*. The steamers are gilt and varnished; the sailing vessels pitched. The former is a speculation, the latter an austere and God-fearing navigation. The one relies upon the proud invention of man, and demands the aid of the elements; the other looks to Providence, and prays for their propitiation. This antithesis, in action, is constantly meeting and confronting on the Rhine. The contrast expresses, with a singular force of reality, the two-fold spirit of our times; a Present, which is the daughter of a pious Past, and the mother of an operative Future.

Forty-nine green islands, in which smoke issues from houses hid in tufts of flowers, affording delicious havens and charming retreats, are scattered along the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence. Each of these has some peculiar history. Graupenwerth, where the Dutch constructed a fort named the Priest's Cap: Pfaffenmüth, a fort which the Spaniards retook and named Isabella. Graswerth, the "*Isle of Grass*," where John Philip of Reichenberg wrote his "*Antiquitates Saynensès*." Niederwerth, once so rich with the dotations of the Margrave Archbishop John II. Urmitzer Insel, known to Cæsar; and Nonnenswerth, famous for the loves of Roland the Brave.

The traditions of the banks correspond with those of the islands; permit me to touch upon a few, and we will return more circumstantially to this interesting subject. Every shadow that falls from one side of the river produces a corresponding one on the

other. The coffin of St. Nizza, granddaughter of Louis le Debonnaire, is at Coblentz ; the tomb of St. Ida, cousin of Charles Martel, is at Cologne. St. Hildegarda left at Eubingen the ring given to her by St. Bernard, with this device, "I love to suffer." Siegbert is the last King of Austrasia who inhabited Andernach.

St. Geneviève lived at Frauenkirch, in the woods, close by a mineral spring, near which now stands a commemorative chapel ; her husband resided at Altsimmern.

Schinderhannes devastated the valley of the Nahe ; and it was there that he one day amused himself by forcing the Jews to take off all their shoes, then heaping them up indiscriminately, insisted upon their putting them on again. The Jews hobbled away, much to the amusement of "John the Flayer." Previous to Schinderhannes, this beautiful valley belonged to Louis, the Black Duke of Deux Ponts.

When the traveller has passed Coblentz, and leaves behind him the pretty islet of Oberwerth, where I know not what white building has replaced the abbey of the Noble Ladies of St. Magdalen, the embouchure of the Lahn arrests the eye, a charming spot ! On the waterside, behind a multitude of craft moored to the shore, rise the two crumbling steeples of Johanniskirch, reminding one of Jumièges. To the right, above the Castle of Capellen, upon a ridge of rocks, is Stolzenfels, the vast and magnificent fortress where the Elector Werner studied his *almuchabala* ; and to the left, on the Lahn, at the verge of the horizon, the clouds and the sun intermingle with the gloomy ruins of Lahneck, fraught with mystery for the historian, and obscurity for the antiquary.

On either side of the Lahn are two charming towns, Niederrahnstein and Oberlahnstein, connected with each other by an avenue of trees, which seem to exchange smiles and salutations.

At a good stone's throw from the eastern gate of Oberlahnstein, which exhibits a black line of embattled walls, a chapel of the fourteenth century peeps out from among the fruit-trees, surmounted by a small cupola. In this chapel were deposited the remains of the Emperor Wenceslas. It was in this village church, in the year of Our Lord 1400, that the four Electors, John of Nassau, Archbishop of Mayence ; Frederick of Saarwerden, Archbishop of Cologne ; Werner of Koenigstein, Archbishop of Trèves ;

and Rupert III., Count Palatine, solemnly proclaimed the downfall of Wenzel, Emperor of Germany. Wenceslas was at the same time weak and wicked, a drunkard, and ferocious in his cups. He ordered all priests to be drowned who did not reveal to him the secrets of the confessional. Though doubting the fidelity of his wife, he confided in her advice, and was influenced by her opinions, which proved a source of anxiety to Rome : for his wife was Sophia of Bavaria, and John Huss was her confessor ; who, propagating the doctrines of Wickliff, sapped the Holy Seat of the sovereign pontiff, who struck down the emperor in return.

It was at the instigation of His Holiness, that the three archbishops convoked the Count Palatine. The Rhine then governed Germany. These four alone were able to put down the emperor, and afterwards name in his place the only one of them who was not a churchman, Count Rupert, who had no doubt long expected the event, but proved worthy of his destiny.

You perceive that in her high tutelage of king and kingdoms, the power of Rome had sometimes a wholesome influence.

The bull fulminated against Wenceslas rested upon six points ; the four principal of which were—first, the dilapidation of the domain ; secondly, the schism in the church ; thirdly, the civil wars of the empire ; fourthly, having allowed dogs to sleep in his room !

In spite of this warning, John Huss persisted, and so did Rome.

“ Rather than yield,” said John Huss, “ I would be cast into the sea, with a millstone round my neck.” Having unsheathed the sword of the spirit, he fought body to body with the Pope. Then, when summoned by the council, he went alone and unprotected to meet his destiny. *Venimus sine salvo conductu.* You know the sequel, which took place July 6th, 1415.

Time, which gnaws into all which is flesh or surface, reducing facts to the state of a corpse, exposes to view all the fibres of history. To him who reflects, thanks to this laying bare, upon the providential construction of the events of those dark times, the deposition of Wenceslas is but the prologue to a tragedy of which the stake at Constance is the catastrophe.

Opposite this chapel, on the opposite bank, stood, till within

the last half century, the seat of royalty, the Königstuhl, which was seventeen German feet high, and twenty-four in diameter ; being an octagonal platform of stone, supported by seven stone pillars, and an eighth larger one in the centre ; symbolical of the emperor among the seven electors.

Seven stone chairs corresponded with the seven pillars, above which they were placed, in a circle, and facing each other. The eighth front of this octagon looked toward the south, and was occupied by a flight of steps, in all fourteen, two for each elector. Everything was typical, and had a meaning, in this venerable edifice.

Behind each chair, upon each of the octagonal fronts, were sculptured the arms of the seven electors. The Lion of Bohemia ; the Crossed Swords of Brandenburg ; Saxony, with an Eagle *argent* on *gules* ; the Palatinate, which bore a Lion *argent* ; Trèves, which bore *argent* with a Cross of *gules* ; Cologne, which bore *argent* with a Cross *sable* ; and Mayence bearing *gules*, with a Silver Wheel. These escutcheons, of which the gildings and emblazonments were impaired by the sun and rain, formed the sole ornament of the granite throne.

There it was, that seated upon these stone chairs, simple yet august, the ancient electors decided who should be the Emperor of Germany ! Later, this primitive custom was discontinued, and the electors, increased to nine by the accession of Bavaria and Brunswick, assembled round the leather-covered table of Frankfort.

The seven princes who sat round this throne were powerful, and at the head of the Holy Roman Empire. They preceded, in the Imperial procession, the four dukes, the four archmarshals, the four landgraves, the four burgraves, the four great counts of war, the four abbots, the four boroughs, the four knights, the four cities, four villages, four hamlets, four marquises, four lords, four mountains, four barons, the four chief huntsmen, four offices of Suabia, and the four men of the household.

Before each of them was borne, by his particular marshal, a richly embellished sword. They called the other princes the "crowned heads," and themselves, the "crowned hands." The Golden Bull compared them with the seven gifts of the Holy

Spirit—the seven hills of Rome—the seven branches of Solomon's candlestick.

Among them, the electoral quality took precedence of the royal ; the Archbishop of Mayence walked by the side of the emperor, the King of Bohemia to the right of the archbishop. Their fame stood so high, that the peasants of Weser, in Switzerland, still call the seven summits of their lake the "Sieben Churfürsten," or Seven Electors.

The Königstuhl has disappeared as well as the electors. Four stones mark the place of the throne, but nothing the place of those who sat thereon.

In the sixteenth century, when it became the custom to name the emperor at Frankfort, sometimes in the hall of the Rœmer, sometimes in the chapel of the conclave of St. Bartholomew, the election became a more complicated ceremony. The etiquette of Spain prevailed, as the most formally severe. From the morning of the day of election, the gates of the city were closed ; the drums beat to arms, the alarm-bell rang, the electors,—clothed in scarlet and gold, trimmed with ermine, the seculars wearing the electoral cap, the archbishops the scarlet mitre,—received the solemn oath of the magistrate of the city, that he was responsible for their mutual security—the one from being surprised by the other.

This form observed, they tendered their oaths to the Archbishop of Mayence, who then performed mass ; they took their places upon chairs of black velvet ; the marshal closed the wicket, and forthwith they proceeded to the election. However secure the wickets, the notaries and chancellors found means of access. At last, the "*very reverend*" being agreed with the "*very illustrious*," the King of the Romans was named ; the princes arose from their chairs ; and while the presentation was made to the people at the window of the Rœmer, one of the suffragans of Mayence performed at the church of St. Bartholomew a *Te Deum* with a triple choir, composed of the organ of the church, the trumpets of the electors, and the trumpets of the emperor.

All this was accomplished to the sound of the great bells of the towers, and the great guns of the bastions, which were mad for

joy—says the curious manuscript which details the coronation of Mathias II.

Upon the Königstuhl, the thing was, in my idea, done more simply, and therefore with more grandeur. The electors ascended the platform by the fourteen steps, each of which was one foot high, and took their places in their chairs of stone ; the people of Rhens, kept back by the men at arms, surrounding the Imperial seat. Then the Archbishop of Mayence, standing up, said : “ Most generous princes, the Holy Empire is masterless.” Then sang he the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, and the Archbishops of Cologne and Trèves the usual collects. The chaunt over, the seven electors tendered their oaths, the seculars with their hands upon the gospel, the ecclesiastics with their hands upon their hearts ; a beautiful and touching distinction, meaning that the heart of every churchman should be a mirror of the Gospel. After the oath, they stood together in a circle, conversing in an under voice ; when suddenly the archbishop rose, stretched his arms forth to heaven, and cried aloud to the people the name of the temporal chief of Christendom. Then the marshal of the Empire planted the Imperial standard on the banks of the Rhine, and the people shouted “ *Vivat rex !* ”

Before Lothaire II., elected the 11th of September, 1125, the same eagle, the golden eagle, figured upon the banner of the Empire of the East, and upon that of the Emperor of the West. But the rosy sky of the south was reflected in one, and the frozen sky of the north in the other. The banner of the East was red, the banner of the West blue. Lothaire substituted the colors of his house, *or* and *sable* ; and the golden eagle upon a blue field was replaced upon the Imperial banner by a black eagle upon a gold field. But at the end of the fifteenth century, upon the fall of the Greek Empire, the Germanic eagle remained master of the field : and, desiring to represent the two empires looking both east and west, assumed two heads.

This, however, was not the first apparition of the double-headed eagle. It is seen sculptured upon a soldier's shield on Trajan's column ; and if the monk Attaich, and the traditions of Urstitius can be believed, Rodolph of Hapsburg wore it embroidered upon his bosom, the 26th of August, 1278, at the battle of Marchefeld.

When the banner was planted upon the banks of the Rhine, in

honor of the new emperor, and blown about by the wind, the people chose to infer presages of good or evil from its folds. In 1346, when the electors, urged by Pope Clement VI., proclaimed from the Königstuhl Charles, Margrave of Moravia, King of the Romans, though Louis still lived, at the cry of "*Vivat rex!*" the Imperial banner fell into the Rhine, and was lost!

Fifty-four years later, in 1400, the fatal omen was justified. Wenceslas, son of Charles, was deposed. With the fall of this banner fell, too, the house of Luxemburg; which, after Charles and Wenceslas, gave but one emperor to the throne,—Sigismund. From this time the house of Austria predominated.

Leaving behind you the Königstuhl, thrown down, as a relic of the feudal times, by the French Revolution, you ascend towards Braubach, pass Boppard, Welmich, St. Goar, Oberwesel; when suddenly, to the left, appears, much like the roof of some giant's castle, a vast slate rock, surmounted by an enormous tower, which seems to disgorge, as from a huge chimney, the chill vapors of the cloud. At the foot of this rock, close by the river, is a pretty town grouped round a Roman church with a spire, its fronts all exposed to the south. In the midst of the Rhine, before the town, often veiled by the fogs of the river, is an oblong edifice standing upon a rock level with the water; both its extremities cutting the stream like the prow or poop of a ship, and the low windows imitating the portholes, while upon the lower basement is a quantity of iron work, resembling the grapples and anchors. Small projections are suspended, as it were, from the sides of this strange building; upon which, like the streamers from masts, numerous weathercocks revolve upon pointed pinnacles.

The tower is Gutenfels; the town, Caub; and the stone-built ship, eternally floating upon the Rhine, is the Palatine palace called the Pfalz.

I have already mentioned the Pfalz. The entrance to this palace, built upon a block of marble called the Rock of the Counts Palatine, was, by means of a ladder, connected with a drawbridge which still exists. There were dungeons for prisoners of state; and a small chamber, in which the Countesses Palatine were compelled to await the hour of their confinement, without any other resource of amusement than that of visiting a well in the

cellar, the water of which, though under the level of the river, was not that of the Rhine.

The Pfalz, which belongs to the Duke of Nassau, is now abandoned. No princely cradle rocks upon its flags; no royal moan troubles its gloomy vaults. There remains nothing but the mysterious well. Alas! a drop of water filtering through a rock is of greater duration than the blood of a royal race!

The Pfalz is the neighbor of the Königstuhl: so that the Rhine might at once behold the birth of a Count Palatine, and the creation of an Emperor.

From the Taunus to the Seven Mountains, on the stupendous precipices hemming in the Rhine on either side, fourteen castles defended the right bank: Ehrenfels, Fursteneck, Gutenfels, Rineck, the Katz, the Mäusethurm, Liebenstein and Sternberg (called the Brothers), Markusberg, Philipsberg, Lahneck, Sayn, Hammerstein, and Okenfels. On the left bank were fifteen: Vogtsberg, Reichenstein, Rheinstein, Falkenberg, Sonneck, Heimberg, Furstenberg, Stahleck, Schœnberg, Rheinfels, Rheinberg, Stolzenfels, Rheineck, and Rolandseck; in all twenty-nine half-decayed fortresses, which oppose the memories of the Rhinegraves to that of the volcanos; bastions of war to bastions of lava, and completing the formidable and severe outline of the hills.

Four of these castles were built in the eleventh century. Ehrenfels by Archbishop Siegfried; Stahleck by the Counts Palatine; Sayn, by Frederick I., Count of Sayn, conqueror of the Moors of Spain; and Hammerstein, by Otho, Count of Veteravia. Two were built in the twelfth century; Gutenfels, by the Counts of Nuringen; Rolandseck, by Archbishop Arnold II., in 1149. Two in the thirteenth century; Furstenberg, by the Palatines; and Rheinfels, in 1219, by Thierry II., Count of Katznellenbogen. Four in the fourteenth century; Vogtsberg, in 1340, by a Falkenstein; Fursteneck, in 1348, by the Archbishop Henri III. The Katz, in 1388, by the Count of Katznellenbogen; and the Mäusethurm, ten years after, by a Falkenstein. One only dates from the sixteenth century; Philipsberg, built about 1568, or 1571, by the Landgrave Philip the Young.

Four of the citadels upon the left bank, Reichenstein, Rheinstein, Falkenberg, and Sonneck, were destroyed by Rodolph of Hapsburg;

another, the Rolandseck, by the Emperor Henri V. ; five by Louis XIV. in 1689 ; Fursteneck, Stahleck, Schœnberg, Stolzenfels, and Hammerstein ; one by Napoleon, the Rheinfels ; another by fire, Rheineck ; and another by the *bande noire*, Gutenfels.

It is not known who built Reichenstein, Rheinstein, Falkenberg, Stolzenfels, Rheineck, and Markusberg, restored in 1644, by Jean, Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt.

It is not known who demolished Vogtsberg (the ancient stronghold of some devoted lord, as the name indicates), Ehrenfels, Fursteneck, Sayn, the Katz, or the Mäusethurm. There is still a profound mystery concerning the manors of Heinberg, Rheinberg, Liebenstein, Sternberg, Lahneck, and Okenfels ; no one knows who built or who destroyed them. Nothing can be stronger in the full light of history, than the obscurity amid which, about the year 1400, one perceives the tumultuous confederation of the Rhenish Hanse against their lords ; or further still, through the obscurity of the twelfth century, the formidable phantom of Barbarossa exterminating the burgraves. Several of these ancient fortresses, of which the history is lost, are half-Roman, half-Carolingian.

There is less obscurity in the traditions of most of the other ruins, and their chronicles may be traced here and there in the old monastic registers. Stahleck, which is above Bacharach, and said to be founded by the Huns, was the death scene of Herman, in the twelfth century. The Hohenstaufens, the Guelphs and the Wittelsbachs, resided there in turns ; and it was besieged and taken eight times, from 1620 to 1640.

Schœnberg, from which issued the family of Belmont, and the legend of the "Seven Sisters," was the birthplace of that great general, Frederick of Schœnberg, whose singular destiny it was to establish the Braganzas, and precipitate the fall of the Stuarts.

The Rheinfels assisted the towns of the Rhine in 1225, and Marshal Tallard in 1692 ; but surrendered to the French Republic, in 1794.

The Stolzenfels was the residence of the Archbishops of Trèves. At Rheineck died the last count of that name, in 1544, Canon-custodian of the Cathedral of Trèves. Hammerstein was the scene of the differences of the Counts of Veteravia and the Arch-

bishops of Mayence; the check of the Emperor Henry II., in 1017; the flight of Henry IV., in 1105; of the Thirty Years' War; the passage of the Swedes and Spaniards; and the devastation of the French, in 1689. It was disgracefully sold for a hundred crowns, in 1823!

Gutenfels, the sentry-box of Gustavus Adolphus; the retreat of the beautiful Countess Guda, and the amorous Emperor Richard, was four times besieged, in 1504 and 1642, by the Imperialists. It was sold in 1289 by Garnier de Munzenberg, to the Elector Palatine, Louis the Severe, for two hundred thousand marks of silver; and degraded in 1807, to the price of six hundred francs.

This long and double series of edifices, at once poetical and historical, bearing inscribed on their brows all the epochs and legends of the Rhine, commences before Bingen with the castle of Ehrenfels to the right, and the Mäusethurm to the left, ending at Koenigswinter, by Rolandsœck to the left, and Drachenfels to the right. A striking symbolism merits observation, in the opposition of the immense ivy-clothed arcade of Rolandsœck, to the cavern of the dragon subdued by Sigfried le Cornu, and the Mäusethurm to Ehrenfels; fable and history mutually contemplating each other's features.

I only mention here the castles reflected on the Rhine which meet the eye of every traveller. But penetrate the recesses of the mountains, and you will find ruins at every step. In the valley of the Wisper, upon the right bank, in a walk of a few leagues, I found seven; the Rheinberg, a castle of the counts of Rheingau, hereditary grand carvers of the Holy Empire, extinct in the seventeenth century; a formidable fortress, a source of much terror formerly to the important town of Lorch. Among the briars, Waldeck; on the mountain, at the summit of a rock of schist, close by a spring of mineral water, the Saurberg, built in 1536, by Robert Count Palatine, and sold for one thousand florins, during the war of Bavaria, by the Elector Philip, to Philip de Kronberg, his marshal; Heppenheff, destroyed no one knows how; Kammerberg, belonging to the domain of Mayence; Nollig, an ancient *castrum*, of which there remains a tower; Sareck, hid in the forest opposite the convent of Winsbach, just like the knight

placed opposite the priest in the communities of yore. Now both castle and convent, priest and knight, have vanished, the forest and the communities being alone susceptible of annual renewal.

Explore the Seven Mountains, and you will detect by their masonry, half hid under the weeds, six castles, and one abbey ; the Drachenfels, demolished by Henry V. ; the Lowenberg, the refuge of Bucer and Melancthon, and the shelter, after their marriage, of Agnes de Mansfeld and the Archbishop Guebhard ; the Nonnenstromberg and the Oelberg, built by Valentinian in 368 ; and the Hemmerich, the manor of the bold knights of Heinsberg, who waged war against the Electors of Cologne.

In the plain near Mayence is Frauenstein, dating from the twelfth century ; Scharfenstein, an archiepiscopal fief ; Greifenklau, built in 1350.

Towards Cologne stands the admirable Godesberg ! But whence its name of Godesberg ? Is it from Goding, or Woden, the ten-handed monster, once adored by the Ubians ? No etymologist has solved the question. Whatever it may be, nature made Godesberg a volcano ; the Emperor Julian, in 362, made it his camp ; and Archbishop Theodoric, in 1210, a castle ; the Elector Frederick, in 1375, a fortress ; the Elector of Bavaria in 1593, a ruin ; and the last Elector of Cologne, Maximilian Francis, turned it into a vineyard.

The ancient castles on the Rhine, colossal landmarks left by the feudal sway on its banks, fertilize the landscape with food for the imagination. Mute witnesses of days of yore, they have been the scene of all sorts of events and histories. They stand there, eternal scenic embellishments of the mighty drama which, for ten centuries past, has been played upon the Rhine ; having witnessed (the most ancient at least) the entrances and exits, under the dispensation of Providence, of these mighty and formidable actors—Pepin, who ceded cities to the pope ; Charlemagne, clad in a woollen shirt and doublet of otter skin, leaning upon the old deacon, Pierre de Pise, and caressing with his colossal hand the elephant Abulabaz ; Otho the Lion, shaking his fair mane ; the Margrave of Italy, Azzo, bearing the banner of triumphant angels, at the battle of Merseberg ; Henri le Boiteux, Courad the Old, and Conrad the Young ; Henry the Black, who

imposed four German popes on Rome; Rodolph of Saxony, bearing on his crown, the papal hexameter, "*Petra dedit Petro, Petrus diadema Rudolpho*;" Godfrey of Bouillon, who thrust the spear of the Imperial banner into the heart of the enemies of the empire; and Henry V., who rode up the flight of steps before the church of St. Peter's at Rome.

Not an historical personage figuring in the history of Germany, but his profile has been defined upon those venerable walls. The old duke Welf; Albert the Bear; St. Bernard; Barbarossa, who mistook the hand in holding the stirrup for the pope; the Archbishop of Cologne, Rainald, who tore away the fringe from the Carocium of Milan; Richard Cœur de Lion; William of Holland; Frederick II., that gentle emperor with the Grecian face, the friend of poets like Augustus, and friend of caliphs like Charlemagne, studying in his tent, where a golden sun and a silver moon marked the hours and seasons. They beheld the monk Christian, who preached the gospel to the peasants of Prussia; Herman Salza, first grand master of the Teutonic Order, a great builder of cities; Ottocar, King of Bohemia; Frederick of Baden; and Conradin of Suabia, decapitated at sixteen years of age. Louis V., Landgrave of Thuringia, and husband of St. Elizabeth; Frederick le Mordu, who bore upon his cheek the mark of his mother's despair; Rodolph of Hapsburg, who mended his own grey jerkin. They echoed the device of Eberhard, Count of Wurtemberg; "Glory to God! war to the world!" and afforded shelter to Sigismund, whose justice weighed discreetly, but struck rashly; Louis V., the last emperor excommunicated by the Holy See; and Frederick III., the last emperor crowned at Rome. They heard Petrarch reproving Charles IV. for not having remained at Rome more than a day, exclaiming to him, "What would your ancestors, the Cæsars, say, if they met you on the Alps, your face downcast, and your back turned towards Italy?" They beheld, furious and humiliated, the German Achilles, Albert of Brandenburg, after his reverse at Nuremberg; and the Burgundian Achilles, Charles the Bold, after the fifty-six assaults of Neuss; and, on the other hand, they witnessed the passage, in litters drawn by mules, of the western bishops

proceeding, in 1415, to the council of Constance, to judge John Huss—in 1431, to the council of Basle to depose Eugene IV.—and, in 1519, to the diet of Worms, to interrogate Luther.

They also saw, floating upon the Rhine between Oberwesel and Bacharach, the fair hair and pale body of St. Werner, a poor child martyred by the Jews, and thrown into the Rhine in 1287. They saw the velvet coffin of Mary of Burgundy brought from Vienna to Bruges, she dying of a fall from her horse while at the diversion of hawking; the hideous horde of Magyars; the murmurs of the Moguls imprisoned by Henry the Pious in the 13th century; the cry of the Hussites, who would have reduced all the cities of the earth to five; the threats of Procope le Gros, and Procope le Petit; the alarum of the Turks, ascending the Danube after the taking of Constantinople; the iron cage in which John of Leyden was chained up between his chancellor Krechting and his headsman Knipperdolling; the youthful Charles V., with the word "*nondum*" glittering in diamonds upon his shield; Walenstein, waited on by sixty noble pages; Tilly, in his green satin coat, upon his little grey horse; Gustavus Adolphus, threading the mazes of the Thuringian forest; the fury of Louis XIV.; the rage of Frederick II.; the anger of Napoleon:—all the fearful things which successively have caused Europe to quake have fallen like lightning upon these old and crumbling walls.

These glorious strongholds received the countershock of the Swiss destroying the ancient cavalry at Sempach, and of the great Condé destroying the antique infantry at Rocroy. They have heard the splintering of scaling-ladders, the bubbling of pitch, and the roaring of cannon. The lansquenets, those valets of the lance; the hedgehog line so fatal to squadrons; the sturdy blows of Sickingen the valiant knight; the well-planned assaults of Burtenbach, the great captain; they saw all these, braved all, underwent all.

Now, melancholy at night, when the moon throws over their spectre its pale mantle; still more melancholy in the midday sun, redounding with glory, and fame yet oppressive with weariness and ennui; worn down by time, sapped by man, casting their shadows upon the vines which diminish under them year by year;

they let fall the past, stone by stone, into the Rhine, and date after date, into oblivion!

Oh noble towers! Oh poor old paralytic giants! Oh defeated knights! Behold! a steamer, crowded with shopkeepers and their traffic, spouts out its fumes into your faces, and ye have neither an arm nor a voice to uplift in self-defence.

THE END.

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